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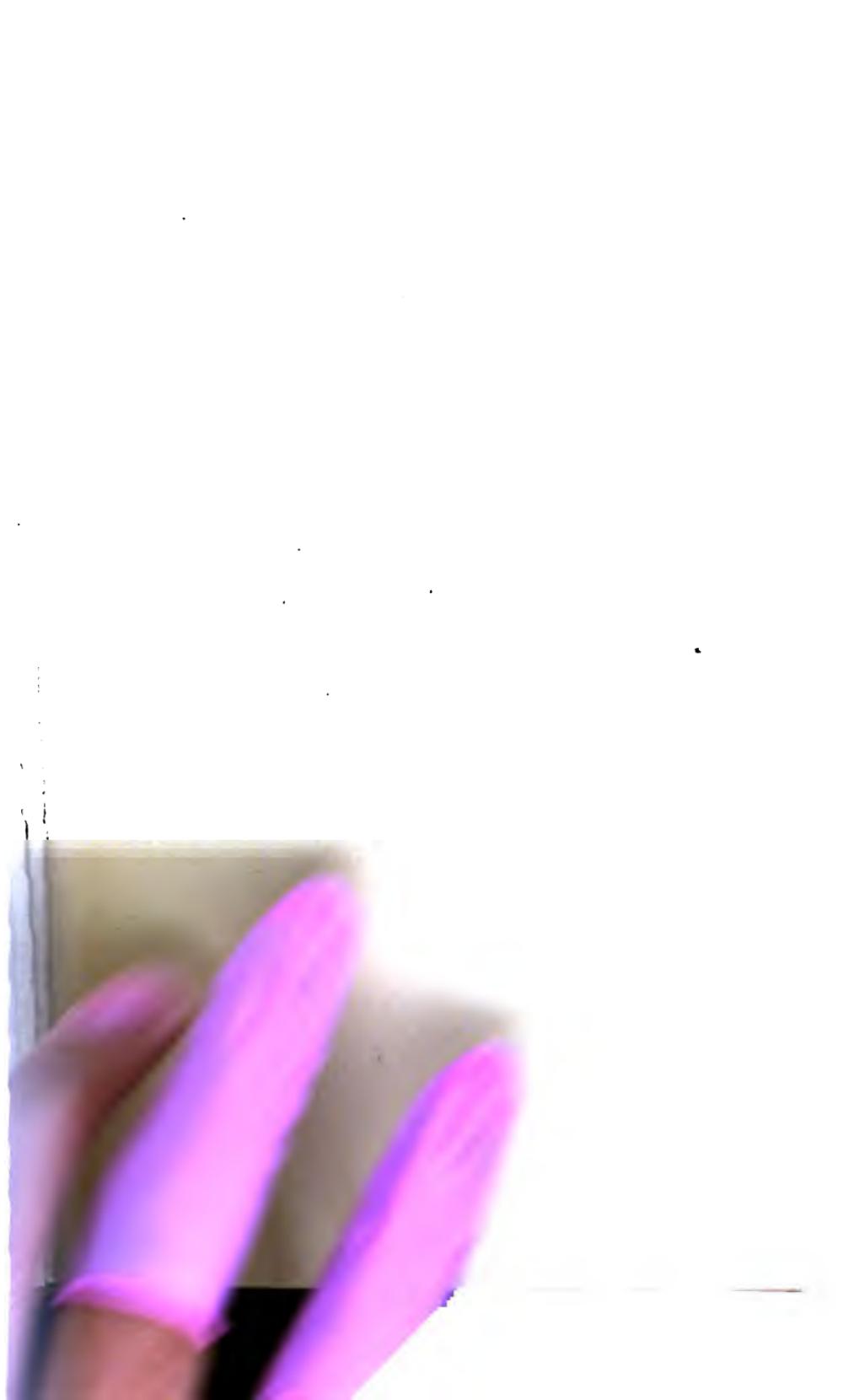
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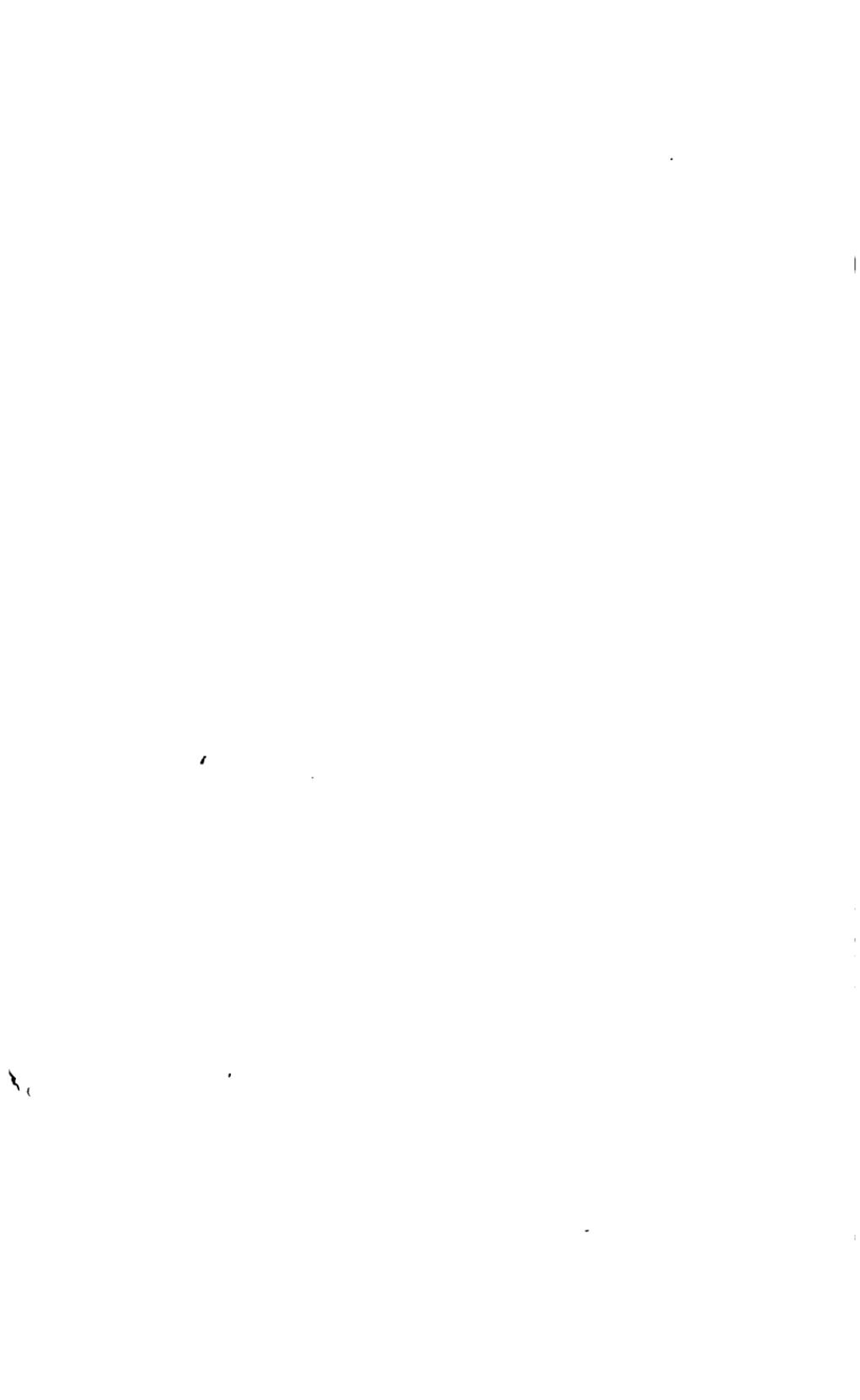
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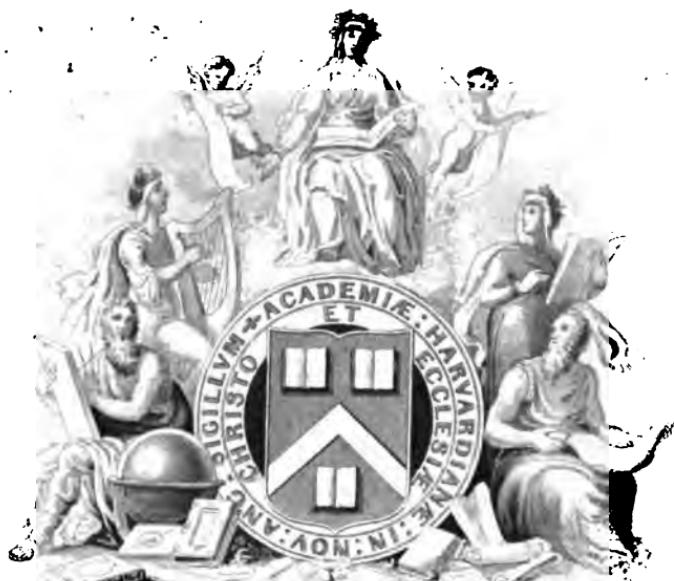
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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

J U L Y, 1866.

AET. I.—GOD IN OUR HISTORY.

THE grand Christian doctrines of election and predestination have been sadly belittled by dogmatic interpreters. Rightly understood, they only declare that decisive part which God, by his Spirit and his Providence, has in the direction and unfolding of the spiritual fortunes of humanity. With no reference to individual allotments, or to the fixing of personal fates, they belong wholly to questions outside the freedom of the human will, and above the region of sectarian disputes. They draw our attention to the overwhelming fact, that the current of history is not a wild and will-less stream, stagnating here and rushing there, according to the fortuitous nature of the country; but a river of God, its course foreseen, its tributaries provided, its contracting highlands and its widening plains pre-arranged, while its fountains are fed by snows and rains, both descending in due season from Him who sitteth on the circle of the heavens.

Because the Infinite Creator and Inspirer has been pleased to wrap his election and his predestination up in the very nature of the human soul, there are those who think the plan and course of history determined by human accidents and individual caprices,—who trace to this school of philosophers or that class of statesmen, this happy invention or that special discovery, this giant intellect or that vigorous will,—to

Aristotle or Plato, to Nominalist or Realist, to Charlemagne and William, to Cromwell and Napoleon; or, taking the theological line, to Paul and Athanasius, Hildebrand and Calvin, Wesley and Channing,—the sum and shape and direction of human civilization, the present quality and flavor of public opinion in Church and State. Why does it not oftener occur to us to think that He who assigns and orders human nature necessarily prescribes human history and human destiny? It is not the character, but the nature, of men which decides the great outlines and fills in the large features of that map we call History. It is what is originally in man, forcing itself out of him in a necessary order, that has slowly built up from the ground that lofty plant, so coarse in its roots, so fine in its topmost twigs, so mighty in its bole and branches, so magnificent in its proportions, yet evidently as yet so incomplete in its growth, which we contemplate under the name of Civilization. The sap of this tree is the Spirit of God.

Ultimately it is reason, conscience, will, imagination, affection, constitutional and universal passions and desires, which have their way, and constitute both the current and the banks of that human Nile whose fountain-head continues a sort of open secret. Nothing that the most extraordinary persons can do affects history as the least of the permanent qualities of humanity affect it. The meanest Sense controls the usages and customs of society, more and longer than the proudest Dynasty. It is not thinkers, but the laws underlying thought, that settle our intellectual problems; it is not statesmen, but the political necessities of human nature at different stages of its development, that create and determine forms of government. It is not Buddhas and Mahomets, Pauls and Luthers, that establish religious dispensations; but necessary tendencies of the religious possibilities in man, embodying themselves, according to stages of moral and spiritual development, in creeds or forms of worship, which crystallize round some individual, who is the providential exponent of the inevitable event. The volcano does not make the fire it belches forth; and, if the internal heat had

not broken out at Etna, it would have chosen some neighboring mountain for its chimney.

In the eye of faith there can be nothing in history accidental or unexpected. The fact of human freedom does not touch that other fact, the divine necessity, which has its own way through the very freedom it has established. Man's will is free only within the scope of his nature, which he cannot change ; and God's will, in fixing the nature of man, has prescribed the boundaries of his freedom. Chaos, slowly coming to order in the planet on which man dwells, did not obey more fixed laws and follow a more inevitable succession of changes than history does ; being the precise and necessary development of forces originally folded in human nature.

But there is a still more glorious meaning than this in the Christian doctrines of election and predestination. Human nature, in its higher and finally predominating qualities and features, is an embodiment, in carnal and personal conditions, of the mind and heart and conscience and will of God himself. God has not merely given man *a mind*, but he has given him Mind ; not merely *a conscience*, but Conscience ; not *a faculty of reasoning* only, but Reason. He has put himself, not his orders or wishes, in humanity. The changeless attributes of God are represented in the human soul. Nothing is in God more divine than the eternal Reason, the original Conscience, the holy Will, of which the universal revelation lies in human nature. God utters himself in terms of reason, conscience, love, in the human soul. Here all of God that can be manifest, when conditioned by flesh and blood and by human personality, is ever publishing itself, according to a necessary method, in what we call human history ; or, more truly, natural revelation. Not only, therefore, is history in its large outlines divinely shaped, but it is the reflection of celestial truth, goodness, and righteousness. God's way is perfect. His plan is the necessity of his own wisdom, truth, and holiness. God lives and reigns in humanity and in history. He is the light of all our seeing ; the reason of our reason ; the conscience of our consciences ; the great personality, of which our human personalities are

offshoots and echoes. The world not only moves, but it moves by the impulses designed to move it, and towards the goal fore-ordained.

The late President once said to a committee who piously expressed a hope that the Lord was on his side, "Gentlemen, I have not considered very carefully whether the Lord was on *my* side; but I have been exceedingly anxious to be on the Lord's side." God is on no man's side, any more than the sun is in favor of any man's farm. God is on the side of humanity, truth, justice; or, rather, he is these, as all the beams come from and centre in the sun.

If, in view of these principles, we briefly consider the present condition of Church and State in America, we may find some guidance through the labyrinth which confounds so many seekers after the truth.

And first of the State.

This country of ours is elected and predestinated to democratic equality and universal freedom; not from any merits of its founders, or any skill of its statesmen, but simply because, for the first time in history, a suitable conjunction of circumstances exists, through which that which is always striving to exemplify itself in the political and social nature of humanity now has its chance to take actual form and substance. There is a force working out the political problem of America, which is neither the result of party combinations, nor of private patriotism; which is back of all our questions, mightier than our armies, and more peremptory than the most decisive congress, or the most positive president. It is the force of ideas and convictions which do not owe their power to any man's judgment or will or even consciousness, which are the native ideas of political justice in the very constitution of the human soul, coming to their birth at the providential moment. Men and eras may consent to aristocratic, monarchical, and even absolute forms of government, and to states of society corresponding to them; but human nature never so consents. Now, it is only what all men can agree in that is permanent. All forms of government, except the popular and democratic form, are provisional and temporary; stagings

put up about a temple which is slowly building ; long cuts round the place of a bridge which is to cross a mighty river, whose piers it takes generations to lay, but which generations grudge not the cost of building, to straighten the high road of Humanity. It is absurd to talk of the stability and permanency of political injustice. It gives way hourly, and is planning surrender when it talks most boastfully of its own security. Measured by one man's life, things may seem to move slowly ; but Turkey, Russia, France, England, all forbid us from denying that two hundred years have worked miracles of political progress in the most stubborn strongholds of conventional wrong. Democratic ideas are no more true and no more certain of final victory in America than in Europe. But circumstances, territorial and moral, favor them here, and oppose them there. Here the political ideal works in clay, and there in adamant. Here an unclaimed hemisphere lay open to the seed of political truth, and Europe sent her idealists over to plant it. They brought it from a crowded soil, stocked with prescriptive errors, to our broad, hospitable fields, where a warmer, a richer, and a virgin soil awaited it.

The special circumstances of America have proved so propitious to its unfolding, that it would be just as possible to put back the summer in June as to remand the advance of universal justice and universal equality in the United States. Ideas have got the upper hand of usages, conventions, and external fixtures. The democratic force in human nature has won the mastery of mere prescriptions and vested rights or wrongs. There is that at work in America which is greater than all the people in it. The nation has been held by divine Providence for five years so close to the fundamental law of political life, so tight against the very heart of political justice, that the common pulse has at length become timed to the universal beat of eternal right. Human nature has felt, in twenty million breasts, the level tide of one sublime principle, submerging all the local class and caste of the last generation. It is the protracted experience of so noble a sentiment as that of universal political equality, which makes our war-term the vernal equinox of political liberty. The

world will date back to it as the period when political day prevailed first, for all the race, over political night. Henceforth the progress of universal liberty is sure. Africa in the slave, Asia in the Chinaman, Europe in the frustration of all her plans of intervention and all her prophecies of our failure, partake the triumph of civil rights, secured to the universal people of this country by the patient, resolute, deliberate, difficult, but decisive action of our Congress.

The nation has melted into one in the fires of civil war, and changed from a Confederacy into a Union. The idea of nationality — oneness of interest, of purpose, and of soul — is religiously dear to the American people, both from a deep instinct of unity and from a profound feeling of necessity. The war has confronted liberty and human rights in America with absolutism in all the rest of the world. To this end, whatever weakens the central government, or diminishes the sense of unity, or threatens the integrity of our nationality, properly alarms the popular instinct, and grieves the sacred shades of the heroes who bled and died to cement a country threatened with disintegration.

But, meanwhile, we have a past. Our fathers framed a Constitution, the express purpose of which was to accomplish a double end: first (among many economical objects of little moral import), to strengthen ourselves in a federal union sufficiently to dignify our flag, and protect us against foreign foes; and, second, so to guard that union from consolidation, as jealously to save the rights and privileges of the several States from being over-ridden by the federal power. The provisions for protecting State rights were constantly appealed to before the war. They were enforced with all the faithfulness of a law-abiding people. But we have been discovering by degrees, that the original objects of the Union were more imperilled by the reserved rights of the States themselves than by the hostility of monarchical powers. Those rights were reserved chiefly to protect interests or institutions which the essential principles of the Government disapproved and forbade. Slavery, the chief of them, could not enjoy the protection which the Constitution provided,

without growing with the growth and strengthening with the strength of the national power that sheltered it, until it became mighty enough to threaten the very Government to which it owed its prosperity. So long as it only threatened, the nation, true to its unhappy vows, did nothing, and could do nothing, to avert the dangers it saw steadily glooming with more and more portentous blackness over its future. It was only when madness matured these threats into overt acts of treason ; when State Rights, at the instance and in the defence of slavery, shot down the lonely Flag of the Union in Charleston harbor,— that the spell of the nation's suicidal oath was broken, and the Government and the people were placed fairly in position to reconsider the fundamental law, and adjust the Constitution to the Declaration of Independence. The war was all contained in the question, Shall the States dissolve the Union in the interest of slavery ; or shall the nation exorcise slavery, which drives the States to the attempt to destroy it ? The nation had no option. It determined to destroy slavery, root and branch ; and it did it at the cost of half a million men, and perhaps five thousand millions of dollars.

The question that remains is this : Has the war, having suppressed the rebellion and destroyed slavery, left the country and the Constitution unchanged ? Is the government to be administered henceforth precisely as it was administered before ? Is America just what it was,— slavery alone being eliminated,— so that its Constitution is to be interpreted by the old authorities, and in the light of past legal precedents, which so decisively favored the rights of the States as against the rights of the nation ?

We do not care to consider this question with curious legal learning and nice historical reference. It is enough for us to say, that human nature, and the God of human nature, make such a course impossible. The nation is not the same nation it was. It has experienced conversion under the hand of God and the outpouring of the spirit of truth. Not only has the sense of nationality outgrown and overwhelmed the States'-rights doctrine, on which the old Democratic party

traded and triumphed so long, but the very theory of the government, as interpreted by the Supreme Court before the war, has broken down hopelessly in the public judgment, and been supplanted by a new theory, which insists that whatever rights in the States may be inconsistent with the fundamental idea of the national life shall be withdrawn, and the Constitution amended so as to make it conform with the Declaration of Independence. This is the process now going on under the guidance of a public sentiment, which is feeling its way, but never intermitting its intention. All that is done, and all that is not done, indicates the drift of a providential purpose, playing through the political instincts of the American people. With a profound respect for law and order, an almost superstitious reverence for the letter of the Constitution, a jealous feeling for the careful distribution of power, and an alarmed reluctance to deny or weaken the habits of local self-government, the people have a still deeper and more urgent sense of the duty and necessity of not allowing the fruits of the vast struggle they have made to be lost in a juggle of words, or through the strangling influence of old prescriptions. They would throw their Constitution away, and make a new one, sooner than sacrifice the moral and political ground they have won so dearly to the letter of an antiquated and blood-repealed bond. The pound of flesh which political Shylocks would demand on the letter of the bond, they will formally deny on their own reading of that bond; but they will deny the bond itself sooner than pay what is so near their heart. The people feel that they are beginning a new era. They mean to have new bottles for the new wine, if the old bottles refuse to hold it safe and sound. Meanwhile, they will try the old bottles till they threaten to burst.

When the President vetoed the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, he appealed with admirable effect to the instincts of self-government and local independence, so deeply seated in the American mind. All wise and sober minds were disposed to respect a decision which counterbalanced the centralizing tendencies of a war Congress, that, in its noble zeal for national ends,

seemed to have trespassed on the practical independence of the States within their proper spheres of legislation. But when again the President vetoed the Civil Rights' Bill, which embodied in fundamental law the essential results of the war,—assuming that the great amendment meant what it seemed to mean,—the people compelled Congress, by a tremendous expression of dissent, to re-enact it over the President's head. The President had mistaken their gentle submission to his judgment in the first instance, for an indifference to the essential ends which the holy war has commanded the legislation of the nation to embody in the organic law.

We may mark the narrow swing of the public pendulum, by measuring the distance between these two points,—the first veto sustained, the second veto set aside. The people steer between Scylla and Charybdis. They do not intend to invade or surrender local independence, much less to sacrifice national ideas and the fruits of their costly and most terrible struggle. How to keep these things both in view, and to harmonize them without compromising either, is the problem of our statesmanship. The instincts of the people are equally strong for both. They will die for either. But it is clear that they are not to be reconciled under the new dispensation of American history, as under the one which passed away in blood with the war. Local independence is to be secured by the absence of any necessity of central interference, not by jealous guardianship of diverse interests. Once establish all necessary organic laws guarding the few great principles of the nation over its whole territory, and the General Government will have as little occasion for interfering with State laws and customs as a good father has to meddle with the private correspondence or personal movements of grown children, who all love and respect him, and obey cheerfully the few conditions under which his many benefactions are bestowed.

Deeply, earnestly should we deplore that kind of centralization in our Government which would make Congress the usurper of the duties of State Legislatures, or State Legisla-

tures infringers upon the spheres of town governments, or towns the executors of private duties. It is the mixing up ingeniously the question of local self-government and consolidation, with the question of reform in the organic law, of legislation and government, and interference with local legislation, that so far confuses the public sentiment as to make the progress of events slow and wavering. But we need have no fear that the American people will not see their way through this maze. Every day is clearing it up. The President will see that his logical disinclination to power has ended in a practical absolutism, or a tendency to it, which no monarch in the world could safely exercise. Congress will see that the people mean to stand by the new life and the new liberty and the new nationality ; and that it need not fear any want of backing so long as it goes honestly forward in the direction of universal justice, without partisan or personal ambition, or sectional prejudice, or vindictive temper. The people never felt themselves so much the ministers of God, so full of a power greater than themselves, as now. Let statesmen and politicians beware how the political piety of the hour is blasphemed ! for the war and the future of America are both too evidently the work and shaping of Infinite Wisdom and Mercy, to make it possible for any human will to balk the gracious purposes of Heaven. The stone that seeks to scotch the wheels of American freedom for all will be ground to powder beneath the advancing chariot ; for it moves with the weight of a planet and the momentum of a divine fiat !

And, behind the car in which the genius of American liberty sits, comes a long train, all moving in the same grooves, and each bearing to the same goal the successive nations of the earth. God is showing the world a universal pattern. There is no philosophy and no religion in the view which makes popular liberty an American plant. It is for the healing of the nations. If our system of government were human in the sense of not being divine ; if it were man-created, and not God-inspired,—it would perish after rendering a temporary service : but, being founded on the laws of human

nature, and in obedience to the principles of eternal justice, it is equally universal in its application and secure in its permanency. It is the realization of a true hierarchy,—a government of God. The nations may rage and the peoples imagine a vain thing ; the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his Anointed :—“ He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh ; the Lord shall have them in derision. Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings ! be instructed, ye judges of the earth.” The election and predestination of the nations to universal political equality and freedom are written in the nature of God and man. The writing is interpreted as yet only in America. It is now illuminated in blood, and held up to the eyes of a purblind world. Blessed are those nations that dare to read it ! for it will burn itself as a brand into those who refuse light in any form except in that of scorching fire.

The same election and predestination which rule in political ideas and principles, rule also in theological ideas and religious movements. All the superstitions, all the forms of religion in the world, be they true or false, are projections of parts of man’s nature. No religion lasts which is not true to what is universal in man ; which does not satisfy alike reason, conscience, aspiration, love ; which does not adapt itself wholly to the Divine-human.

This is the claim which the gospel of Christ sets up, that it is a universal religion, in that it is true to human wants and human possibilities, true everywhere, and true for all time. But what makes it thus true ? Only this,—that it is God coming into the world through man ; God’s divine and eternal Word shaping itself in a human mould, and so incarnating itself first in a man, Christ Jesus, and then in humanity. The mould was made for the Spirit. Man was created to know and welcome, to love and obey God ; to live from him, and to show forth his life under human conditions. Christianity, like Christ himself, is therefore supremely divine and supremely human. It cannot be outlearned or outlived. We should have first to outlearn God, and outlive ourselves and himself ! What the world is outlearning and

outliving is its own imperfect, provisional interpretations of this changeless Word of God. The sun and stars do not change, but astronomical science is always changing. Christianity does not alter, while man's account of it alters continually. But it does not alter whimsically, accidentally, from good to bad, or from bad to worse, or from evil to evil. It changes from literal to spiritual, from formal to essential, from husk to kernel, from partial to universal, from temporary to eternal; and, in this, it obeys a common law which conditions science, politics, and literature,—the law of the human mind,—in which are deposited the moulds and the method of truth.

Dr. Bushnell has attempted to show that the vicarious sacrifice of Christ is the illustration of a universal law of humanity, by which we are all suffering vicariously, or in place of each other. Dr. Bushnell is right: and every doctrine which hopes to prove itself a permanent part of Christianity must find its place under some universal truth; that is, must find its foundation in human nature, which is the image of God. And that is the providential drift of all useful and effective thinking in our time. It is a pity that Rationalizing should have got a bad name from being first used to denote crude fruits of reasoning. All science, all philosophy, all theology, are rationalizations; that is, the products of reason applied to the problems of thought. The danger is that it will not be rationalism, but reason applied a little way, and eked out by prejudice, or cut off by impatience, for the rest. A true rationalism accepts all the facts of life, whether revealed by the seuses or the soul or the spirit. It undertakes to account for the existence of religion, as well as for the existence of economy or politics. It no more ignores the fact of conscience, of universal yearnings for immortality, of Christ's sublime and holy presence in history, of the existence of the visible and invisible Church, than any other more tangible or intelligible facts. It is a broad and thorough rationalism that is finally to make the gospel of Christ, its miracles and its supernatural origin and power, a part of the higher philosophy and diviner science of

humanity. Christianity is a copy of the eternal reason ; and human reason will finally clear itself enough of prejudice, superstition, sensualism, and sin, to see its own reason sublimed and glorified in the Word of God.

The liberal sects in Christendom are the sects that accept human nature as God's natural revelation, with which all supernatural revelations must accord, however they may supplement its teachings or advance its development. The ordinary sects of Christendom are based upon distrust of human nature. They put man's nature and God's nature at antipodes, and then make the gospel of Christ a treaty between hostile powers. They deny the integrity of the divine image in the human soul, and point at what they call its fragments, as if God's image, made of something more brittle than glass, had tumbled from its pedestal and broken into splinters in Adam's fall. The Church has been patching and welding this broken figure ever since, in hope of making it presentable at the judgment of its original Maker. We do not conceal the fact, that this view of things had its excuse, nay, its reason. Human character has passed for human nature, and has often and largely been depraved enough to justify the superficial or the figurative in calling human nature depraved. But it is the precise error which a physician would make, who, finding sickness common, should pronounce the human organism an ill-planned or a diseased and imperfect work. Medicine has partaken the folly of theology, and treated the human body as if its laws could be amended or disregarded ; as if drugs and bleedings and cordials could take the place of food and diet, exercise and air. But how swift and glorious the reform in this science, and how typical of the reform in theology ! We must come back to human nature at last in all things, because it is coming back to God. Theology in the liberal sects says, in the face of the schools and the creeds and the vast majority, The gospel of Christ is the key to human nature,— and the key was made for the lock, not the lock for the key. Human nature is the foundation of theology ; and no reading of Christianity which denies this can survive the ever-growing protest of that nature against it.

Of course, those who attempt to adjust their views of religion and of the gospel of Christ to their views of nature and of man, to the certainties of science and the social and political lights of the new age, know perfectly well that they temporarily lose point in gaining breadth; that they dilate religion in life, and take away a large portion of its acrid power to sting the conscience and purge the heart. But so it is with all great reforms in thought and in practice. You cannot inaugurate political liberty without indulging some license: When you create a president and congress, you do away a court and parliament, with all the showy and impressive insignia of government. Your judges are unwigged, and wear no scarlet. You have none of the king's beef-eaters, and none of the gold rods and silver rods of monarchical state. You have, too, a good deal that an imperial police would suppress; for Freedom has her nuisances and her litter. But you have Freedom herself,—substantial order based on love, not fear; a rising mass of thrifty, happy people; a country like our own, mean and unsightly as its political symbolism may be. It is so, too, with that religious liberty which rests on the sacredness of human nature. Its advocates and mouth-pieces, its pulpit and its literature, dare not suppress, with insolent intolerance, many things which Orthodoxy might curse in the name of its God; because its modesty in the presence of human nature forbids the utterance of these bans. Liberal Christianity deals with fundamental principles. It teaches self-respect. It invites man to see God in his own soul. It looses him from the threats and fears, the manacles and strait-jackets of severe and cruel creeds, and then bids him use his new-found spiritual liberty in worshipping the God of love. And, when it comes to a question of influence, we can only express an absolute confidence, that, for two reasons, that influence is immeasurably the best in Christendom: first, that it attracts the noblest, bravest, and most generous natures to its ranks; and, second, that it works by love and trust, and produces their fruits in the life and character of as elevated and enlightened a class of Christian believers as the world has ever seen.

But the time for excusing and the time for expounding the philosophy of Liberal Christianity has gone by. The time for proclaiming it universally has come! It is not man, but God, that announces this new dispensation of the Christian religion. It is not man, but human nature, that indorses it. It is in the literature, science, politics; in the secret or open thought; in the blood and will,—of the age. We have had little hand in bringing the world where it is; little to do with making Liberal Christianity what it is. God and humanity have pre-ordained it. Science, politics, art, economy, liberty, could not rise to their present pitch and leave Theology where she was. The daylight proves the bush to be no ghost. The world cannot, in the light of the nineteenth century, accept the theology of fifteen or ten or even three centuries ago; nay, it has outgrown that of the last generation. It must have a theology which does not deny or disagree with what it knows to be true from other sources than revelation. It cannot tolerate a religion which is less noble than its own instincts and culture. Alive itself, it will not bear in religion with what is dead, and ought to be buried.

Liberal Christianity has prepared itself, under God's providence, for this crisis. It has a faith, a form of Christian doctrine, which honors human nature and human progress, is allied with all that is hopeful and promising in the grand humanitarian and political movements of the age. And this faith it longs, after a half-century of secluded trial, to present to the minds and hearts of those five million Americans (to speak within bounds) who have outgrown and flung away all the old and outworn creeds of the past. Without one word of unfraternal disrespect for those who are content with Trinitarian and Calvinistic divinity, and with a full recognition of their services in days gone by, we plead the cause of those millions who are orphaned and desolate, wandering in a wilderness of doubt and denial, floundering in sloughs of scepticism, given over to new superstitions, to pure naturalism, to spiritualism or millenniumism, to any thing that is hopeful and generous, for want of that prime necessity, a religious faith. It is our full faith, that God has placed in our

keeping the most glorious and recent dispensation of the gospel of his Son; that the hour for proclaiming it by a thousand voices has struck; that the ear of the world waits to catch its music. If we were silent, the very stones would cry out. This gospel will not perish; this glorious light will not go out in darkness. Shall we continue to prove ourselves worthy to be its apostles and its children?

ART. II.—FICHTE.

J. G. FICHTE'S *Leben und Literarischer Briefwechsel. Von seinem Sohne. Zweite sehr vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage.* Leipzig, 1862. 2 Bände.

J. G. FICHTE'S *Sämmliche Werke.* Herausgegeben von J. H. FICHTE. Bände 1–8, Berlin, 1845; 9–11, *Nachgelassene Werke*, Bonn, 1834.

HERE we have the collective writings of Fichte, and also his life, all done,—the editing and the biography,—with pious and affectionate care, by his son. These publications afford greatly increased facilities for forming acquaintance with this philosopher, and seem to respond to a growing desire felt and expressed in Germany—now that Schellingism and Hegelism have had their day, and all the names stand somewhat in the retrospect of the past—to return anew to the study of his thought.

Rammenau, a little village in Upper Lusatia, near the boundary line that divides Lusatia from the Meissen territory, was the birthplace of Johann Gottlieb Fichte. The people of this neighborhood were a hardy and substantial peasantry, little changed since the Reformation; very slightly cultured in books, but virtuous and full of active industry. The education was in the family; the patriarch of a house becoming, for character and wisdom, the model for his posterity. Fichte's ancestors, the more immediate ones certainly, passed for very upright men, of strong will and solid speech. His descent was from a Swedish cavalry-officer, who, at a time in

the Thirty-Years' War, being wounded in a skirmish near this village, was left in the house of a peasant, where he finally wed, and built up the family bearing this name.

The grandfather of Fichte, who, in the dispersion of the family, was the only member of it that remained in the village, inherited from his ancestors, besides a certain interest in land, a small trade in ribbons. He manufactured them on his own looms, and sold them in and about his native village. Anxious to improve and enlarge this trade, he sent his oldest son, Christian, to serve with John Schurich, a considerable manufacturer and dealer in the neighboring town, Sulsnitz. Christian gained the confidence and esteem of Schurich; fell in love with his daughter, and, after many embarrassments and delays, married her. But the haughty father-in-law would not permit him to settle in his town; and so he returned with his bride to the paternal village, where, from the dowry,—very respectable for those days,—he built a family home. The house is yet standing, occupied by a grandson; and the same looms upon which father and son wrought are still clacking there.

Johann Gottlieb, the first child, was born here May 19, 1762. In look and mental characteristic he strongly resembled the mother: he was quick of apprehension, ready in answer, very individual in his judgments, and inclined to reticence. He took little share in the plays of his more active and boisterous sisters, and was seen frequently to withdraw by himself in the field, and stand for hours gazing into the dim distance, rapt in his contemplations. The friendly shepherd, who had observed and conceived a liking for the solitary boy, would sometimes rouse him from his dream after nightfall, and conduct him home. These hours were to Fichte, in after-life, among his most cherished recollections.

His first teacher was his father, who, when the day's work was done, taught him to read, to commit select songs and sayings to memory, and recounted to him his own little journeys through Saxony and Franconia. He praised particularly the banks and scenery of the Saale; and the boy,—

as in after-years he used often pleasantly to mention,—to whom this land shone as an ideal fairy realm, little dreamed so important a portion of his future years would be spent there.

The village pastor, Diendorf, became greatly interested in the boy, and commended him warmly to the regard of a neighboring proprietor, Freiherr von Miltitz, to whom Gottlieb had been presented on account of his extraordinary powers of word-memory. The Freiherr, gaining the parents' consent, adopted the boy as his son. The next years he spent in the preparatory schools at Meissen and Sfora, and, in his eighteenth year (on Michaelmas, 1780), was admitted to the University of Jena, enrolled as student of theology. His benefactor meanwhile died, 1774; and Fichte was henceforth thrown entirely upon his own resources. He removed ere long to Leipzig; but poverty pressed hard, and sent him out among various families in Saxony to teach, where he eked out, at best, but a scanty subsistence. The Consistory in Saxony to whom he applied for a little assistance, and that for a very brief period, that he might be able to perfect his preparations for an examination before them, gave him no recognition whatever, probably on account of the too strong marks of independent thinking betrayed in the sermon he enclosed; and he was reduced to narrow straits.

Sad and disheartened, he sat down, on the eve of his twenty-seventh birthday, gloomily musing. It seemed plain to him that this was the last birthday he should see; he should not live to another. Money was gone, prospect and hopes were gone, life would ere long be gone; but manhood and honor he would keep to the last. Unexpectedly, on this very evening, a beam of light came to him in the offer of a tutorship in a family in Zurich. He gladly set forth thither, making the journey on foot.

This residence was valuable to him, as it gave him contact with several names of fine culture,—Lavater, Steinbruchel, Pfenninger, &c., and, withal, introduced him to the lady who afterwards became his wife. This lady (Johanna Rahn), somewhat his senior in years, was a niece of the poet Klop-

stock, and was every way worthy of Fichte. She had had rugged experiences of life, and had built up upon them a character of high womanliness: she proved eminently a "help meet for him" in the subsequent labors and trials.

Early in 1790, he returned to Germany, where, engaged at Leipzig in the work of private instruction, he formed acquaintance with the writings of Kant. This was a memorable event for him: it introduced to him a new world of thought and study never recognized before. "This has given me a peace," he writes, "such as I have never before experienced.... It is indescribable what respect for humanity, what power, this system gives us." The letters that, on his journey and during his stay here, he wrote to his betrothed, breathe a spirit of the finest devotion and tenderness: they are models of *love-letters*.

In July, 1791, he visited Kant, taking Königsberg on his return from Poland, where he had been to fulfil an engagement; but was, at first, chilled with the cold reception given. He wrote and presented to the philosopher his *Kritik aller Offenbarung*—"Critique of all Revelation"—a remarkable writing, composed by him in thirty-six days. This gained him nearer access to Kant, whom he saw in private intercourse in the intimacy of his home, and now recognized those traits and characteristics in him which befit the regal intellect that appears in his writings. A cordial friendship grew up between them, which remained for several years unbroken.

His old companion, poverty, was still with him: he could find no publisher for his essay,* and no work to do; and Kant was unable to aid him even to return to his native Saxony. In his diary, under date of 18th of September, we find this

* The "Critique" was finally published at Königsberg, after having run through a gauntlet of theological proscription on account of the principle set forth in it, that *it is character and not the abnormal wonders, miracles recorded in it, that determines the authority of a professed revelation*. The dean of the theological faculty of Halle, where it was to be printed, stoutly refused to let it be put to press with this reprehensible matter in it: and Fichte was inflexible; he would not withdraw it. At length, a new dean (Dr. Knapp) being appointed, consent was freely given that the book might be printed.

entry: "I desired to work to-day, but I accomplish nothing. My depression overpowers me. How will this thing end? How will it stand with me eight days hence? Then all my money will be consumed!" Through the kind offices of Court-preacher Schultz, however, a place was obtained for him in the family of a count near Dantzig, where he found abode, for the time, both pleasant and useful.

About the end of the year of Fichte's marriage, he received a call to the chair of Professor Supernumerarius of Philosophy, in Jena, which he accepted. Great expectations were awakened in view of his coming; and there were powerful prejudices and misconceptions abroad in regard to his true attitude. His first lecture was given in the largest hall in Jena, and this was insufficient to contain the numbers that came to hear. The effect was very marked, the lecture was a complete surprise, and he left the hall the most popular professor in the University. Something of the feeling prevalent, and of the impression received, may be gathered from the following lines written by Rector Forberg about this time:—

"I look with great confidence to Fichte, who is daily expected here. But I would have had still greater confidence in him if he had written the *Kritik der Offenbarung* twenty years later. A young man who ventures to write a masterpiece must commonly suffer for it. He has spent his strength too soon; and his later fruits will, at least, want ripeness. . . . Fichte is not here yet; but I am eager to know whether he has any thing still to learn. Oh, there is nothing so easily unlearned as the power of learning!"

And this after he had heard him:—

"Fichte's philosophy is, so to say, more philosophic than Reinhold's.* You hear Fichte going and digging and searching after truth. He brings it in rough masses from the mine, and casts it down before him. He tells you not what he will do: he does it. Reinhold's teaching was more the announcement of philosophy, than philosophy.

* Fichte's predecessor at Jena.

"The reader of the writings of Kant and Fichte is filled with a feeling of the superiority of powerful minds, who wrestle with their subjects as if they would crush them to pieces,— who say all which they do to us only to intimate, and cause us to feel, how much more they might say. The fundamental trait of Fichte's character is *utmost honesty*. Such an one knows little of delicacy or refinement. In his writings you find few properly fine passages; his best thing has always the characteristic of greatness and strength. And, in speech, he is not polished; but his words have weight and force. His principles are rigorous, and little softened by the humanities.

"Fichte's public delivery does not flow on smoothly, sweetly, and gently, as Reinhold's did: it sweeps like a tempest, discharging its fire in separate bolts. He possesses more readiness, acumen, depth, genius,— in short, more spiritual power,— than Reinhold. His fancy is not brilliant, but strong; his pictures are not pleasing, but bold and massive. He presses to the innermost depth of his subject, and moves about in the kingdom of ideas with a freedom that proclaims that he not only dwells, but rules, in that invisible realm."

Henry Steffens, who heard him first on a later occasion, says of him:—

"This short, strong-built man, with sharp, commanding features, made, I must confess, a most imposing appearance as I then saw him for the first time. Even his language had a cutting sharpness. . . . His delivery was excellent, marked by clearness and precision. I was wholly borne away with the subject, and must own that I never before heard such a lecture."

Dr. Solger says:—

"I am amazed at the power of his discourse: no one so forcibly takes up the hearer to himself, and bears him away without any reservation into the severest discipline of reflection."

Fichte's activity at Jena was very great. He gave many lectures; and was so superior in this sort, that his associates styled him "the model of an academic teacher." In a letter to Reinhold, in 1796, he says, "I give three lectures a day five days of the week." March 17, 1797, he says, "I have literally, for weeks together, no time to write a single letter." His great aim was to incite; to stir up and point his pupils

along the path of broad and independent inquiry; to tone and invigorate them to exalted living.

In 1798 appeared in the "Philosophical Journal," of which he was then associate editor, his famous article on the Grounds of our Belief in a Divine Government of the World. He postulates a Divine order as clear and indubitable,—a truth of the intuitive consciousness; and affirms this fact to define the nearest approach we may make to the hidden essence of the Godhead. Here is belief, religion, worship. Obedience to the sovereign laws is piety. The essence of all atheism is in this,—refusing to obey implicitly, to trust principle; casting about upon the results, and holding the sovereign claim in abeyance to supposed or conjectured consequences to come.

"Hence it is an error to say, it is doubtful whether there be a God or not. It is not doubtful, but the most certain thing there is,—the ground of all other certainty, the one absolutely valid objective fact,—that there is a moral order in the world; that to every rational being is assigned his place in that order, and his work appointed; that every good action prospers, and every bad certainly fails; and that, to those who love the good, all things work together for best. It can, on the other hand, be just as little matter of doubt to him who will reflect for a moment, and admit the result of reflection, that the conception of God as a particular substance is impossible and contradictory; and it is right to say this, and to silence the babble of the schools, that the true religion of joyous right-doing may come in."

This paper was charged, after a time, as atheistic. A great cry was raised, political was joined with ecclesiastical persecution, and the final result was the removal of Fichte from the chair at Jena. Denied residence elsewhere, even as a private citizen, he found liberty of asylum in Prussia. He arrived in Berlin, July, 1799; and the first months of this leisure he spent in the preparation of his *Bestimmung des Menschen*,—"The Destination of Man." The grand thoughts, with which that book is enriched, show marks of his recent experiences of trial, the strengthening and light that come by baptism in affliction. To his wife he writes under date of Nov. 5, 1799:—

"I have, in the preparation of my present work, cast a deeper glance into religion than ever before. With me, the emotions of the heart proceed only from entire intellectual clearness; and it cannot but be that the clearness which I have now attained shall act upon my heart. Believe me, this has much to do with my steadfast cheerfulness, the calmness with which I view the injustice of my adversaries. I do not suppose that, without this terrible controversy and its ill consequences, I should ever have come to this clear insight and this posture of spirit. And so the wrongs done to me may have had a result neither you nor I would wish to avoid."

In fact, a marked change about this time passed over Fichte's spirit, comparable in its significance for him only to the great transformation wrought upon him through his first access to the Kantian philosophy. His writings from this date are deeply tinged with the religious element, and show the ascension of their author into the loftier sphere of intellectual freedom.

In the spring of 1805, Fichte was called to the chair of Philosophy in Erlangen, which he accepted, with encouraging prospects and large hopes; but had not gone far in its duties, when the war between Prussia and France broke out, driving him ere long, with so many others, into exile. He spent this period at Königsberg (where he received appointment as Provisional Professor) and at Copenhagen; returning on the restoration of peace, in 1807, to Berlin. In the foundation of the new University at Berlin, he bore an active part. As in all ways best qualified for the work, he was selected to draw up the plan of organization.* The sketch he submitted shows the breadth and ripeness of his views. As he holds it, University education would be synonymous with the most exalted type of culture,—the freest and largest development of a noble manhood.

* Jacobi had said on a previous occasion, "If you wish to institute any improvements in University arrangements (which are now an incongruous mixture of culture and barbarism), you can find no better man in Europe for help than Fichte. Whoso gets him early, does well. As to his integrity, there is but one testimony." This is the more worthy of note as it comes from one who was a life-long opponent of Fichte's philosophy.

But more direct duties seemed to call him. Prussia lay humiliated and disgraced, galled continually by the presence of her oppressors. At great personal risk, Fichte determined to endeavor to rouse the spirit of his countrymen to a decisive blow for independence. In the winter of 1807-8, he delivered those famous "Addresses to the German Nation" which stirred his countrymen like the blast of a trumpet. A recent German historian* declares that, for pungency and power, there has been nothing comparable spoken in Germany since Luther. Davoust was governor of the city. The speaker's voice was often drowned by the tumults of the soldiery through the streets, and well-known spies were frequently present in the hall. Several times, the report became current that he had been seized and borne off by the enemy. His name was on Napoleon's list: and other men guilty of less offence were arrested, or formally warned; but, singularly enough, he was not interfered with. "I know well to what I am exposing myself," he writes to Beyme, Jan. 2, 1808. "I know that, as in the case of Palm, a bullet may reach me: but for the purpose I cherish I would willingly die."

In the spring of 1808, he was prostrated by a severe illness, the first of his life, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. Electricity and the Teplitz baths were employed with good effect. The son mentions, with affectionate gratitude, the kind attention he received from his father in his education at this time. "Without bias, and with most deliberate consideration, we think we may affirm that we found him here one of the finest teachers we ever knew; so gentle and generous, that not only love for the thing, but increased fondness for the teacher himself, was awakened."

We must not forbear to mention one other thing, which was a family custom never omitted from the order of the house.

"It was a social evening devotion, which fitly and solemnly closed the day, and in which the servants used to participate. With the

* L. Häusser, *Deutsche Geschichte*.

accompaniment of the harpsichord, some verses from the church service were sung: then the paterfamilias took the Word, and spoke upon some passage or section from the New Testament,—most frequently from his favorite, John; or he offered, if particular domestic occurrences gave occasion, some word of admonition or cheer. It was never, so far as we recall, the laying-down of special epilogues, or rules of living, but rather the endeavor to free the spirit from the distractions and vanities of the common pursuits of life, and to lift it up to the presence of the Everlasting: it was devotion—*Andacht*—and strengthening in the primal sense. What a beneficent effect this custom has when it does not run into form and routine! How it kindles the members of a family to warmer love to each other, and binds even those more remote to a deeper interest and union! This no one has failed to experience who has had the good fortune to be reared under its influence.” *

By the suffrage of his fellow-teachers, Fichte was elected rector of the University,—an office which he filled for two years very ably and with singular self-sacrifice. The post was new, and, for many reasons, not a little difficult. Carrying his steady, uncompromising integrity into this position, he would prevent or sternly repress the secret orders, duelling, bullying inflictions upon the weak, &c.,—practices which had worked such mischievous results in many of the German universities. But in this a portion of his colleagues would not sustain him. On this and other accounts, he begged to be permitted to retire from the place.

“To trim the rules of my conduct to shifting circumstances, and still preserve unity and consistency,—to this I have no fitness. Only as I act according to a fixed law and abiding principles, can I continue an upright man. Let the honorable department now interpose, and to one, that on the straightforward way has reached his fiftieth year, render help, that he may continue in the same.”

Napoleon was hastening to his downfall. Fichte read the portent in the events of the hour. He was confident that the great expedition into Russia would prove his fatal mistake. Even if successful in reducing that empire, the invader could

* Leben, i. 428.

never hold it; and, his prestige gone, the vast domain he had grasped under his sceptre would fall away inevitably. In the effort to rouse and ripen his countrymen for the coming struggle, Fichte was very active. He wished to accompany the army, that he might inspire and exalt the soldiery by the power of speech; but, denied this, he betook himself, with new zeal, to utterance in the lecture-room. Nearly all the teachers in the University banded together in an agreement that the survivors should see that provision be made for the families of such as might fall in the war.

Severe battles in the neighborhood of Berlin threw new responsibilities upon the inhabitants. The military hospitals were crowded, and the authorities were obliged to call for voluntary contributions of comforts, and the services of generous women to act as nurses. Fichte's wife was among the first to offer herself; and, for five months, she served unweariedly.

After the battles of Leipsic and Hanau, the enemy were driven beyond the boundary; and Fichte found occasion again for the labors of the University. The re-awakened devotion and energy, which the late crisis had called forth, he brought to the new work. With revived hope and assurance for the fatherland, he felt within him the old strength of youth renewed, while he was standing now unconsciously at the close of his career. More lucidly than ever, he now saw the leading principles of his philosophy unfolded before him; and it seemed to him that he could bring it out with unapproached clearness,—such, he often declared to his son, that a child should comprehend it. He resolved to devote to this the next summer in withdrawn isolation and quiet. This work had been the ideal of his life, and it now neared completion. He purposed to retire to the fine region between Dresden and Meissen, a place connected so pleasantly with many associations of his early life. This labor once done, his testament to mankind was complete; and, for the remnant of his days, hardly aught should remain but to elucidate and impress, with the living voice, these lessons on the minds of youth.

But other work was appointed. His wife, under long tension and exposure, had become infected with nervous fever. It seized her violently, Jan. 3, 1814, and went to such height that, for a time, her life was despaired of. The day on which she seemed nearest the grave was the one, as it happened, on which Fichte had appointed to begin his lectures on the *Wissenschaftslehre*. He had spent nearly every moment at her side, ministering with most devoted tenderness. Towards evening, he took his leave of the unconscious sufferer; and, pressed down with his deep sorrow and apprehension,—for he could hardly hope, on his return, to find her still alive,—he went to the lecture, and for two hours disengaged, with his accustomed felicity and power, on the loftiest and most abstract of themes. A favorable crisis occurred, and the cherished companion was restored. “We remember well,” says the son, “when Fichte, overcome with joy, bent over his wife, and greeted her as restored and given to him anew.” But at that moment, unconsciously, he took the seeds of the same disease. The next day, he was seriously indisposed, but intermitted nothing of his work. Presently there came on a continuous sleeplessness, which refused to yield to baths or other treatment; and the nature of the malady was apparent. The brain especially was affected, and the lucid intervals became constantly briefer and fewer. In one of these, his son read to him the account of Blucher’s passage of the Rhine, and the vigorous pressing forward of the allies to France. His spirit roused up to its old vivacity, and he dwelt transported in the vision of an enfranchised and redeemed fatherland. He fancied himself upon the field, striking with his own arm for liberty; and then these imaginations mingled, as they will in the dreams of a sick man, with thoughts of the disease he had to conquer; and steady resolution and force of will were the weapons wherewith he should do it. Shortly before his death, his son brought him some medicine. His mind seemed to light up with all its old brilliancy. “Let be,” he said with that look of inexpressible tenderness with which he was wont to greet his dear ones. “I need no medicine: I feel that I am

well." And so, in a sense, it was. He fell soon into a deep sleep, from which he did not wake. He breathed his last, after ten days' illness, on the night of the 27th of January, 1814. At five o'clock, all signs of life had departed. He was nearly fifty-two, and in the full vigor of manhood; not a tooth gone, and hardly a gray hair in the heavy growth of deep black that covered his head.

He was buried in the churchyard nearest the Oranienburg gate of Berlin, and upon the obelisk that marks the spot is engraven this inscription: "THE TEACHERS SHALL SHINE LIKE THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT; AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS, LIKE THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER."

In stature, Fichte was below the medium size, but of very compact build, muscular, and adapted to great exertion and endurance. His step was firm and strong, bespeaking the directness and decision of his character. "None who heard him speak," says the son, "could fail to feel that deep conviction and entire openness inspired and attended every word." A marble bust by Wichmann, standing now in the Hall of the University, of Berlin, is said to give the truest representation of his look and features. From this was executed the likeness in medallion which adorns the monument in the churchyard, and of which we have a copy in the portrait accompanying the biography,—one of the finest of faces; the expression wise and very positive, but withal genial, sunny, and sweet; and the whole look singularly *wholesome*.

A word here of the wife he left behind. She survived her husband five years. Secured by the favor of the king and other generous friends from the pressure of want, she devoted herself assiduously to the culture of her son, from whose memory the kindness and love of these years can never fade. Of deeply devout turn, she occupied herself much with books of religious meditation; and, in some of her best hours, wrote out reminiscences of her cherished husband, from which the biography has been materially enriched. She died of inflammation of the lungs, Jan. 29, 1819; and is buried in the same churchyard, in the spot chosen by herself, at the feet of her husband.

It remains now to examine briefly Fichte's work and service in the sphere of speculative thought. With him, speculation and life are intimately blended together; and we may almost know what the cast of his thought must be from what he was. The system which his name represents is a rigorous idealism. Taken as an attempted exposition of the genesis of knowing, it is doubtless a failure, as every attempt must be. We may learn something of the terms under which knowing arises, and discriminate, tracing out the genuine characteristics; but little farther can we go. Man is form and substance, boundlessness and limitation, eternity and time, a spark of the infinite dropped into a lump of clay. How, as finite, he should know aught beyond himself,—how, as sky-born and infinite, there should be to him any thing beyond himself at all,—is a question none can solve. When we can tell *what we are*, we may be able also to tell *how we know*. Fichte longs and seeks to read this riddle of the soul's secret ways; and he abuts against the wall of being. He toils with a giant's force; but he prevails not. Before this triple mystery the sturdiest intellect recoils. Yet it is good as indication. Here must be the way, if there is a way. The external world must be absorbed in thought, must be fused in this crucible; and the mind in final result fall back on God, in whom is all content and elucidation.

As little fortunate is he in his attempt to trace the origin of existence. The problem is too high. The transit from infinite to finite, from rest to motion, from eternity to time, no philosophy can comprehend or explain. The difficulty is in ourselves, the dualism of our own being, the finiteness of our nature. Till we can transcend that, we cannot grasp and possess the movement of the infinite soul. A few points fix themselves beyond removal in our consciousness. The origin of all in Substance; the foundation of all in immutability and repose; the flow of the river of time from eternity, and its issue into eternity; the presence of the living symbols, intelligible with form and life, and awful with the white glow of the everlasting which they incarnate and reveal,—these are mainly what we know. Fichte comes to this in result; but

he attempts, laboriously at times, to philosophize on points where philosophy can do nothing.

Passing over from the speculative,—and it is plain that the tendency all along has been strongly that way,—Fichte enters the sphere of the practical. Here the same problem continues, but is approached at greater advantage, and with indefinitely better possibility of solution. We may at least have solid facts to rest on, if we may not have the explication. In speculation, we have attained at best only proximate results: the antithesis remains at bottom unresolved. The reason enters with the decisive word, “There ought to be no Non-Ego, and a Non-Ego there shall not be.” It is because we are weak that we are in subjection; because we are weak, we are tempted and tried and sin. We are straitened in ourselves. Increasing indefinitely our power, we reduce indefinitely the obstructions. In our best moments, we stand superior to our surroundings. What emancipations then come! The hard walls melt, the world sinks away, and we are equal to every requirement. There is no longer any trial or sorrow or fear. We are in freedom: in all things we do well, and all things are well. Bereavement cannot take from us, nor any imparting essentially enrich us. When, again, we are susceptible and affected, hampered and pressed, we are in our spiritual minority: we lack the growth to be men.

But there is a higher as well as a lower. The soul thirsts and yearns, and there is a genuine object of its restless craving. In every bosom, every hour,

“Glow the feud of Want and Have.”

And this is destined to be allayed. The satisfaction is in the ideal kingdom. In the authoritative truths that speak to the active faculty is the infinite expressed and brought within reach. In the ceaseless striving to attain this, we lay hold of our eternal birthright, and compass our destiny. We surrender, and we gain; we toil, and we enter into rest. The problem is not wholly solved, the contradiction and the conflict not quite taken away. For every endeavor is towards

an object, and every object is subject to finitude. So we pursue infinite in finite, and we put away finite for infinite. The objects are symbolic, and the substance shifts and soars aloft evermore. Life is pursuit of the perennial and transient, essence and form; is illusion and possession, disappointment and realization, continually and both in one. It is an endless striving, ceaseless approach, and for ever falling short. "In limitless progression, through limited states of being," says Bruno, "man urges onward to the ultimate aim, even as God is simultaneously infinite and everywhere ALL." "This striving and inability," says Fichte, "is the impress of our destiny for eternity."

"Thus," says he, summing up the entire result of the *Wissenschaftslehre* in a single paragraph, "the whole nature of finite beings is comprehended and exhausted,—an original idea of our absolute being; an effort to reflect upon ourselves, in order to get possession of this idea; a limitation, not of this endeavor, but of our own existence, which first becomes actual through this limitation, through an opposite principle,—a Non-Ego, or, in general, our finiteness; self-consciousness, and, in particular, consciousness of our practical strivings; determination of our representations (conceptions), and accordingly of our actions, and a constant widening of our limits out into the infinite."*

Fichte's later writings are occupied more with the ethical than the merely speculative. To these later writings belong prominently "The Destination of Man" (Berlin, 1800),—one of the most remarkable books ever written; singular for its baptisms to truth, its elevation and prophetic clearness, the very ecstasy of the seer. In the third part, headed "Faith," he rises to the broadest recognition of the Absolute Reality; and that, too, taken in its most practical relations to the human soul. Here is the culmination of his philosophy, its ripe fulfilment and fruitage.

One there is that abides: above all speculation, as before it all, there remains a somewhat, unmastered in thought, present and indubitable, though every analysis and demonstration

* Werke, i. 278.

fail; so real and so vital, no dimness or shadow of uncertainty can intervene to separate between it and the vision of the inmost spirit. No withdrawal, bereavement, death, can touch it, or in the least reduce the fulness of its presence and enriching power. It is a world that abides, though all worlds fail; substance and portion of our being. The speculative understanding knows it not; discursive thought cannot reach or in any manner deal with it: it baffles all, yet underlies and pervades all. It is for us as a law, and we know neither it nor aught beside otherwise. *The approaches are all through character.* Only in relation to doing, to the sphere of duty, is there for us aught without, any fact or external world at all. Cut off from the practical reason, made nothing to us for conduct and culture, the outer, the seen, dissipates and is a phantom; and dry, speculative knowledge and belief go destitute and famishing, and sink into dim doubt and night. "There is nothing real and imperishable within me but these two elements,—the voice of conscience and my free obedience.... My world is the object and sphere of my duties, and absolutely nothing else: there is no other world for me, and no other properties of my world; my whole united capacity, all finite capacity, is insufficient to comprehend any other." The world is thus for us the medium of our growth, our occasion for character, our danger and our sublime privilege: it is the condition of the infinite manifestation. Of its essence or actuality, other than is involved in this, we know nothing. Life is, as Fichte somewhere describes it, our "school for eternity."

Virtue is the key wherewith we unlock the immensities and the eternities. In being conscious of it, we know immortality, we become conscious that our life is laid up in the skies, and no death can touch it. "I am immortal, imperishable, eternal, so soon as I form the resolution to obey the laws of reason: I do not need to *become* so.... The supersensual world is no future world: it is present; it can at no point of finite existence be more present than at another; after an existence of myriads of lives long, it cannot be more present than at this moment."

"Blessed be the hour," he exclaims, "in which I first resolved to reflect upon myself and my destination ! All my problems are solved : I know what I can know ; and I have no solicitude concerning that which I cannot know. I am satisfied ; perfect harmony and clearness reign in my soul ; and a new and more glorious existence begins for me.

"My entire, complete destiny I cannot comprehend ; what I shall be transcends all my thought. A part of this destiny is hidden from me, visible only to One, the Father of spirits, to whom it is committed. I know only that it is sure and eternal and glorious, like himself. But the part of it which is confided to myself I know, and know thoroughly ; and this is the root of all my other knowledge. Upon this shall all my thoughts and endeavors, my whole powers, be directed ; my whole existence shall be interwoven with it."

Reverently and with awe he approaches the ineffable Supreme,—reverently, yet warmly and with fervent trust ; for he knows that this is transcendent Wisdom and Excellence,—the paternal, unmeasured Love.

"Sublime and living Will, named by no name, composed by no thought,—I may well raise my soul to thee ; for thou and I are not divided ! Thy voice sounds in me, and mine resounds in thee ; and all my thoughts, if they be but true and good, are thought in thee. In thee the Incomprehensible, I myself and the world become clearly comprehensible to me ; all the enigmas of my existence are solved, and perfect harmony arises in my soul. . . .

"The world, upon which but now I looked with wonder, disappears from my gaze, and sinks away. In all the fulness of life, of order, and of growth, which I beheld in it, it is yet but the *curtain* by which one infinitely more perfect is concealed from me, and the *germ* from which this is to be unfolded. My *faith* goes behind this veil, and warms and animates this germ. It sees nothing definite ; but it expects more than it can conceive here below,—more than it will ever be able to conceive in time."

The "Characteristics of the Present Age," the "Nature of the Scholar," and the "Direction to the Blessed Life, or Doctrine of Religion," are all written in like noble strain ; but our limits forbid us to enter into any particular account of them here. The English public are greatly under debt to Mr.

William Smith for the excellent translations he has given of the four.*

The one last named above is, perhaps, his ripest work. It is distinguished for its mellow tone and sweetness, its perfect repose. In it he gives us his view of the Johannean Jesus; showing warm appreciation and profound insight, not only of the nature and offices of Christ, but of the purpose and destiny of Christianity. The incarnation of the Word in Jesus he holds was not peculiar, *sui generis*, unlike all other incarnations of the divine in character. "At all times, in every one, without exception, who vitally feels his union with God, and who really and in fact gives up his entire individual life to the divine life within him, the Eternal Word becomes flesh in just the same way as in Jesus Christ, and holds a personal, sensible, human existence. . . . After this consummation [referring to the prayer of Jesus that all may be one], all distinction is taken away; the entire Communion, the first-born with the later-born, fall back together into the one common source of all,—the Godhead. And so, then, Christianity, having reached its end, disappears again in the Absolute Truth, and affirms that every man should come to union with God, and himself in his own personality become the Divine Existence, or the Eternal Word."

One of the most uncompromising of men, full of moral rigor, holding all sternly to the requirements of the perfect law, and burning at times in hot indignation against the delinquent and unfaithful everywhere around him, Fichte yet preserved poise and sweetness; never became cynical, or repelled and hopeless, towards mankind. He has everywhere faith and patience: humanity must and shall be redeemed; the ultimate issue is beyond possibility of doubt.

"Hinder or defeat, if you will, his purposes. You may delay them; but what are a thousand or ten times a thousand years in the annals of humanity? What the light morning dream is in waking. He lives and works on; and what to you appears failure is only the broadening of his sphere,—what to you seems death is his ma-

* John Chapman. London, 1847-9.

turity to a higher life. The complexion of his plans and their outward shape may fail him: but his purpose remains the same; and, in every moment of his existence, he wrests and appropriates something new from without into his own sphere, and will continue to do so until he has consumed all,—until all matter bears the impress of his working, and all spirits constitute one with his."

"At last," he says elsewhere,— "at last, all must arrive at the sure haven of eternal peace and blessedness."

We close with an extract from one of his posthumous sonnets, which shows in brief the style of his thinking, and the general results he rested in, in his later years:—

"What has so given power to my eye, that all deformity is dissolved away, that the nights become clear sun; disorder, order; and corruption, life? What, through the tangled web of time and space, has led me safe to the immortal fount of beauty, truth, and good, and great delight, and therein has plunged and quenched all my strife?

"'Tis this: since in Urania's eye—the deep, clear, blue, still, and pure lightflame—I also still have looked, this eye rests in my soul, and dwells, the eternal one, in the deeps of my being,—lives in my life, and sees in my beholding."*

Thus have we glanced at this philosophy,—a system of rigid idealism, more pronounced, elaborately wrought, and

* "Was meinem Auge diese Kraft gegeben
Dass alle Misgestalt ihm ist zerronnen,
Dass ihm die Nächte werden, heitre Sonnen,
Unordnung, Ordnung; und Verwesung, Leben ?

Was durch der Zeit, des Raums verworr'nes Weben
Mich sicher leitet hin zum ew'gen Brunnen
Des Schönen, Wahren, Guten und der Wonnen,
Und drin vernichtend eintaucht all' mein Streben ?

Das ist es. Seit in Urania's Aug', die Tiefe
Sich selber klare, blaue, stille, reine
Lichtflamm' ich selber still hineingesehen;

Seitdem ruht dieses Aug' mir in der Tiefe
Und ist in meinem Seyn,—das ewig Eine,
Lebt mir im Leben, sieht in meinem Sehen."

complete, than any other ever constructed. It is uncompromising to the last; everywhere the same — abnegation of the outward, exaltation of the inward. Speculatively, it has much force; but, speculatively, it cannot satisfy. Yet here it does, may we not say, what speculation can; it is exhaustive and final, so far as, under the limitations upon us in this sphere, is possible. It indicates, sets the face Zionward, catches the gleam of the future day.

Fichte comes at last to the point of the Mystics and illuminated of all ages. The One is, and transcendent over all, beyond earth and heaven and all things seen; dwells in the thought; beams with eternal majesty in the temple of the soul. Conception cannot reach nor philosophy explain, but thought knows and feels it there,—the ineffable Presence. This knowing is a mystical mounting; as the New Platonists have said, union of the spirit with its Original, the Divine: it is Immanuel. The manner of this communication none can tell; the possibility even we cannot conceive: we only know there is mysterious oneness of the soul with God. The knowledge is infinite; yet it respects the human limitations, comes in a degree beneath our own conditions: it is the heavenly treasure in earthen vessels. In deep meditation and awe, the mind dwells in this supreme fact, and is stirred and borne on resistlessly to seek and possess it. Rising superior to the outer, we become more and more subject to the kingdom above. There are the active virtues with the passive, and appropriately these both blend into one; forming one homogeneous, accordant, integral character. There is pursuit of the infinite beyond finite,—of the ideal, while there is renunciation and surrender of the incidental and the real. The contradiction of life is solved,—practically, is solved; for, though we see not in thought how we may at once realize and fail, dwell in eternity and time, appropriate and yet endlessly seek and pursue, rest and labor, yet, in practical fact, we do all this and enter into repose. In calm resignation and cheerful optimism are rest and poise and re-invigoration; hither we descend to bathe, and cool ourselves from the conflict: in the ideal, endeavor is conquest and eternal pos-

session. To sit down slothful, and renounce our task and work, relying only upon the Infinite Providence to bring out all, is base, licentious, impious. It is the chronic fault of an inordinate and unchecked speculating tendency, of lazy theorizing and contemplation. It characterizes far too many sects in philosophy, religion, and philanthropy, so reputed. The upper kingdom is one of conditions. The voice of duty is sovereign and absolute. This is a world of causes; and every day brings stakes, imposing high necessity, and involving work vital to be done. "The Divine Sovereignty works by means," as in boyhood we used sometimes to hear Calvinists say; and, while the Father works, we also must work with him.

Philosophy becomes, at last, one with poetry. It is the epic of the soul,—celebrates its recovery and return to the bosom of the One, the home of its being and possession for ever. It is the song of deliverance, of enfranchisement, and quenchless joy.

Here is a contribution towards the solution of the endless problem. Fichte gives us his method. It is of the best result the human soul has yet been able to gain. It essays the higher and final synthesis,—points to the attainment of freedom and felicity in renunciation and devotion, surrender and pursuit, resignation and anxious wish; co-ordinating these and blending into one, through the systole and diastole of life.

ART. III.—THE CHARACTER OF DANTE.

Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. With an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its Plot and Episodes. By VINCENZO BOTTA.
New York: Scribner & Co. 1865.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON once said, "Fame is only known to exist by the echo of its footsteps in congenial minds." The work named above is adapted to multiply in the minds of the readers of English such an echo of the tread of the greatest

Italian. In spite of the translations of the writings of Dante and his historical importance, his celebrity has chiefly haunted the heights of literary mind. His patriotic and scholarly countryman, now a valued American citizen, has thought to render a good service by placing in the hands of the people — not of exclusive scholars — the means of a more familiar knowledge of the great, solitary Bard of the Middle Age. Professor Botti has discharged his labor of love with ample learning, insight, skill and taste. The biographical sketch is full and precise; the analysis is made interesting and instructive by the clear firmness of statement with which it is presented, and the judicious critical reflections with which it is interspersed. This analysis of writings which are so much more distinguished than popular is calculated to be extremely useful to that large class of intelligent readers who are not likely to grapple with the original compositions themselves. We thank the author, and invoke a large circulation for his handsome book.

Dante Alighieri is the most monarchic figure in literary history. Awe and Love now accompany the shade of the untamable Ghibelline on the journey of his fame, as he pictured Virgil guiding his steps through the other world. That stern, sad, worn face, made so well known to us by art, looks on the passing generations of men with a woful pity, masking the pain and want which are too proud to beg for sympathy, extorting, chiefly from the most royal souls, a royal tribute of wonder and affection.

Some one has said that Dante was "a born solitary, a grand, impracticable solitary. He could not live with the Florentines; he could not live with Gemma Donati; he could not live with Can Grande della Scala." The truth in the remark is, perhaps, a little misleading. It is certainly not strange that an exile should be unable to live at home with the victorious party of his persecutors; that a man absorbed in an ideal world should ill agree with a prosaic and shrewish wife; or that the demeaning favors of a patron should gall a generous spirit. Dante was no separatist, either in theory or in native temper of soul, though he was lonely in experience and

fate. The inward life was to him the only constant end ; the ecstasy of the divine vision, the only sufficing good. Memory, thought and faith were his three cities of refuge. His intellect was too piercing, his disposition too earnest, his affections too sensitive and tenacious, his prejudices and resentments too vehement and implacable, for satisfactory intercourse with others to be easy. "He delighted," Boccaccio says, "in being solitary and apart from the world, that his contemplations might not be interrupted. And when he was in company, if he had taken up any subject of meditation that pleased him, he would make no reply to any question asked, until he had confirmed or rejected the fancy that haunted him." Benvenuto da Imola speaks of his having been seen to stand at a book-stall in Siena, studying a rare work, from matins till noon ; so absorbed in it as to be unconscious of the passing of a bridal procession with music and love-poems, such as he especially delighted in. Owing to the extraordinary scope, intensity, and pertinacity of his states of consciousness, he was both an exceedingly loving and magnanimous, and an exceedingly irascible and revengeful, man. If he was sensitively exacting, he could also be regally self-sufficing. To such a nature fit society would be delicious, but hard to find ; unfit society, easy to find, but insufferable ; solitude, a natural refuge, not less medicinal than welcome.

The different kinds of spiritual loneliness meet in a more striking combination in Dante than in almost any other man. He knew, in a distinguishing degree, the loneliness of individuality ; for he had a most pronounced originality of character, all of whose peculiar features the circumstances of his age and life tended to exaggerate. Altogether, with his towering self-respect, his deep sense of his own prophetic office, his soft, proud, burning reveries, it would be hard to find a more intrinsically isolated personality. He knew the loneliness of genius, his mind being of a scale and altitude far aloof from those about him. Among the peaks of human greatness, the solitary cone of the intellect of Dante shoots highest into the sky, though several others touch a wider horizon and show a richer landscape. He knew the loneliness of love.

The wondrous fervency and exaltation of his sacred passion for Beatrice, no one else could enter into: he could speak of it to no ordinary comrade. In his own words, "The first time I heard her voice, I was smitten with such delight that I broke away from the company I was in, like a drunken man, and retired within the solitude of my chamber to meditate upon her." He knew the loneliness of a passionate, idealizing grief. He says, "I was affected by such profound grief, that, rushing away from the crowd, I sought a lonely spot wherein to bathe the earth with my most bitter tears; and when, after a space, these tears were somewhat abated, betaking myself to my chamber where I could give vent to my passion unheard, I fell asleep, weeping like a beaten child." And again he says,—

"Ashamed, I go apart from men,
And solitary, weeping, I lament,
And call on Beatrice, 'Art thou dead?'"

He knew the loneliness of an absorbing aim. The production of his immortal poem, in which heaven and earth were constrained to take a part, and which, he says, kept him lean many years, implies immense studies and toil. Such an exhaustive masterpiece is not more a result of inspiration than of unwearyed touches of critical art. He knew the loneliness of exile. Banished by party hate, he always yearned after his dear Florence; upbraided her that she "treated worst those who loved her best;" and, in his very epitaph, called her the "of all, least-loving mother." He wandered in foreign lands, from place to place, almost literally begging his way, "unwillingly showing the wound of fortune," tasting the saltiness of the bread eaten at other men's tables, and at last dying in a strange city. He knew the loneliness of schemes and dreams reaching far beyond his own time, embracing the unity and liberty of his country; over whose distraction and enslavement others slept in their sloth or revelled in their pleasures. And, finally, he knew the loneliness of a transcendent religious faith, which his imagination converted into a vision ever recalling his inner eye from the gairish vanities of the world.

Before Dante was driven out by his fellow-citizens, Beatrice had died ; his best friend, Guido Cavalcanti, had died ; and he had lost, by the plague, two boys, aged eight and twelve years. Carrying these scars, and another as dark, inflicted by the disappointment of his patriotic hopes, he went forth never to return. Although he awakened interest everywhere, his tarryings were comparatively brief. He knew his own greatness. His unbending kingliness, his serious and persistent sincerity, unfitted him for intercourse either with vapid triflers in the crowd, or with haughty mediocrities in high places. God made him incapable of fawning, or playing a part. He must appear as he was, act as he felt, speak as he thought. It is obvious from his history, that he profoundly attracted the superior men with whom he came in contact. This is not inconsistent with the fact, that speedy breaches occurred between him and nearly all of them. He broke with some because they betrayed the cause of his country ; with others, on account of personal incompatibilities. Who possessed fineness and tenaciousness of spiritual fibre, richness and energy of mental resources, sobriety and loftiness of imaginative contemplation, to act and re-act in unison with the soul of Dante Alighieri ?

He had a warm intimacy with the imposing and brilliant military adventurer, Uguzzione della Faggiuola, and offered him the dedication of the "Inferno." There appears to have been a strong attachment between him and Giotto. One cannot look on the recovered portrait of Dante by Giotto, without feeling that it must have been drawn by a hand of love. Benvenuto da Imola relates, that one day, when Giotto was painting a chapel at Padua, — the wondrous frescoes which at this day make the traveller linger on them with a sweet pain, unwilling to tear himself away, — Dante came in, and the painter took the poet home with him.

When first banished, he was generously welcomed in Lunigiana by the Marquis Morello Malaspina. Before long, however, he went to enjoy the splendid hospitality of the young lord of Verona, Can Grande della Scala. In a letter to Can Grande, dedicating the first cantos of the "Paradiso" to

him, he says, "At first sight I became your most devoted friend." He lays down the proposition, that "unequals, as well as equals, may be bound by the sacred bond of friendship." In support of this, he gives several arguments ; one of which is, that even the infinite inequality of God and man does not prevent friendship between them. The grandees at the court looked down on Dante from their titular elevation : he looked down on them from his intrinsic superiority. One day, Can Grande said to him concerning a favorite buffoon, "How is it that this silly fellow can make himself loved by all, and that thou, who art said to be so wise, canst not ?" Dante replied, "Because all creatures delight in their own resemblance." The offended poet departed. He paid a long visit to Fra Marcone in the convent of Santa Croce di Fonte Avellana, where he wrote much of his matchless poem. Later he found a pleasant refuge with his good friend, Bosone da Gubbio, in the castle of Colmollaro. But his last, kindest, most faithful patron and friend was the noble ruler of Ravenna, the high-souled and cultivated Guido Novello da Polenta. Here he spent the last seven years of his life, furnished with a fitting home, his wants supplied, treated personally with deference and love, employed in honorable offices. When he died, his remains were honored with an imposing funeral. His body, robed as a Franciscan friar, lay in state in the palace of the Polentas ; his hands resting on the open Bible, a golden lyre, with broken chords, lying at his feet. The erection of a becoming monument was prevented only by the misfortunes and banishment of Guido himself.

In spite, however, of these exceptions, Dante's word is true, "It is rare for exiles to meet with friends." The picture of him in Paris, deserted, destitute, hungry ; sitting on straw in the Latin Quarter listening to the University lecturers ; admitted, after extemporaneously defending propositions on fourteen different subjects, to the highest degree, and obliged to forego the honor for lack of means to pay the fee, yet consoled by the hope of an enduring fame, is pathetic and exciting. How touching, too, are his words in the treatise "*De Vulgari Eloquio*" ! — "I grieve over all sufferers ; but I

have most pity for those, whoever they may be, who, languishing in exile, never see their native land again, except in dreams." Yet, with the force of his invincible soul, he rallies upon divine resources, and enjoys ideal substitutes and equivalents for what he is deprived of in actuality. "Shall I not enjoy," he exclaims, "the light of the sun and the stars? Shall I not be able to speculate on most delightful truth under whatever sky I may be?"

There are truly two Dantes,—one, the young Dante of the "Vita Nuova;" the other, the mature Dante of the "Divina Commedia." The first is represented in the portrait by Giotto, with its meditative depth, feminine softness and sadness; the second, in the more familiar traditional effigy, with its haggard, recalcitrant features, iron firmness, and burning intensity, its mystic woe and supernal pity. Both of these characters are abundantly revealed by his own pen, since almost every thing he wrote has an autobiographic value, both direct and indirect. He often narrates the events of his life, and records his feelings and judgments in the first person. Furthermore, the contents of his works take the form of experiences passing through his soul, and reproduced by his art in stereoscopic photographs that at once reflect the delicate lineaments of his genius, and betray the tremendous power of his passions.

The dominant characteristic, in a moral aspect, of the younger Dante,—of Dante as he was by nature and culture,—is the tenderest and most impassioned ideal love, frankly exposing itself on every side, and seeking sympathy. He speaks, confesses, implores, with an exuberant impulsiveness of self-reference like that of Cicero, whom he studied and loved; and he describes his painful consciousness of loving and thirst for love, with a fulness of self-portrayal like that of Petrarch. This phase in the character and life of Dante has been for the most part overlooked; but no one can read his "Vita Nuova" and his "Canzoniere," with reference to this point, and fail to recognize it. Free from the foibles of Cicero and the extravagances of Petrarch, fully possessed of what was best and most original in them, Dante, in his first literary development, is the true link between the humane philosopher of Rome and the romantic poet of Vaucluse. He had the

learned scope and effusive sympathy of the one; and he had the clinging, introspective Christian sentiment and faith of the other. The Romantic Literature,—between which and the Classic Literature Petrarch stands with a hand on either,—that glorious outbreak of the spirit of chivalry and letters and song, under the breath of the Provençal bards, contains little or nothing of value which may not be found clearly pronounced in the youthful poems of Dante. He says that, when his lady passes by,—

“Love casts on villain hearts a blight so strong,
That all their thoughts are numbed and stricken low;
And whom he grants to gaze on her must grow
A thing of noble stature, or must die.”

Humboldt has expatiated on his sensibility to the charms of nature, as evinced in the truth and grace of his incidental descriptions. Tradition also proves his love of valleys, forests, high prospects, and wild solitude, by identifying many of his tarrying-places during his exile, with the most secluded and romantic spots. The inextinguishable relish of revenge and disdain, the ferocity of hate embodied in such passages as the description of Filippo Argenti, by which Dante is popularly recognized, are not more unapproachable in their way than the numerous passages of an earlier date in which he expresses his love, his unhappiness, his craving for attention and sympathy, are in theirs. Nothing can surpass the confiding softness of his trustful and supplicatory unveiling of the tender sentiments of his heart. He shuts himself “in his chamber, and weeps till he looks like one nigh to death;” his “eyes are surrounded with purple circles from his excessive suffering.”—“Sinful is the man who does not feel for me and comfort me.” He even takes “the most distasteful path, that of invoking and throwing myself into the arms of pity.”—“Seeking an outlet for my grief in verse, I composed the canzone beginning —

“The eyes that mourn in pity of the heart
Such pain have suffered from their ceaseless tears,
That they are utterly subdued at last:
And would I still the ever-gnawing smart
That down to death is leading all my years,
Forth in wild sobs must I my misery cast.”

"In order that the conflict within me might not remain unknown, save to the wretched man who felt it, I resolved to compose a sonnet which should express my pitiable state." — "My self-pity wounds me as keenly as my grief itself."

"My bitter life wearies and wears me so,
That every man who sees my deathly hue
Still seems to say, 'I do abandon thee.'"

Such was the native Dante, exquisitely affectionate, sensitive, confiding, melancholy, lonesome, baring his weaknesses, and yearning for sympathy.

What an incredible exterior change when we turn from this romantic portrait, and contemplate the elder Dante; Dante as he became in self-defence against the cruel injustice and hardships he endured! Then he blushed with shame: a look from Beatrice made him faint: he said, "My tears and sighs of anguish so waste my heart when I am alone, that any one who heard me would feel compassion for me." Now, encased in his seven-fold shield of pride, he scorns the shafts of wrong and of ridicule, saying, "I feel me on all sides well-squared to fortune's blows." He never lost his interior tenderness for humanity; his enthusiasm for the sublime sentiments of poesy and religion; his vital loyalty to truth, beauty, liberty. But, towards the frowns of his foes and the indifference of the world, he put on an adamantine self-respect which shed all outward blows. He incarnates, as he is commonly seen, an unconquerable pride, lofty as the top of Etna, hard as its petrified lava, hot as its molten core, but interspersed with touches of pity and love as surprisingly soft and beautiful as though lilies and violets suddenly bloomed out of the scoriae on the edge of its crater. His contemporary, Giovanni Villani, describes him as "a scholar, haughty and disdainful, who knew not how to deal gracefully with the ignorant." He, himself, in his great poem, makes his ancestor, Cacciaguida foretell, that, of all his future calamities, what will try him most is "the vile company amidst which he will be thrown." Disgust and scorn of the plebeian herds of aimless, worthless men, however, never became an end with him, a pleasure in itself, but merely a means by which he protected himself

against the wrongs and lack of appreciation he suffered. They served as an ideal foil by which he kept himself on the eminence where God had set him,—saved his nobility and dignity from sinking even with his fortunes. This is what distinguishes the office of a generous pride from that arrogant and poisonous egotism which feeds itself with misanthropy. The pride which nourished the virtue and undying usefulness of Dante, which helped to keep his genius from decay, and alone kept his will from drooping, has no alliance with the stung and exuding conceit of selfish men-haters. This is why the *hauteur* is grand in him which in a Menecrates is ludicrous, and in a Swift detestable.

In the twenty-fifth canto of the last part of the "Divina Commedia," Dante prophesies that he shall return to ungrateful Florence, and receive the laurel-wreath beside the font where he was baptized. Then, in present default of this fruition, he makes St. Peter crown him in Paradise. What a royal comfort to give himself this ideal meed ! What matchless courage to dare to paint the fruition with his own hand, and hold the picture before mankind ! He always felt himself in others with wonderful keenness, and passionately coveted love and its phantom,—fame. But, after his disappointments and exile, he would not bend to ask for either. In the free realm of the soul, he imperiously appropriated them, and bade posterity ratify the boons.

The progress of his poem mirrors the perfecting of his character. In the "Inferno" he says:—

"Now needs thy best of man;
For not on downy plumes nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, *fame* is won,
Without which whosoe'er consumes his days
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth
As smoke in air, or foam upon the wave."

But at length, in the "Paradiso," weaned from the fretful Babel, calmly pitying the ignoble strife and clamor, he looks down, from the exalted loneliness of his own religious mind, on the fond anxiety, the vain arguments, the poor frenzies of mortal men.

"In statutes one, and one in medicine,
Was hunting : this, the priesthood followed ; that,
By force or sophistry, aspired to rule ;
To rob, another ; and another sought,
By civil business, wealth ; one, moiling, lay
Tangled in net of sensual delight ;
And one to wistless indolence resigned.
What time from all these empty things escaped,
With Beatrice, I thus gloriously
Was raised aloft, and made the guest of heaven."

The beginning is the most easily appreciated by the vulgar ; the end is the least popular, because it is the most original and marvellous. The "Inferno" is sculpture ; the "Purgatorio," painting ; the "Paradiso," music. The scene rises from contending passions, through purifying penance, to perfected love. An excited multitude, gazing, wander with him through the first ; a smaller and quieter throng accompany him over the second ; a select, ever-lessening number follow him up the third ; and at last he is left on the summit, alone, rapt in the beatific vision.

There is something sublime in the present fame of Dante, which, after being long limited to a narrow aristocracy of mind, is now broadening towards popularity. Surely such an outburst of glory never before enveloped the memory of a man as that which from all over the educated world, at a signal, recently streamed around the name of Dante on the sixth centennial of his birth. That anniversary broke on beautiful Florence in a heavenly day of May. The throne of Victor Emanuel was there, girt with the proud and joyous troops of the liberation of Italy. So much had been done towards realizing the prayer of the exiled prophet and seer for a free and united country. From out the depth of six centuries the pulse of the mighty Ghibelline throbbed in the wrist of Garibaldi. Music, speech, song, and spectacle were wrought to their most brilliant efforts. The banners of all the Italian cities, each followed by an exulting host of its sons, swept along. The old banner of free Venice, now enslaved,—the winged Lion of St. Mark,—borne by a single figure, and draped in black, wherever it passed awoke indescribable sensations, shown alike in the wildest applause and in tears of agony and

the smiting of breasts. And when all the processions coalesced in the square, in front of that reverend church of Santa Croce so richly choked with the dust of royal men, as the colossal statue of Dante was unveiled for the first time in its grand and snowy beauty, it seemed as though the poet himself from his long sleep among the dead had started into marble life, and was about to electrify that expanse of bowed heads and beating hearts by striking his harp and raising his voice with the words of his own thrilling ode : —

“ My native Land, Land of triumphant fame,*
Lift up thy sunken heart, and fire thy blood ! ”

ART. IV.—RÜCKERT.

Gedichte von Friedrich Rückert. Mit dem Bildniss und Facsimile des Verfassers. Neue Auflage. Frankfurt am Main : J. D. Sauerländer's Verlag. 1847.

Die Weisheit des Brahmanen. Ein Lehrgedicht in Bruchstücken. Von FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT. Dritte Auflage. Leipzig : Weidmann'sche Buchhandlung. 1851.

Die Verwandlungen des Abu Seid von Serug oder die Makamen des Hariri von Friedrich Rückert. Dritte Auflage. [2 vols.] Stuttgart und Tübingen. J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. 1844.

In introducing the “Oestliche Rosen” of Rückert to his countrymen, Goethe takes occasion to remark upon the poetic epochs which have succeeded one another in their literary history,—upon the melancholy tone which runs through German verse from Hölty to Schulze, and upon the heroic spirit of the old warrior Hermann, which, aroused again by Klopstock, inspired at length the victorious song of Körner ; and finally, when the last great struggle with the French was over, how the war-wasted mind of Germany found refresh-

* “ O Patria degna di trionfal fama,
Alza il cor de' sommersi, il sangue accendi ! ”

ment, if not a refuge from the scenes of political strife, in the exuberant sensualism of the Oriental imagination.

We may not, perhaps, defend with Goethe this extreme reaction, as the result of necessary moral or æsthetic causes; but it stands nevertheless as a fact in the history of German literature: and of this re-action, Friedrich Rückert was at once the most brilliant illustration and the last representative.

Of that lively Frankish race which for so many years has filled the Rhineland with the echo of its song, Rückert was born, as it were, with the lyre in his hand; and his youth, cast upon the stormiest period of modern times, answered in its aspiration to the terrible struggles it was called upon to witness. The first poet of Southern Germany to join the great chorus of the northern poets, Körner and Schenkendorf and Arndt, in their wrath against Napoleon, he enlisted early, even while his sovereign of Bavaria was on the side of the French, in this crusade of German liberalism against the Cæsarism of France. In his "Geharnischte Sonnette" you seem to hear the very rattle of the warrior's armor as he strides forth to do battle for freedom and fatherland and God. *Was schmiedst du, Schmied?* " *Wir schmieden Ketten, Ketten,*" brought a blush to the cheek of noble and peasant alike, and fired both with a new devotion to their country's unity and honor, so long the sport of domestic discord and a foreign foe.

But words were not all that Rückert was willing to give to his country's cause. As early as 1809, he set out from home to enter the Austrian army, but had hardly arrived in Dresden when the news of the peace which Austria had just concluded reached him; and it was only the impaired state of his health, occasioned by the severity of his studies, which prevented him from taking part in the final struggle in 1813.

Educated first in the Gymnasium of Schweinfurt (in which place he was born, in 1788), and afterwards at Jena, where he devoted himself to philology and *belles lettres*, he had already spent several years in restless wanderings and various occupations when the success of his poems brought him to the

notice of the publishing house of the Cottas in Stuttgart; and he was employed for a time by them in editing the "Morgenblatt," an excellent journal, which, after being the organ for nearly sixty years of many of the best writers of Germany, has been suffered within the last year, almost contemporaneously with Rückert's death, to go out of existence. This was between 1815 and 1817; and, up to that time, it will be observed that the direction of his mind was mostly political. His great powers were exerted chiefly in the service of his country, in stimulating its courage and its hope while the war lasted, and in celebrating its heroes, Körner, Hofer, Schill, and the rest, when it was over. But how little he comprehended the political tendency of the age is evident in all his writings. His ideal was not in the future, but in the past. The inspiration of one of his best known songs, "Barbarossa," is the worn-out dogma of the German emperor and the German empire; while some of his best political lyrics, the "Oktoberfeuer" and "Frieden im Innern," show how little conscious he was, in the intellectual weakness of the Restoration, of the vitality of that germ of unity which even now threatens to assert itself, if need be, in all the horrors of revolution and of war.

In order to escape the depressing effects of the political relapse which had already begun, as well as to obtain material and leisure for the composition of the great epic he contemplated, of which the Hohenstaufens were to be the subject, he went in 1817 to Italy; and, from the moment he set his foot upon Italian soil, Rückert was a changed man. As the scenes of agitation of his former life faded from his view, his interest even in the aspirations which had consecrated them seems to have died out. From the conflict of ideas as from the tumult of the streets, he had found a refuge in the sensuous life and the æsthetic calm of Italy. While he followed southward the traces of the German emperors, the deeds of the Hohenstaufens were forgotten in the fascination of the Italian fancy as it played with the graceful metres of the Italian verse. Ritornelli and siciliani, ottave, sestina, and assonanze repeated themselves in his German song in all the

richness of their Italian melody. Epigrams in imitation of Martial, pictures of Naples and Capri, German artist-life in Rome, and Italian love-scenes in Ariccia, displaced the thought once given to the returning soldier and the graves at Ottensen. He whose stirring war-songs had helped to rouse a sleeping people from its dreams; who had been loudest in his denunciation of the frivolity of his brother poets in composing knightly romances for the amusement of a yet more frivolous public; who himself had proclaimed an ideal of a German people, and of a German singer worthy to inspire it; whose satire might have been the most effective in the work of reform, as his tone had been boldest in the struggle of war,—this thinker and patriot and poet turned his back upon the present and the future, and, like the rhymers of the Middle Age after the fever of the Crusades was over, gave himself up to sing of nightingales and roses, of moonlight and of love.

From his earliest years, however, Rückert had exhibited at first a certain pantheistical tendency, which showed itself in his wonderful facility in the poetic apprehension of common things, as well as of that fairy world of ghosts and water-sprites and Will-o'-the-wisps and elves, which have been usually depicted upon their human side, as it were, but which he attempted to represent in all their weird originality by the changing forms of his verse and the strangeness of his language. Yet, when he spoke of Mother Nature, it was not as the lonely Brahmin speaks of her, when, reposing in the shade of the palm-groves, he seeks to be absorbed in the All and One; but rather as the old German poet of the "Forest's green night," when touched by the beauty of the spring-time and the autumn, of the breaking day and the setting sun and the quiet even and the universal love.

For it was not till, upon his return from Italy, he tarried with Hammer-Purgstall in Vienna, that he found at last the central point of his intellectual life in the contemplative philosophy and the pantheistic fancies of the East; of which the simple unity as well as the subtler mysticism were so much in harmony with his early tendencies. More than that,

also, he was drawn to the East (we cannot but think) by that mysterious influence we call the spirit of the age. The universal sympathies of Herder, who, as Heine so well says, regarded the human race as a mighty harp in the hands of a mighty Master, every nation being one of its strings tuned to a peculiar measure, and the harmony of its diverse sounds all intelligible to him,—these sympathies were becoming the inspiration of the German people. The world-literature of Goethe began for the first time to find its expression.

Greece and Judea and Rome had yielded the fruits of their experience and wisdom : their individualism was one of the elements of the European consciousness. But there was another side to the human mind ; and that Rückert found in the pantheism in the East, in its tendency to absorb the personality of man in the universal being of God. To preserve the identity of the individual, while at the same time he recognized the immanence of God in the spiritual as well as in the material world, was a task which it does not seem to have occurred to him to undertake ; nor is it perhaps quite yet to be undertaken. This vast civilization of the East, striking its roots in a remote and unknown past, was first to be explored. And of the scholars who have engaged in that necessary work, few have surpassed Rückert. In the bulk of their translations, indeed, Hammer-Purgstall and others go far beyond him ; but in the reproductions of Eastern thought in its original form, so far as that is possible, Rückert is without a rival. As a lyric poet, indeed, he must always rank as one of the first of his country and of his age : some of his exquisite songs will go down, it is safe to predict, to a late generation ; but the mass of his writings,—his collected poems alone make six thick volumes,—it is equally safe to predict, will go the way of all earthly things, and die out of the memory of men. We have no tables, however, for ascertaining how soon ; and, in the absence of figures, it is not worth while to guess when a contemporary writer will pass from among recognizable names. But, in his relation to Oriental literature, Rückert has performed an appreciable service to science. We may not agree with Edgar Quinet, that

the drama of Schiller arose from the union of the system of Shakspeare and the critical spirit of Lessing (even if we knew that Shakspeare had a system), but even more than the romance of Tieck was the reflection of the Spanish imagination : it must be admitted that the spirit of the East finds its first full expression in Germany in Rückert, as that of France did in Heine.

A French writer is said to have been disturbed in looking over a volume of selections from American female poets to find, that, among the ninety-two represented in the book, not one had commemorated the charm of wedded love. And perhaps it is a subject not much dwelt upon by poets anywhere. But, if there be any rule in the matter, Rückert was a wholesome exception. After leaving Vienna, he wandered on to Coburg, and fell in there with one Luise Wiethaus, who presently consented to write her name Luise Wiethaus Rückert; and this consent it was which the poet commemorates, and of which young people, all over the world, repeat daily the commemoration, when they sing the exquisite song of Rückert, set to such exquisite music by Schumann :—

“Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn’, o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe.”

A story told in song, yet wholly without dramatic interest, the “Liebesfrühling,” reproduces in poetic illumination the various phases of German wooing, the reciprocal confession and betrothal, the sadness of parting, the faith kept, the greeting sent home, the joy of meeting after separation, the pious bond of love. They are the best known and best liked of all Rückert’s poems ; and the warmth of feeling which characterizes them shows how genuine was the inspiration when compared with the more fanciful and even more thoughtful tone of his other creations.

Yet while with his one face he gazed upon the West and its pure ideal of love, with the other he was contemplating the East in the long sweep of its gorgeous sensualism. While he sang of the spring-time of love, by the bubbling stream of the

Lauter, he was culling the "Eastern Roses" of Damascus and of Shiraz. While the Christian element purified in him, on the one hand, the sentiment it exalted in the relation of man and wife, the sensualism of the East, on the other, breathed its hot breath upon his verse in all its intoxication of passion and of wine. But, though worse even than Epicurean Horace, the reeling lyrics of the East know no *modus in rebus*, Rückert by no means went to an extreme in his reproduction of the Oriental tone. The darker phases of that abysmal life find no reflection in his joyous, yet self-controlled, fancy. It was not the Christian culture that chafed him by its limitations: no man understood its worth better, or prized its beauty more. It was the Judaistic asceticism in Christianity, making the glad world of nature a mere prison-house of the soul, that galled him. His view of life was much like Goethe's, a certain Christian pantheism, if one may so define it,—the feeling of an Infinite One, who, in loving omnipotence, created the world for his own and our pleasure. His religion was that of the free spirit, in which nature and the soul unite in a bond of love that is itself the Divine, while the Divine is again the All:—

"Geist der Liebe, Welten-seele,
Vaterohr, das keine
Stimme überhört der dich lobenden Gemeine."

"My heart is full of joy," he exclaims: "therefore it is that I am a pagan." His conception of life is well illustrated perhaps in the "Dying Flower," but still better in the "Gaselen," which deify nature and the world in the very intoxication of love. That the poetry of the world is the reconciliation of the world, *die Weltpoesie ist die Weltversöhnung*, is the burden of his philosophy. Hence it was that he labored to fuse the East and the West; and hence it was doubtless that he came himself to represent neither the one nor the other, but to exhibit the most singular instance, perhaps, in literary history, of the blending of two wholly diverse civilizations in the constitution of a poetic mind.

But, though the influence of Eastern thought may deepen certain necessary elements in the development of the human

mind, the form of its poetry, as well as its general tone, constantly suggests the inferiority of the plane of the Eastern civilization to that of the Western. The ceaseless parallelisms of the thoughts and the cloying monotony of the rhymes would become intolerable in the hands of any but so great a master of form as Rückert. There is indeed almost as much beauty in form in a poem, as in color in a picture. But Rückert really gained nothing in that respect from the East ; while, on the other hand, its effeminate spirit, its longing for abstraction from earth, though it did not weaken the vigor of his style, certainly did not increase the originality of his thought. He had a pantheistic horror of the Christian mortification of body and soul ; yet, with the very materialism he would have revived, with that enjoyment of the senses which he had the courage with Goethe to proclaim as the best wisdom of life, he united the most delicate sensibility for the spiritual in nature and its mysterious workings. And it is just in the degree in which he forgets his Mohammedanism, just in the degree in which he withdraws himself from the influence of Oriental forms and symbols, that he strikes a deeper note and exerts his best charm.

The lyric of the East is in fact much less developed and much more capricious than that of the West. The *ghazal*, so far from being a step forward, is a step backward, in poetic form ; for, in order to produce its effect, a poem needs movement. The feeling it seeks to awaken must develop itself by degrees ; but that is prevented in the *ghazal* by the parallelism of the thoughts and images it requires. As in the assonanza, there is no rhythmical division in it ; and it is only the masterly skill of Rückert that prevents one from feeling at the moment how unnatural it is. The melody of Uhland, so beautiful in its simplicity, produces its effect at once, because he is always master of the sentiment he seeks to awaken ; whereas, in spite of his command of words, Rückert often does violence to the language, and as often fails to touch the chord he meant to touch, for the reason that he has failed to strike it first in himself. It is then that the criticism seems to us well founded which compares the charm of Rückert's lyric to the

magic of the moonlight when it holds the mind captive; for it finds neither the words which address us directly, nor the forms which present the reality of life, but only utters notes which awaken an unconscious echo in the soul as flowing from the deeps of nature. This is what Rückert himself indeed indicates in his poem of "The One Song," in which he ascribes a greater effect to the simple tones of a shepherd's pipe ever returning into themselves, than to the most artistic composition.

From 1821 to 1826, Rückert lived at Coburg, and in the latter year was made a Professor of Oriental Languages in the University in Erlangen. But, desirable as this position was in many respects, the return to active duties could not but cost a considerable effort to one so fond of intellectual repose. The pen fell from his hands as he ascended his professor's chair. The realism of life, to use his own words, cooled the beautiful warmth of love; the sharp air of day scattered as with a breath the golden haze of his dreams; for life, to be any thing to him, must be a dream,—the dream of pantheism and the Indies: "The world is a great blue lily; its calix is the sun, around which in a circle as in bridal array are grouped the stamens. Over its broad, wondrous structure hovers the soul of man, like a butterfly thirsty for its dew. When lo! through the flowers God's breath is breathed, and the planets incline toward the sun, each struggling to be foremost. And, as the holy love-play begins, the lily is filled with fragrance, as with the smoke of sacrifice; and the butterfly drinks and dies in ecstasy of bliss."

The critical tone was so wholly wanting in Rückert, that it is difficult to imagine him in Berlin, the centre to-day of the politicians and the critics of Germany, where Alexander Humboldt and Varnhagen von Ense have left such earnest successors in the work of reform. But in 1840, upon the accession of Wilhelm IV to the throne of Prussia, Rückert was invited, with Schelling and Tieck, to Berlin, to inaugurate the new era of romantic science and art. Great as were his attainments in philology, it was not a position to which he was suited. It was a period of fierce political controversy;

the revolution of 1848 was threatening, and almost all the leading men in science were politicians. Rückert had nothing in common with them. The patriotic energy of his youth had long ago exhaled. As with Goethe, seeking repose in the study of Chinese while the ground shook under his feet with the thunder of the cannon at Leipzic announcing the liberation of Germany, the conflict of opinions was a sort of personal annoyance. In vain did the brilliant wits of the *salons* compare the illumination of his romanticism to a Bengal light, and the German Aristophanes at Paris burn him alive in his *auto-de-fé* of satires; in vain did August Schlegel, who could endure no Sanscrit scholar in his presence, point his epigrams at him, forgetting that Rückert claimed to be best versed, not in Sanscrit, but, in Arabic and Persian, in which Schlegel was not versed at all. Rückert sat drowsily through it all in his arm-chair, like a Brahmin lost in contemplation of the All; while the restless groups around him discussed the state of the Rhenish provinces, or the last note from the czar. But as the times grew stormier, and there was less interest felt in the peaceful wisdom of the East, Rückert retired, in 1849, with a pension, to his sweet retreat at Neuses near Coburg, which he never left again, dying there on the 31st of January, 1866.

It was at Neuses, in the intervals of his duties in Erlangen, that he had written what perhaps one must call his chief work, "Die Weisheit des Brahmanen," a collection of didactic verses of two lines each, in rhymed Alexandrian measure, upon all possible subjects, treated at various lengths. Its quietism has been attacked, and its monotony ridiculed; but, nevertheless, it displays all the best traits of Rückert's genius in the melodious flow of the verse, in the thought often so profound, and the fancy always so graceful. It is not a book indeed to be read through for any interest it has as a whole: its epigrammatic proverbs seldom take the shape of parable or fable, and the oriental imagination is kept within severe limits. Yet its poetic fancies and its vigor of expression preserve it from the almost inevitable dulness of a didactic poem, in spite of its somnolent measure, and the un-

broken monotony of its verse ; while the wisdom of its precepts, so far from being cold, external, springs from the profoundest observation of the divine in human life.

As an original creation, it surpasses the "Makamen des Hariri" as much as it is inferior to that extraordinary work in its feats of language. The great French Orientalist, Silvestre de Sacy, said it was not always a translation, yet always more than a translation. Rückert, however, did not claim that it was any thing more than a close imitation. The Makamen (that is, stories) are put into the mouth of one Hareth Ben Hemman, who relates in them the adventures which befell him as he journeyed from place to place in search of pleasure or knowledge or gold, and how he found everywhere Abu Seid, present or active in one form or other; the "Metamorphoses of Abu Seid," we should have said, being the alternative title of the work. The language is the rhymed prose peculiar to the Arabic, but intolerable in German and impossible in English. In view of the difficulties he had to encounter, Rückert's success was really marvellous. But, when we have said that, we have said all: reading the book is out of the question; it makes one giddy even to run one's eye over the pages. It is only to be recorded in the history of literature as the most extraordinary *tour de force* in language ever achieved.

It was in Neuses also, the seat originally of his wife's step-father, and, after 1836, his own property, that Rückert found the pervading inspiration of his life. After withdrawing from Berlin, though he still made rhymes by the ream,—mere improvisations, like his dramas, of which history will keep only the titles,—he wrote nothing comparable to his former works. But in his earlier years, after the great re-action which swept him away from his interest in contemporary political life, he found in the idyllic rest of Neuses, and the love which illumined it, a certain compensation even for that consciousness of weariness, which, in spite of his great gifts, the lassitude of the time had created in him, as in Chamisso and Heine and the rest, who, crying aloud in endless verse that the seriousness of the age had banished all love for poetry, turned away to dream and scoff and die.

Neuses lies half-way from Coburg, as you ride out to the beautiful castle of Callenberg, in the midst of green meadows and fruitful fields. A hundred steps past the village church, across a little stone bridge over the rippling Lauter, will bring you to Rückert's house, close upon the water amongst tall bushes, shaded with trees and evergreens, with wild grape-vines rustling with swallows. The plants grow as they please, for Rückert hated compulsion; and as he treated his plants, so he treated his children,—let them develop themselves. But, as the principle may be thought somewhat dangerous, we must add, that, out of nine children, seven survived him, and that with all of them he is reported to have had very good luck.

His *Haus- und Jahreslieder* are but the poetic recital of this domestic idyl, this life among the flowers and trees and books in the companionship of wife and children and friends. Nothing escapes his observation: no event is too trivial to suggest a reflection. We stroll with him among the sweet May flowers, and breast the driving snow of winter on the bleak hillsides, and sleep away the midsummer heats in the apple orchard at mid-day. The clear skies of autumn and the dark clouds of winter, the Christmas joys and the solitude of the leafless forests, the nightingales and the swallows and the churchyard and the stillness of eventide,—all that he saw and felt, he sang. "What he did not sing, he did not live."

Yet charming as it all is, in its patriarchal simplicity, with the silent benediction of content breathing out of every line, there is, nevertheless, in much of this poetry, a certain limitation of human sympathy. Our gardens and our meadows, however we may love them, are but a fragment of the great world of nature; our quiet home is but a fragment of the great world of man. Between the universal life and our own separate existence lies that great realm of aspiration and brotherhood and toil we call the present,—our own age and our own nation, with all its strivings and all its hopes, not to serve which, in sympathy at least, is to limit our influence, if not to impair our vigor. The vast genius of Shakspeare, indeed, soared above his time into the everlasting truths that

make the central light of mankind ; but it is only the first order of intellects that can do that safely, and Rückert belonged to the second. European Brahmin as he was, the individualism of the West — that affirmation of self, that personal force which is the saving element of modern society — was lost in him in the political indifference, the personal renunciation, of the Eastern character.

In all that he did, however, one cannot fail to find the mark of an original mind. His observation of human life and the forces that enter into it was wide and profound. He may not have succeeded in attaining the highest excellence in lyrical expression ; but, as a didactic poet, he is without a rival in epigrammatic vivacity. Yielding himself to the swift flow of his thoughts, he fails to penetrate, as Goethe in his simplicity and calm so often does, into the very depths of the soul by a single word of tenderness or love. But, in abundance of images and the command of all metres of all nations, he is not surpassed by any modern poet ; while, better than any German poet, he illustrates the power of the German language — unique in the history of human speech — to reproduce the spirit of foreign verse and the form of foreign thought. Italian *terzine* and Greek hendecasyllables, Scandinavian alliteration and Arabic *ghazals*, come as readily to his use as Nibelungen strophes or old German rhymes.

It is this luxuriant many-sidedness which makes him the best representative of that art of universal translation and reproduction which finds in the German language the best instrument for the fusing of the thought of the world. Of the world-literature of Goethe, he is the boldest apostle. And it is for this reason, perhaps, that to be judged fairly he must be judged in his totality, so to speak, and not by single poems. He cannot think otherwise than in verse. His inexhaustible fancy covers us with flowers from Italy and India, from Arabia and Persia and Greece ; the gold dust of his thought glitters about us as we approach him. As one of his critics said, he is atomistic ; and he himself complains that he has scattered thought and feeling enough through a hundred poems to have made him a complete poet, could he

have united it all in a single creation. For, notwithstanding the depth of his thought and the brilliancy of his wit, he has never attained that self-concentration, that "perfect objectivity," which impresses us in Goethe. In that respect, also, he is inferior to Uhland, who, less aware of the higher philosophic consciousness of the age, was truer to the simplicity of nature. In Rückert, on the contrary, the effort to attain this supreme poetic charm, the self-forgetfulness of art, is always apparent. It is not so much life you find in him as the reflection of life.

His "*Rostem und Suhrab*," for instance, one of his best creations,—an Eastern tale of heroes, father and son, pitted against one another by fate,—leaves upon the mind no impression of reality. They are human forms, indeed; but, like Rückert himself, they have half the air of phantoms. Their heroism, to be sure, is brilliant with light; but all the rest is shadowy. There is a cry of anguish, and they are gone; and you put the book down, grieved at the father's perverse mistake in running his son through the body, yet careful also to listen for the rumble of the wheels in the streets to make sure that you, at least, abide at some definite point in space.

In spite, however, of this tendency to lose himself in the universal, the wonderful vigor of Rückert's personality kept him from vagueness or obscurity. As Dr. Meyer said of him at the grave, the fatherland of poetry had with him no limits except those of truth and goodness and beauty; and those he respected with religious care. His quick apprehension of passing events and phases of thought, made his verse even suitable at times for that musical expression which depends for its effect upon the definiteness of the sentiment. On the whole, indeed, Schumann may not have succeeded well in setting his lyrics to music. The twelve songs which were published by Schumann, in conjunction with his wife Clara, failed in their effect, not from any fault of the composer's, but from the inherent defects of the poems themselves. In some single songs, however, Schumann found field enough for all the pathos of his nature and all the grace of his art. It is then that we seem to hear the minstrel of the Middle Age, to whom

Gervinus has so well compared the poet, with his playful fancy and flow of rhyme, half-thoughtful, half-gay, leaving us often in doubt whether head or heart had most to do with the impression he produces; for it is not so much the song, perhaps, as the saying in it that touches us. If one may use such a phrase, Rückert's best things are musical epigrams.

The romantic re-action, of which we have said that Rückert was the most brilliant illustration, ended long before his death. With him and Leopold Schefer the wisdom of the Brahmins died away. The generation now upon the stage is too restless and too excited for the peaceful worship of nature. And one cannot fail to be struck by the fact, that as in his youth Rückert had gone with his age from patriotism to philosophy, so in his last days he went back with his age from contemplation to action. Summoned by an assembly of the people to revive once more the national spirit in the Schleswig-Holstein war, the weary bard grasped yet more firmly the lyre he had held so long, and ended, as he began, with a war-song. And presently the last string snapped in his motionless hand, and the long-haired troubadour was at rest for ever.

ART. V.—THE METHOD OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Six Months among the Charities of Europe. By JOHN DE LIEFDE.
Two vols. London : Alexander Strahan. 1865.

MR. LIEFDE, of Holland, being in London in the autumn of 1862, was induced by Mr. Strahan to visit, in the two following years, twenty-six of the chief Protestant charitable institutions of the Continent. Of these he selects fifteen, as the most noteworthy, for his volumes. He closes his own humble and brief Introduction to the work with expressing the fear, that his book will not be found a model of good English. His first lessons in that tongue were from the Bible; and few of his readers, we think, will find fault with his

somewhat quaint simplicity of speech. In noticing a work so remarkable and instructive,—a work whose value consists in its details even more than in its general plan,—we shall content ourselves with citing, at some length, two of his examples; hoping that they will move the interest of our readers, not only in the matter they illustrate, but in the volumes where they are contained. The two which we select are—the Establishment for Indigent Children at Neuhof, near Strasburg; and the Asylum for Poor, Neglected Children at Düsselthal, near Düsseldorf, in Rhenish Prussia.

Neuhof is a wretched village. A broad gateway leads from its filthy streets to a spacious farm-yard and large building, with the words, SOLI DEO GLORIA ("To God alone the glory") over its door. The premises and the buildings are the monument of Philip Jacob Wurtz, who founded them at the age of eighty,—a poor carpenter, past labor, and at the close of a life of privation and trials. He was born in 1745, and left an orphan in 1750. His mother supported herself and son by her needle or at the wash-tub. Schooling was then in its infancy. Writing, reading, and a little arithmetic, were all that it attempted. German was the common tongue. French, equally necessary, was taught by private, itinerant teachers, who went to their pupils by night, lantern in hand, and were known as "the lantern preceptors." The mother of Wurtz was too poor to hire one of them; and her poor boy, French by birth, lived all his days, in his native land, unable to read or speak the language. At the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed; and in six years commenced his journeyman's tour, according to the custom of the country. His mother was blind, and it was a sore trial to leave her; but the law was imperative that he must thus travel from place to place for six years, before he could work at his trade at home. He went in grief, bearing his Bible with him. That and his mother's love saved him from all harm and sin. At the end of nine years, he returned,—honest, chaste, and sober. He had seen the world in its true colors, and he never lost the lesson. Childhood without God he felt to be most perilous. He always was full of sympathy and compassion for poor and

neglected children. He knew not how to begin to labor for their good; for the day of home-missions, ragged-schools, and such things, had not dawned. Still he must save souls somehow from ruin. He opened his small home, for poor lads and mechanics, on Sunday evenings. Many a young man was brought into the true fold. Little did busy, crowded Strasburg know of the light that was shining for the rescue and cheer of hundreds, year after year, in one of its dark, back streets!

In 1791, at the age of forty-six, Philip commenced business in his own name. He was soon known for his honesty and faithfulness. When making out a bill for work, he always knelt down, and prayed to be delivered from the temptation of charging too much. Yet he was extremely poor. God smiled upon him, however, and that was enough. After a fortunate married life of thirty-two years, he lost his wife in 1824. They had no children; and, at the age of fourscore, Wurtz was alone again. He could not carry his little property to another world; and the question arose, "What shall I do with it?" His heavenly Master soon solved the problem. He heard of a company of Christian friends who met to discuss the alarming and deplorable condition of destitute, neglected children,—the victims of recent wars. A school and asylum was proposed. Philip, prevented by his great age from going out, invited a meeting at his rooms. Upon entering the humble place, they supposed they were summoned to aid this poor, decrepit creature,—as he seemed. He soon relieved their doubts, by offering to give them 4,000 francs, and open his shop for their use. The latter had been empty, and awaiting a tenant for six months in vain. "The Lord needs it, and he shall have it," was his conclusion. A high rent was offered the next day to no purpose. "It is let," said he. It was soon converted into a school-room, and opened with twelve children, evidently enough in want of it. Among them sat Father Wurtz, singing, praying, reading the Bible, telling them of the great Friend of children, and doing what he could for body, mind, heart, and soul. All was light, easy, and winsome. If one day the little learners mastered the sum

of twelve from twelve and no remainder, at the supper-table, the proof was ready, in a dozen slices of bread and butter for a dozen hungry mouths, with nothing left in the plate. The good news spread; and every breast was touched with sympathy and admiration. The foundation was secured for a Protestant establishment for indigent children. A house, garden, farm, &c., were obtained at Neuhof. A good married couple were found for the head of the family of sixteen children, with whom they began. Philip followed them to their new abode, as a hen walks after her chickens. He made haste, in his declining days, to complete all his charitable promises and plans, "since life is like a tent pitched on the ice: an hour's heat may melt it, and you are gone." For three years longer, he enjoyed the sight of the good work to which his means were promptly and entirely devoted. His daily example of cheerful, consistent piety was a richer contribution to the establishment than even all his money.

In six months, there were twenty-four children. Eighty were offered before the end of the year; for most of whom there was no room. More money poured in. Wurtz had invested all his remaining property. A circular was tried with good effect; and, in 1827, the new asylum was erected.

In 1828, Wurtz died. His last word was; *Gottlob!* (Praise God!) His body rests in the garden, with a plain monument to his memory, as the chief founder of the establishment. On one side are his own words, "This earthly good is not my property: it is a talent which the Lord has lent me, and which I must return to him with usury. I will return it to him, by giving it to the least of these his brethren." On another are the words of the Lord, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and, on the last, the grateful feeling of the children, "Lord, thou hast saved my soul from death, and my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the land of the living." The tomb and the scene around it teach a beautiful lesson. Behold, what a simple, plain, aged, and comparatively poor carpenter may do! How like the carpenter of Nazareth he was! Four hundred

lost children have been restored to society by this humble follower of the Saviour.

The institution, in 1863, pursues six objects: 1. To rescue orphan or neglected and abandoned children from sin and misery; 2. To train them in the gospel and for a Christian life; 3. To give them good, elementary learning; 4. To prepare them for trades or domestic service; 5. To watch over them after they leave; 6. By all these means to make them good and useful members of the community.

A committee of ten is established for direction and oversight. Children are admitted from six to twelve years of age. A few pay a low board, when their friends are able: the larger part come free.

Government recognizes the establishment as a public charity or utility. Two hundred and thirty associations of France contribute to its support, each doing a little. Both boys and girls are welcome to the house. The law enjoins instruction in French. The religious lessons and the daily conversation, however, are always in German, as that is their native speech, and goes more home to the children's hearts. Strict discipline is maintained, with great cheerfulness: very slight punishments are applied. Love, rather than fear, is depended upon, with a steady hand and a gentle tone. The majority turn out well, often admirably so. All the usual festivals of the times and country are duly observed. The Philip-Jacob Day is peculiar to themselves, in memory of their noble founder. The inmates enjoy a most happy life. Of four hundred and twenty graduates, the greater number are known to have become better. In 1863, the pupils numbered eighty-three,—fifty-nine boys and twenty-four girls: twenty-six boys and five girls, besides, were supported outside by the institution. Four hundred and eighty-six were enrolled from 1825 to 1863. The estate contains forty-nine acres, and fifty more are hired. The whole is well stocked and cultivated. The total expenses for 1863 were 57,051 francs, 50 centimes. Each pupil costs about sixty dollars per annum: ninety acres are not enough for the family, and provisions are obliged to be bought. The establishment, like

almost all others, is embarrassed with debts or deficits. Such a good work should, at least, not be obliged to struggle with the problem of keeping the wolf from the door. May the memory of the Shepherd who laid down his life for the flock, and who charges his disciples, "Feed my sheep: feed my lambs," move every hand and heart to help!

The Asylum at Düsselthal is well-known to many Christian philanthropists in Great Britain. Through the liberal co-operation of an English lady, Count Von der Recke, its founder, was enabled to purchase about four hundred acres of woodland, in 1836. The lady may have been Miss Murray, (who has resided at Düsselthal several years, and contributed towards the institution), or some other benefactor.

"The directors of the asylum, at all events, thankfully remember the liberal gifts, which, for a succession of several years, poured in on them through the zealous activity of their friend, Miss Mary Aikman, Edinburgh, whose much-lamented death in 1856 was a real loss to the establishment.

"The Düsselthal Asylum is one of the oldest, if not the oldest establishment of this kind in Germany. Long before Wichern originated his Rauhe Haus, and Fliedner called the attention of the German Christians to the important home-mission labors of the Deaconesses, Count Von der Recke had taken the poor, neglected, and abandoned children by the hand, to lead them to their heavenly Friend, and to shelter, feed, and clothe them in his name. He had begun his work as early as the year 1816. Germany then swarmed with vagabond families. The long succession of bloody wars, which had devastated the Continent under the iron rod of the French conqueror, had ruined thousands of households. Vast was the multitude of widows and orphans, whose husbands and fathers had found their death through the fire of the enemy, or in the cold snows of Russia. A young generation of swindlers, thieves, highway robbers, and malefactors of every kind, was springing up in consequence. The back streets, lanes, and closes of the large towns were crowded with them. The public roads were unsafe, the prisons were over-peopled. What was to be done to stem the current of this pernicious flood, nobody could tell. Count-

less sums in the shape of alms were every day thrown out in order to dam it up; but instead of draining off, ‘or staying,’ the alarming stream somewhat, they only seemed to swell it into a deluge. It then became clear to those who had studied the great pauper-question, that mere almsgiving was the worst of all remedies.”

The evil was not in the pockets nor in the stomachs of these wretched people: it was in their hearts. The maxim of the Master, *Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good*, was wisely remembered. To bring these unhappy, ignorant, and neglected persons under the breath of the gospel, was the only way of turning thistles and thorns into good fruit-bearing trees. There was little hope of the adult and aged; but the children and youth promised greater success. Of eighty thousand convicts in the prisons of Prussia in those days, one tenth (eight thousand) were minors; besides, perhaps twice that number outside were on their way to the same sad fate. Total ruin, to some minds, appeared impending over the realm.

“ Among the few who not only lamented over the plague, but resolved by the power of Christ to try to cure it, was Count Von der Recke. He lived at Overdyk, his estate, a comparatively small house, surrounded by a few acres of ground, near Düsseldorf in Rhenish Prussia. . . . He commenced by boarding out a few children with respectable families in the neighborhood. He soon found that it was impossible to continue this system. The children had been too much neglected, both as to their bodies and souls, to be proper objects of ordinary domestic care and training. Instead of being morally improved by contact with the families, they threatened rather to spoil the young people, and to infect them with morbid diseases.”

An unoccupied seminary for teachers, in the neighborhood, with his father’s consent and co-operation, was converted into an asylum for neglected orphans and children of vagabonds and convicts, under the title of the “Redemption Establishment.” Aware that his own means would not be sufficient to support such an institution, he published a circular, in which he described his plan, and declared himself

prepared to receive neglected children as a father, "looking up to the Almighty God who clothes the lilies and feeds the ravens." The house was solemnly opened on the 19th of November, 1819. It was evening. In silence, the Count, lantern in hand, led his first three children up the little hill towards the asylum. They carried the fuel. The teacher followed with the Bibles and hymn-books. The housekeeper bore the bread, &c., for supper and breakfast. "Having entered the orphan-house," relates the Count, "we walked in procession through all its apartments, singing, and praising God. We set apart each room to its purpose. Then we knelt down, and besought that the labor might result to his glory." The prayerful tears and deep emotion of one little fellow particularly strengthened the joy and faith of the whole company, and augured well for the future.

In eleven months, the pupils amounted to sixty boys and girls. The circular met with a cheerful response from all Christian hearts. Apart from his highly respected name, the object itself was a sufficient recommendation for general sympathy. His circular was an answer, as pleasing as unexpected, to the question of thousands, What is to be done to prevent the overthrow of society by the imminent Vandalism of pauperism? Contributions poured in, in large profusion.

"The donations in 1820 were nearly two thousand, and the expenses about fifteen hundred, dollars. The king granted freedom of postage, and promised further support, which was afterwards given. In 1822, the pupils numbered one hundred and thirty. Private board was again tried for a few of the girls, but soon for ever abandoned. There was not a suitable supply of good water; and, on all accounts, a better and healthier location must be sought. Two miles distant, an old abbey, called Düsselthal, promised to answer. The price was 38,500 dollars. This was entirely beyond his means. The Count addressed himself to Heaven as his banker. A noble lady unexpectedly offered 2,725 dollars: other gifts soon followed. Money was procured on a mortgage; and in June, 1822, the Count led twenty-four boys and twenty girls to the new place, his father remaining in charge of the hundred and odd pupils left in the old building.

"The Count's attention had some time before been drawn to the distressing condition of the Jews. He loved that old people of God. There were two separate little houses, outside the gate, but within the precincts of the abbey."

He opened them, for the shelter and instruction of a Hebrew colony. Great favor followed the scheme. From 1822 to 1828, one hundred and five joined the family, and were chiefly aided from Great Britain. On account of the excessive expenses, and the difficulty of dealing with adults, the colony was changed into an asylum for Jewish children. New wants arose on all sides: new liabilities must be incurred. Prayer to God, appeals to man, were the only means at the Count's command. Marvellous were the effects that followed them. A Girl's House was erected in 1823. The next year, the king assumed a large part of the debt created by it. Still there was a heavy deficit. A periodical, "The Friend of Man," was tried. Krummacher published his excellent work, "The little Dove," in aid of the asylum. In 1826, a new Boys' House was added. Two hundred children now rejoiced in this home. The various buildings formed quite a village. An adjoining estate of one hundred and fifty acres was purchased, in 1838, with no prospect of paying nearly twelve thousand dollars,—its cost. Providence continued to raise up friends on all sides, however. Of course, besides the constant debts, accidents and losses would sometimes come. The immense concern, heavy enough for ten men, had rested solely upon its founder. After thirty years of trial, the Count's health gave way, and he was obliged to transfer the work to stronger hands. The king and other friends came to his relief. A board of twelve curators was formed. The Count was made honorary president; and an excellent director, or superintendent, was found in Mr. Georgi. From the commencement to 1845, 1,012 children had been received; of whom 836 were restored to society.

Christian Frederic Georgi, the head of the asylum from 1847 to his death in 1861, was one of those servants of God who are trained in the school of suffering for the work which their heavenly Master has for them to do. He came to

the asylum at a most critical moment, and soon proved strong and skilful enough for the emergency. Reared in poverty, tried in adversity, and sustained by religion, he had already won the regards and confidence of the friends of popular Christian education, as a common country school-master. Higher positions were offered him, and the asylum a length secured him. "Düsselthal is saved," cried a friend when he heard of the appointment; "but Georgi and his wife will pay for it with their lives." New and better regulations were put upon paper; but the work was to be done by one man. Mr. Georgi commenced with courage and energy. One hundred and twenty pupils was not a large number, but their intellectual and moral condition was alarming. They had sunk to a low pitch during the last two years. More helping and guiding hands were needed: the finances would not bear the strain. In sighs and tears, distressed and almost in despair, the worthy man and his noble spouse looked to Heaven, and were comforted and strengthened. No better people could have been found. In twelve months, the establishment was reduced to perfect order. Abuses were corrected or removed. Economy was introduced into every department. Debts were paid off, and the receipts began to exceed the expenditures. The children rose from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and seventy. In 1851, a fearful fire destroyed some important buildings, and threatened others. The element was checked: Christian love came to the help of the asylum. But debts again began to increase. Mr. Georgi kept his heart up. Circulars and publications were tried again: collectors sallied forth, and the superintendent took the field in person. In three years, new buildings were raised; and the whole debt, contracted for them, was cleared off. With three hundred pupils, Düsselthal reported itself in advance each year. In 1855, most serious harm was inflicted by a terrible hail-storm. Mr. Georgi's contrite submission did not degenerate into passive inaction. Repairs were immediately commenced. It seemed impossible to get through the winter; "but we got through, for the Lord is great," he was able to cry. Praying and working, how could he fail?

The loss of his wife, in 1858, was his heaviest blow. Three years more of active usefulness closed his own career. In two years and a half, a successor was found in Rev. Mr. Imhäuser. Mr. Georgi's eldest son, the clergyman of the institution, acted as director in the interim.

Both boys and girls are admitted to this asylum. There are separate houses for the two sexes; but something like family arrangements is aimed at by the appointment of Brothers and Sisters over the groups. From 1819 to 1861, about twenty-two hundred children were supported and trained. From sixty to seventy usually enter, each year. In 1863, the number was as high as two hundred and seventy-two.

Into the busy, practical life of the institution, the gospel is sedulously introduced for instruction, strength, and guidance. Rewards and penalties to some extent are used: bodily punishment is only allowed in cases of impudent, defiant revolt. The love of Christ, as an example of perfect truth and goodness, is the highest stimulus under the blessing of God. Touching proofs of the effect of such endeavors abound in the records and reports.

It proved so difficult to find suitable Brothers and Sisters for the families, that a normal school was opened to educate and prepare them. The Government gave it their sanction; and, in six years, one hundred and fifty well-instructed school-masters were furnished to the kingdom, after supplying the wants of the institution, and at a saving to Prussia of nearly thirty-five thousand dollars. Another great gain flows from the fact, that the pupils of such normal classes enjoy practical experience in dealing with the children of this populous asylum, besides all the knowledge and theory of school-teaching common to such classes. Three years of communion with the labors of love on foot at Düsselthal must have lasting, precious fruits in these young men's minds and lives.

Upon being sent out into the world, the utmost pains are taken to secure for the poor children good homes and employers. Mr. Georgi drew up articles of adoption or indenture for the purpose, which most clearly reveal the sagacity,

skill, and excellence of his heart. He found that he could not always depend upon the testimonials of ministers or others, who might not be good judges. Before letting his boys go, he must therefore see with his own eyes those who wanted to take them. An able and trustworthy agent is also employed to travel continually among the children and apprentices already sent out, and among the families or individuals to whom others might be subsequently intrusted. This measure has the desired effect. The director also keeps up direct and uninterrupted correspondence with his former pupils.

The design of the work before us excludes Catholic establishments. Hence no account is given of the French Mettray, or of some other excellent institutions of that communion. Mr. Liefde confines himself to Protestant charities. It is pleasant to observe, however, that some of the best which figure on his pages open their doors freely to Hebrews, Catholics, and Protestants of every name. That is in accordance with the spirit of true, Christian charity. So Oberlin, the great pioneer in all these enterprises, always loved to labor, and was crowned with great success. To our mind, the charm of these charities lies in their belonging, not merely to the Protestant, but likewise to the Holy Catholic, Universal Church of the children of God and the followers of his Son.

In one sense, it is indeed true, that these Protestant charities are well worthy of that title. They are *protests* against want, woe, neglect, exposure, pauperism, crime, degradation, and despair, which richly deserve our highest regard and our most profound admiration. The illustrious founders of them merit the sympathy and confidence of all men, because of their fearless protest against the evils and wrongs of the world, enforced as it is with the hearty endeavors to abate, remove, or prevent them. Such a protesting and reforming phase of religious life and duty we all believe in.

So, too, when our author claims that these noble charities are antagonistic to the vulgar rationalism of the last, and

the philosophic rationalism of the present generation, we agree fully with him, if he means by such rationalism that defiant criticism of God and all holy things, and that degrading criticism of man and all human interests, which are to be dreaded more than war, famine, or pestilence, for any people or any age. It is easy to see what mischief Napoleon's career entailed upon Europe. It is easy to conceive of even deadlier effects to the manners and morals, to the minds, hearts, and souls of men, from mischief-makers and evil-doers of other names. If the leaders of these great endeavors to stay the fearful flood which threatened to overwhelm our civilization and our Christianity in a common destruction were moved with indignation or horror towards what they conceived to be its cause, we thank them for it.

Are we sure, however, that so they paused or cared to consider it? By no means, if we understand them aright. They saw clearly, painfully enough, the pauperism and sin about them, and the impending ruin of society; and, without waiting to weigh or even ascertain the human causes, they hastened to lay hold of the divine means of protection and recovery. In one of his best sketches, that of Suringar, for instance, and the Netherlands Mettray, our author regrets that he cannot define the religious creed or platform of the founder and his coadjutors in this excellent undertaking, and that their institution does not offer more doctrinal instruction to its pupils. Precisely the contrary of these wishes is what renders all his pictures of these good men and their good works so satisfactory in our eyes. They are all inspired, if we are not greatly mistaken, with religion and humanity. And, in the fulness of this inspiration, they soar far above all denominational distinctions, far away from all party lines. They are too wise and good and great not to be claimed by their fellow-disciples of every name as the highest exponents which the church of our day possesses of the wisdom, goodness, and greatness of the gospel of God and his Christ, for the benefit of mankind.

These volumes are full of instruction also in many other, although less important, particulars. The Family form and

spirit, given so carefully and sedulously to every one of these successful schemes, are very encouraging to all who are endeavoring in our own country, as so many already are, to labor in the same way. The point is too plain in itself, it is too frequently and forcibly presented by our author, and is too fully in accordance with our own experience and observation, so far as it has been our privilege to test it, to be dwelt upon farther.

Another question seems to be entirely settled abroad, which also need not detain us now, although we regret to admit that its claims are almost ignored in America. We have learned how very important it is to avail ourselves of women, as the ministering agents of such charities. But, alas! how little value we have as yet been led to place upon the principle, which prevails so generally in the best foreign institutions, as to *the union of boys and girls* in asylums, schools, and reformatories! If the work before us should embolden any to adopt this feature in one of our establishments, with due care and under fitting circumstances, we are quite sure it would soon become universal. We hold it to be an indispensable condition of every legitimate family arrangement for these institutions. As such, we are very anxious to see it thoroughly proved among ourselves.

Another very important point for our consideration and imitation is to be found in the general attention paid in the European institutions to the instruction and training of "Deacons" and "Deaconesses," as they style them. As might have been expected, no little opposition has been manifested to the measure. Our author admits the reasonableness of this, if the plan were to end in the establishment of any thing like monastic orders. Indeed, he says very justly:—

"The system of separating the office-bearers of the Church into a kind of *caste*, and of symbolizing their spiritual position by their dress, belongs entirely and essentially to the dispensation of the Law. The Gospel, on the contrary, preaches the universality of our priesthood and brotherhood; it teaches us that all priestly vestments are insignificant, and that every thing which makes a separa-

tion between brother and brother, and is an offence and a rock of stumbling, should be forever put away."

That is enough, with this understanding, and the exercise of a little common sense (a quality, by the way, especially and delightfully prominent in these "charities of Europe"). Why should there be any more difficulty or danger in our supplying ourselves with graduates of these philanthropic training establishments than we meet with in graduates of our normal schools or our Protestant theological seminaries? Miss Nightingale was trained, we believe, in part, at one of the Deaconess Houses of the Continent. It did not make a nun of her, or require her to assume the externals of a "sister of charity," a "daughter of mercy," or what not. It might, however, have had much to do with qualifying her for the noble services which lend such lustre to her name, as a sister of our "elder brother," a daughter of "our Father who is in heaven." Who that is at all familiar with the wants of our community, and with the charities which are to cover them, fails to feel what an advantage it would be to have at our command a staff of principals and a corps of assistants, competent and ready for any service of instruction or protection, relief or piety, where their services were required? Can any thing more opportune or useful be devised? Is not society suffering for the want of such sources of supply, more than for any thing else? The founders and conductors of these great charities of the modern Church of the old world wisely proceed upon the ground, that their various private establishments are all superior to official, public institutions. Were Government charged with such departments, we might expect it to make the same provision, in training-schools for a supply of officers and assistants in its charities, which it does in military or naval schools for the requirements of army and navy. Whenever, in fact, Government assumes the offices of education and religion, normal and theological schools are acknowledged to be desirable and necessary. And, in removing our charities (as all must agree with our European compeers that we

should) from the hands of the State, are we not still bound to provide some means whereby we may secure a complete and competent supply of principals and assistants, for whatever establishments we have already, or may have hereafter? Certainly, if no nation intrusts the interests of its army and navy, if no people intrusts the interests of its schools and churches, to spontaneous and casual supplies, no Christian community can with credit or safety intrust the offices of Christian charity to any preparation less provident and complete.

We close with a single word upon the financial question. Here are men moved by the sacred spirit of compassion, sympathy, and good-will,—the Christ-like love of man, than which nothing ever fills the human heart more fully with the Spirit of God. Some are high, others low; some are weak, others strong; some are young, others old; some are ignorant, others instructed. We were about to say, some are rich, and others poor; but it seemed better to add, all alike and at once are poor and rich. The claims of their glorious task reduce them to the level of a common poverty; while the open hand of Him who calls them to his service endows them with the common wealth which is his alone to give. The founders of these charities are the financiers of Faith. If they are willing to spend and be spent, after the manner of One who being rich made himself poor, that he might make others rich,—must we not admit that they had a right to be confident of success? Our author omits Müller's memorable case in England, because his theme is the charities of the Continent. We have heard Müller's financial skill questioned. But it cannot be that Liefde is mistaken in crowding his pages with case after case in illustration and attestation of Müller's looking in prayer to Him who alone can say, "The silver and the gold are mine;" and through Him who alone hath authority to add, "If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it." No one can read the simple, strange stories of this dependence upon God and success with men, without a new sense of the part assigned to faith and trust through prayer, in the business of good works. The

sums required, collected, and expended in all these charities, during our day, have amounted to many millions. And yet was it even a tithe of the vast aggregate of the world's wealth in the prosperous quarters where the work was done and the expense assumed? To "sit down first and count the cost," was not often possible, at the outset, on such untried ventures; but, as item after item arose, it was provided for by these men full of faith and good works. "God helps those who help themselves." The wisdom and boldness of the beginning are best seen in the grandeur of the end. Faith and hope, allied with charity, are able to work miracles. The words remain true, "For ye have the poor with you always; and whosoever ye will, ye may do them good:" and although our Master added, with equal truth, "But me, ye have not always," may we not hope that in the blessed work of charity the Lord himself is with his people still, "healing all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases among the people"?

ART. VI.—MISS MARTINEAU'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

1. *The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace:* 1816–1846. With an Introduction, 1800–1815. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. 2 vols., royal 8vo. London: Charles Knight, 90, Fleet Street. 1849.
2. *History of the Peace;* being a History of England from 1816 to 1854. With an Introduction, 1800–1815. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. 4 vols., small 8vo. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. 1865–1866.

IN speaking lately of Froude's and Bancroft's histories, we have attempted to show why it is impossible to write a true or adequate history of any series of events, till two or three generations have passed by after they occurred. In the case of Mr. Bancroft, these generations have passed; and we begin to get at some of the springs of action, which, till our time, have been secret. Mr. Froude is doing much the same thing

for Henry VIII. and for Elizabeth. He is doing it with the disadvantage of addressing a tribunal — the public — which dislikes to give up its prepossessions; and is, on the whole, satisfied, that it is so long ago since Henry and Elizabeth died, that it makes no great difference whether truth or falsehood is told concerning them. Now comes Miss Martineau, writing out the history of fifty-five years, before the secret springs are made known. A very picturesque and entertaining book she has made; a book a great deal more accurate than we should have thought probable, and one which will fill a very valuable place for the next fifty years, — when some Macaulay, now cutting his teeth on an India-rubber ring, will use it as a very convenient date-book in writing the real history of England through a half-century very eventful in her constitution.

Every person of sense feels constantly the want of such a compilation. No person of sense expects such a compilation to be made nearly so well as this is. For, in general, it is true, that there is no history about which people are so badly informed as the history of twenty-five years preceding their own recollections of the newspapers. The colleges, almost of course, ignore such a subject, as they do most subjects of contemporary interest, or of immediate, practical value; and you will find many a fine young fellow of one-and-twenty, well up on the battles of the Thirty Years' War, quite accurate about Flodden, Bosworth, Naseby, even Austerlitz and Waterloo, who does not know how General Jackson was chosen president, or who made the last Canadian invasion before the Fenians went over the border. The text-books stop at certain fixed eras, because the men who make the text-books find that their portly authorities stop there. The portly authorities stop there, for the evident reasons, that people who know the secrets ought not to tell them; and people who do not know them cannot tell them. So it happens that between the picture of the past, often quite distinct and in brilliant color in a well-educated mind, and the persons and things of the present, as they stand around, visible themselves, there is a cloud of vagueness such as Cornelius Agrippa would have

raised, when he wished to show to some inquirer one of those vivid representations of distant events, which he yet might not rush upon and handle.

The direction to be given to an intelligent young man or woman who feels this want, is to read the "Annual Register" for this intermediate period of twenty-five years, after formal history stops, before their own recollections begin. The advice is a little like the advice which Mr. Thoreau gave when he recommended his American audiences to read the "Veds," — not a quarter part of the "Veds" being then accessible in any language but Sanscrit, a language which was not then known to one human being on this continent, least of all to Mr. Thoreau. For a set of the "Annual Register" is only accessible in the large libraries. It has the faults, speaking in general, of the daily newspapers, out of which of necessity it is made. It has their excellences also. For a hundred years now, it has been published — always in a Conservative interest — only in occasional volumes rising to dignity of narrative, but comprehending always what an intelligent literary workman has thought important in English and European affairs for the twelve months just preceding every issue. Then, by a very odd arrangement, there is a sort of appendix to it, vastly more entertaining than the history itself, which contains the striking anecdotes, the criminal trials, accidents, and other events of detail, which, for some reason unknown, the stately historians generally leave out of history. The effect is not unlike that which you sometimes find in a badly made plum-cake, where all the plums are at the bottom, while, perhaps for want of plums, the other part is very heavy and very hard eating. Children are apt to pick out the plums and leave the rest, in such cases. And we observe in the case of the "Annual Register," that the novelists, like Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray, are much better acquainted with this "Chronicle," as it is called, than they are with the solid and more indigestible chapters to which it is appended. But, take it all through, frost, crust, unbaked dough, and plums, the "Annual Register" is very good reading, when in the hands of one who knows how to skip wisely. And, as most

of our young friends think themselves proficients in this detail, we have never hesitated to give, as general advice to young students, the direction above,—that they read the "Annual Register" for the period of twenty-five years before their recollection begins.

There are a few volumes of the "Edinburgh Annual Register," in editing which Scott had to do. Dr. Lardner published a volume or two of the "Cabinet Annual Cyclopædia," a book small enough to be kept in small collections; and it is a pity that it was not continued. Eight or ten volumes of an "American Annual Register" were published thirty years ago, and answer very well for the period they cover. The three bound volumes of the "Monthly Chronicle" are an American annual register for 1840, '41, and '42. And now we have Appleton's "Annual Cyclopædia." All these, for an American reader, are of much more use, so far as they go, than the corresponding English volumes. The French "Annuaire Historique," published at the office of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," seems to us better done, as a work of history, than the English. It is generally much more satisfactory on American affairs. We must not forget Mr. Alison's book for the period it covers. But all of these seem exceptional, and, so to speak, spasmodic, when we compare them against the sturdy, solid row, shelf after shelf, of the stupid, eternal, old "Dodsley's Annual Register."

We are led into this excursus on the resources for contemporary history, which few people could get at without taking a walk for them, and which most people in America could not get at at all, because Miss Martineau's history, now happily brought nearly up to date, and furnished by American wit with an index, for the want of which it was almost worthless before, takes, in considerable measure, the place of all this cumbrous machinery. We shall not excuse our young friend now, if she does not know the difference between Capo D'Istria and Bolivar. We shall expect her now to know whether Polignac was a transcendental, radical manufacturer of rat-traps, or the governor-general of Poland, or the head of the French ministry. It would not be unfair to say, that Miss Mar-

tineau's entertaining volumes are, to a large extent, a well-made digest of the "Annual Register." That was the proper way to make the book. She has, all along, availed herself also of such volumes of memoirs as have been published, in illustration of the times of which she writes; and her view of the progress of literature, science, and art, is, in our judgment, the most valuable part of the work she has done so well.

Those of us who have lived about as long as the "Christian Examiner" has, used to say rather bitterly, in the tone which we caught from Carlyle and from some of the French writers, that the nineteenth century, when nearly half-spent, had so far done nothing but find fault with the eighteenth. As Europe spent the first fifteen years of this century—spent countless lives and untold treasure also—in trying to get back to a very unstable balance of power, in which kingdoms had settled after some centuries of deluge, drift, glacier, and avalanche; as Europe then spent fifteen years of peace in trying to consolidate the artificial relations thus made in war, and, in the work of her governors, to refute all the deductions of her best historians and statesmen; and as the liberalism which found some vent at last in Europe, in the revolutions of 1830, was still of a very timid, proper, and genteel character,—the sarcasm had certain elements of truth to rest upon. There is nothing more pitiful, were it not absurd enough to be entertaining, than was Cousin's demonstration in his "Lectures on Philosophical History," that the whole course of Providence had so culminated in the French charter of 1814, and in the Restoration, as a constitutional dynasty of the Bourbon family, that really no farther political development was to be expected through coming ages. This line of feeling was neatly satirized by Sir Robert Peel in a speech which he made when Louis Philippe died. He said that "Louis Philippe was unquestionably the most distinguished sovereign who had ever filled the throne of France—since the fall of the first Napoleon." But whatever right young men had to grumble because the century in its first years did not advance so fast as they could wish,—nay, showed a tendency to walk backwards at first, as all infant children do, precisely because

their supports are behind them,—now that the century is two-thirds gone, we see that that old sneer at it is wholly unfair. The nineteenth century has virtually united five separated continents into one world. It has made the public opinion of that world to be the great tribunal, before which every sovereign is summoned, and to which he must succumb. It sees this public opinion regulated by the Christian powers. There is no dashing Hyder Ali—there is no drowsy brother of the sun and moon—there is no secret Japan—there is no stupid king of Timbuctoo—but knows that the sovereignty of the world is in other hands than his. It has substantially abolished the institution of human slavery among all people who can be said to have any laws. And it has made immense strides towards such a system of society and of education as shall one day make certain, that every child of God shall take that place in the world which his natural capacity demands, uncontrolled by any other accident of birth. We must not any longer say of the century which has done all this, that it has contented itself with finding fault with the putty and plaster pretences of the century which went before.

Of this nineteenth century, Miss Martineau is now the most complete English historian. When the “Pictorial History of England” was finished,—a book of admirable plan, but slovenly of execution, stupid in style, not up to its own promise, and greatly over-praised by people who have not used it,—Mr. Charles Knight—the publisher of that book, of the Useful Knowledge Society’s publications, and of so much else which has been a part of the English victories of the time—proposed to Miss Martineau that she should write the history of the Peace, which had then lasted thirty years. He had himself, indeed, made the beginning, which appears in Book I. of these volumes, after the Introduction. All of this history she had seen. No little part of it she had been. Even Lord Brougham had said, “You praise my speeches; but there is a deaf girl in Norwich who does more for the political economy of England than I do”—and he meant Miss Martineau. Few English writers of the century show more

power for narrative and description than she has shown in her best stories. "Deerbrook" and the "Five Years of Youth" will stand out as permanent classics in fiction, when most of its hay and stubble has been blown away. The choice of an author was therefore singularly happy; and if it happen, as it happened in Smollett's case, and in Sir Walter Scott's, that that power of narrative and description which is matchless in fiction does not prove so successful when the author has only angular facts to deal with, why, this is only what always happens when we set men of genius to painting portraits for us, instead of pictures from imagination. And then we value the portrait by Titian or by Allston more than we do that by Kneller or by Lawrence, though Titian and Allston may both have done better when they left their imagination to its full play.

Miss Martineau afterwards prepared an introduction to the book; and now, at the instance of the spirited American publishers, has added to it a sequel to the narrative, bringing it up to the Crimean War. The American edition thus makes four handsome, compact volumes. It has a valuable index, and becomes at once the standard edition.

We do not consider it any disadvantage that Miss Martineau is a strong partisan. True, she is a partisan, generally on the right side, which is well; but whether a historian be right or wrong in his general principles, as Miss Martineau, for instance, is right in general, and Mr. Alison almost always wrong, it is a great deal better that the historian should have a conscientious opinion, and own it, than that he should pretend to have no opinion at all. "Which is the gentleman and which is the blackguard?" says the boy who comes to this show. Mr. Alison points to George the Fourth, smiles benignantly, and implies that this was the first gentleman of the time. Miss Martineau, on the other hand, says frankly, that George IV. was vulgar, false, and mean; "he had no friends;" "he attempted disgraceful acts which did not succeed;" "his temper was faulty, and his principles were no better;" "his word was utterly unreliable;" and "his death was received by his people with indifference." Now, either

of these opinions, honestly formed and bravely expressed, is more valuable for the student than is the spongy pretence of the historian who tells us he has no opinions and no prejudices ; who says to the spectator at his show, that, because he has paid his money, he may call the boa-constrictor an elephant if he chooses. A neutral self-styled is bad, at the best, in honest affairs ; but he becomes intolerable when he affects to inform us as to history. For it is impossible that any man shall know the truth, without forming some opinion as to the character and results of the events which he studies and describes.

We understand, then, in taking Miss Martineau's hand, that it is the hand, not of an extreme English radical of to-day perhaps, but of an out-and-out Liberal of the most advanced school which had any power during the years which she is describing. She hates a Tory as thoroughly as Dr. Johnson ever hated a Whig. She tells us so, frankly ; and we understand it all along, as she comments on the panorama she is unrolling. If we are curious about the other side, we have Mr. Alison's statement for a part of it. It is necessary to say this, because the two narratives of the same event are sometimes so dissimilar, that a reader almost needs to refer to map and chronology to make sure that he has not got hold of two different anecdotes. But this is what will happen in history. Cæsar said two different things as he died, according as you believe he spoke in Greek or Latin. With such a guide, after the spirited introduction,—which is a compact history of the first fifteen years of the century,—we begin with England cheering for victory, but very tired of war ; proud of being the first power in Europe, but restive under the most oppressive taxation. The nation has owed all its victories to the ingenuity of its manufacturers developing the more than Oriental treasures of its coal and iron ; but its government is in the hands of a coterie of persons whose only claim is, that they came over with the Conqueror, though probably they have as much Dutch blood as Norman,—a coterie which has steadfastly kept itself ignorant both of trade and manufacture. A pretended allegiance to Church and State is the rallying cry

of the governing party; yet there was, perhaps, never a period when the English Church was less respected by the English people, and deserved its success less than then. A mere handful of men in Parliament represented the opposition to this popular party. It is in such a state of things that Mr. Knight and Miss Martineau begin the history which crystallized around such centres as a crazy king, a worthless regent, an aristocracy almost unchecked, and a people very near the edge of starvation. They lead us along till we see the death of that king, of that regent, and of his successor. As Republicans we have to wonder and to admire, as we behold three such monarchs as George III., George IV., and William IV., successively placed in the position, of which Miss Martineau says very happily, that the sovereign has no power but for obstruction. Perhaps the best that can be said for them is, that their contemporaries in this period were Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe. Can six men of less worth be found on any list of men in any other business in the world?

From the era when the peace begins, when the English commercial system was that of the sternest protection, Miss Martineau leads us on, till she can announce with a well-satisfied smile, that commerce is wholly free, navigation laws at an end, and duties imposed only for revenue. From the system of punishment in which a man could be hanged for sheep-stealing, she leads us through till we come out at the humane and scientific penal system in which the best skill of England appears so nobly to-day. From the parliament in which sat so many of the nominees of a few families, that the contested elections could really hardly affect the scale; from the days of Sarum and of Grampound, she leads us along, till, when we bid her good-by, as the Crimean war begins, parliament has wholly outgrown that tutelage, and public measures must be argued before the people. From the England which was separated from India by half a year, which had no thought of the value of Australia, which held to Canada only in the pride of conquest, and had indeed no colonies that added to her strength, we are led along to the England of to-

day, whose policy is to hold the key to every commercial highway, and who uses the great inventions of the times to consolidate an empire which stretches round the world. From the England which then listened impatiently to Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, and the rest, who insisted that the slave-trade and African slavery must cease, we are led along the course of history to see anti-slavery become popular, to see the emancipation of the West Indies, and then to see that re-action which made it possible for England to descend to be the willing tool of the aristocratic, slave-holding rebellion in America.

Such changes as are thus described required the patient work, prayer, and sacrifice of nearly two generations of men. The chief merit of this historian is, that she tries to do justice to those poor wise men on whom God so often throws the saving of their city. It is astonishing to see how many such men there are, each of whom has, in his day, fixed his pivot for the wheel-work of the great machine of history; a pivot on which, to this hour, the whole is playing and must play,—but which we to-day forget in the clangor of success. It may be that so many new additions have been made since their time, that, through the very reticulations of the improvements, we cannot see the essential work which they did for us, not so very long ago. To rescue such forgotten heroes from entire oblivion is a very noble and peculiarly interesting duty undertaken by Miss Martineau. There are no parts of her work where she appears to so much advantage as in the biographical sketches which close her successive chapters.

For the forty years of peace, the history of England was, to a considerable extent, the history of the world. If we may believe the English statesmen of to-day, this is not to be so again. England is to be indifferent, it seems, in case any other Greece breaks loose from any other Turkey. England may excite Italy to rebellion perhaps; but she means but little, and it is far from her to give any help after the sword is drawn. England may encourage Denmark to resistance perhaps; but every one but Denmark knows what such encouragement is worth. Indeed, England has bound herself over to keep the peace by her new doctrine of maritime law.

Though her enemy were San Marino or Costa Rica,—the meanest States in the world,—that enemy may, by English law, give commissions to any corsair who chooses to run down an English merchantman, plunder her passengers, and give her to the flames. With such a theory on her record, England will long be slow to war with States which have no commerce at risk for retaliation. But, in the forty years of the peace, England had not accepted this position of a second Holland. She was still a first-class power, and she dealt in every man's affairs. This history, therefore, leads the reader to Greece, to India, to Canada, to South America, to France, to Algiers, to Syria, and to China; and becomes a key to the history—for that part of this century—of all the world. Into all the excursions necessary for such study, Miss Martineau plunges with her own alacrity; and the reader follows with surprise and interest, even where he asks for more detail and incident than he is apt to find.

The sequel to the history which covers the ten years in which the American title differs from the English, is less than a hundred pages; and is necessarily, perhaps, only a brief compendium of the years, not curiously eventful or dramatic, which passed between 1845 and 1855. There is just enough narrative to keep along the calendar. In the passage of these ten years, many of the heroes of modern England died, who were on the stage when the volumes closed in their first issue. Sir Robert Peel died,—the Duke of Wellington, Rogers, Wordsworth, Moore, and Maria Edgeworth, George Stephenson, Turner, and many others, who, in one walk or another, had done much for England during the peace, and the war before it. Here are so many points of biography to be added to the sketches in the volumes as they were, or to be enlarged from the pictures then presented of persons still upon the stage.

The peroration is transferred from the end of the old edition to the end of the new. The book is, on the whole, the history of victory. It is no wonder, then, that it closes with congratulations for success. Still it has to confess, that in that great central duty for which States exist, the training of

men and women, England is hardly more successful after forty years of peace, than she was when those years began. "The tremendous labor-question remains untouched," says the author. "A mother, unconscious of wrong, poisons eight infants in succession; . . . hardly half the middle class marry before they are elderly;" and men see "their children sinking in body for want of food." Ah! all the telegraphs in the world do not make compensation for this. Shall we compass sea and land, when at our doors is such misery? Is it true, as one of the wisest Englishmen of our day declares, that the pyramid of English order is curiously compact, but that it is standing on its apex? Is it true, as he says, that, when the laboring men of the North of England find out their power, this pyramid will topple over?

ART. VII.—THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE other day we took up Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism" to look again at what he says about the literary influence of academies. He seems to us to excel all modern writers of English in naturalness and clearness; he is natural, without being either vulgar or condescending; he is clear, without dryness or formality. Whenever we read in his book, we feel that a voice has spoken, out of a modest, manly heart, words of deep meaning and seriousness, which will sink into the minds of our generation, and make us think more justly and soberly on many matters. And yet it is impossible not to feel, that, whatever he may be saying, the writer never forgets the law of restraint that he has laid upon his pen. His genius is playful; perhaps, if it be not counted disparaging, we should think the "vivacity"—of which he sometimes speaks with a deprecatory, appealing tone—to be his characteristic trait. But he makes no terms with this besetting sin, as he plainly thinks it; he puts it down with a hand of parental sternness; and it is only by the

smile which hides behind the frown, that we perceive this sobriety to be assumed from principle, that no man has a keener eye for the weak points in an adversary's armor, and no man a keener relish for the pleasure there is in giving an adversary the *coup de grace*.

At the same time, there is nothing in Mr. Arnold's humor that savors of malice, or of the spirit which makes a man say sharp things for the mere pleasure of saying them. He is in downright earnest, and so bent on persuading or convincing, that again and again, when you think he is going to strike, he stops; he denies himself and you the pleasure of seeing execution done,—he fears so to jeopard his cause. And, like all earnest Englishmen now-a-days, like Carlyle and Ruskin and Tennyson and Browning and Mrs. Browning and Clough, he is sad in his earnestness. These noble hearts seem to be profoundly discontented. They are the Hamlets of to-day. "The time is out of joint," they cry; "O cursed spite that ever we were born to set it right!" But Carlyle's discontent makes him surly; Ruskin's makes him peevish; Tennyson and Arnold alone do not wholly despair, nor demand that we should despair. These men keep their eyes fixed too steadily on England and her mortal sickness. They think England is the world, or that all the world is like England. If this were true, their sadness would be most reasonable; but, while all the rest cry out in their pain, and some, like Ruskin, use their grief to feed their rhetoric and round their periods, Arnold never betrays his trouble by any speech: we know it only by the way in which, insensibly, it colors all his speech. He cannot hide it from us, if he would.

The essay in his volume which we have read with most interest is that on "The Literary Influences of Academies." Would that we had a writer in this country, master of such a style, to speak to our people in such a spirit! For, surely, if these words of Arnold's are needed in England, they are much more needed here. We too have to be warned against provincialism, against lawlessness; we too need a tribunal, a standard in literature and in art.

Especially do we need this tribunal, this standard in art; for in literature, although we have not the highest models in any department, we have respectable models in several, and excellent models in one or two. Three such writers as Hawthorne, Emerson, and Irving, leave little to be desired in their respective fields. But our poets are all mediocre; we have no great historian; no dramatist, small or great; in politics and law, no great writer of this, or of the last, generation. We do not mean to carp. This is not fault-finding. To be sure, it is not what we are accustomed to say out loud at public dinners or in the newspapers. In the lectures at lyceums and in the speeches at college "commencements," we think we have heard a different statement. But is not this what intelligent Americans candidly say to one another in private? Do not the clubs admit it, and the dinner-parties? and is it not true?

Certainly we believe it to be so. Nor do we think it to be wondered at, nor that we should be sneered at for it. As little do we believe, that it is a defect likely to be chronic, or one that is in any way inherent in the nature of a republic. It is partly the result of our youth; and partly the result of our training, or rather of our want of training. But we may rejoice in this, that we *are* young, and that, in many ways, our youth has proved itself not ignoble. Life spreads wide and fair before us. If, after a few stormy years, God gave us, for a generation, peace and plenty, we did not wholly abuse his gifts; and when he put before us one of those great issues, which every people worthy to be made a nation has had set before it for its education, we did not shirk it: we accepted it boldly, and settled it, we hope, in spite of the present darkness, for ever. And God will send us other experiences. He will educate us as He has educated other peoples, and make us a nation, as he has made them.

We cannot, therefore, see any reason why we should despair. We know very well that there are those who do despair, and who think that we are only another example of the failure of democratic institutions. And so, we dare say, they would, if we were Athens over again. But we doubt

if the great mass of the people feel any misgivings. Americans, as a rule, believe in America. And that is a healthy sign. Every man that is worth much, believes in himself. Every nation that has achieved greatness, has believed in itself. What we need is not less Americanism, but more. We need a noble confidence, born of a noble love. Whatever we have achieved, in any department, that has borne fruit, at home or abroad, has been the result of our following our genius; and our failures have often resulted quite as much from want of faith as from want of power.

What concerns us to-day with regard to American art is the question, Shall it live or die? As to whether American art exists, we do not greatly care to dispute. We will candidly admit that it is not great, that it is not thoroughly original. Still it exists. At one time it promised much: but to-day it seems stagnant, feeble; and the serious question is whether this be death or transition. Not for twenty years has there been such a dearth of production as there is to-day; such an absence of zeal on the part of artists; such an apathy on the part of the public. The present exhibition of the Academy — whether we are to look upon our art as dying of a premature old age, or only as passing through the intermediate stage of hobbledehoyhood between youth and manhood — is too pronounced a symptom to be disregarded. The walls of the Academy to-day are covered with argument for the upholders of either opinion.

But it is not of the present exhibition of the Academy, it is of the Academy itself as an institution, that we wish to speak. As is very well known, the Forty-first Exhibition is not a fair exponent of what our artists have been doing during the past year. There is a great deal of gossip afloat as to the reasons which have moved so many to decline altogether contributing pictures to the Gallery this year, and as to the causes of the indifference of many others to their own reputations, to the interests of the Academy, and to the advantage of the public. Into these reasons it would be impertinent to enter. Most of them, we dare say, are mere conjectures. Some of them are discreditable to the artists, as when it is

said that they are afraid of the newspapers; some of them are discreditable to the officers of the Academy, as when it is said that they are intentionally unjust in their treatment of young artists, and of those for whom they think the public has an unreasonable admiration. Such reasons may have worked with some; but it is not to be believed that they did with all. The causes lie deeper than childish fears of public opinion, or irritation at supposed neglect. They are to be found in the development of public taste; in the rise of a younger generation of artists, with new views and new methods; and in the failure of the Academy to meet the needs of the time, of which the public and the younger artists can no longer conceal their long growing conviction.

The National Academy of Design came into being in 1826. It was the successor of the New-York Academy of Arts,—an institution founded by charter in 1808, but which led a very precarious existence; being, in reality, dead a greater part of the time that it thought itself alive, and only roused at intervals into a series of galvanic jerks by the attacks of its creditors, the new-born zeal of some patron anxious to see something come of the money invested in it, or the threatened opposition of the artists. For the old Academy was, almost exclusively, a lay concern; there being in the Board of Directors, including the President and Vice-President, only one artist,—John Trumbull; nor was it until 1816, eight years after its organization, that any considerable number of artists was admitted to its directory. Mr. Cummings, in his "Historic Annals of the National Academy of Design," a valuable but extremely ill-written and ill-arranged book,—if indeed such a helter-skelter publication may be said to have any arrangement at all,—records that,

"On the 18th December, 1816, a revised code of by-laws was adopted; and it was provided that the present Board of Directors should elect from the stockholders a number not exceeding twenty academicians, artists by profession. That, after the election in [sic] January the 7th, 1817, twenty associates shall be elected, artists by profession; and that there shall not be more than three academicians in the Board of five Directors."

The artists had no faith in an institution over which they had so little control, and that little so grudgingly allowed; nor were they made to feel more cordially to the Academy when they learned that section of the law, relative to exhibitors, which says, "All artists of *distinguished merit* [Mr. Cummings is responsible for the emphasis] shall be *permitted* to exhibit their works." This seems to have given great offence, as might have been expected; and it was not long before the artists, fast coming to understand themselves and their position, began to show fight. Mr. Robert R. Livingston — the friend of Fulton — was the first president, De Witt Clinton the second; in 1816 Clinton resigned the post, and John Trumbull was elected to the office.

This is not the place to discuss Trumbull's character, either as man or as artist. But a few words about him will be necessary, since he had much to do with bringing the quarrel between the Academy and the artists to a head. He was probably the unfittest man that could have been chosen to be the president of an institution like this; a feeble, unprosperous affair, requiring delicate treatment, and calling, above all things, for enthusiasm, a deep and warm interest in the fine arts, and a sympathy with the young who were moved to embrace the practice of art as a profession. John Trumbull was no such man. He was a cold-blooded, haughty, domineering man; according to all the evidence that we can gather, excessively vain of his own slender performances, mercenary in his aims, and disposed to take a much higher view than it was possible for any one to take who knew the facts of his military achievements, and the services he had performed for his country. We confess that the character of Trumbull is not one that we like to contemplate. Unfortunately for himself, he was put into positions where all that was disagreeable in him was inevitably displayed. It is to be wished that he were only known as a painter: in that field, he did much that was respectable, and much that will always be of interest for its connection with the history of the country.

Trumbull was the last president of the original Academy.

From the time of his election to 1824 or 1825, the institution was in a miserable condition. "It was," says Mr. Cummings, "in possession of ample accommodations, furnished gratuitously by the city, a fine collection of casts, and many paintings of high merit, a library, and a direction of influential men; yet it steadily declined." For much of this want of success, there is but little doubt, the president was responsible. We grant that the public was apathetic; but there is nothing to show that it ought to have been otherwise. There were no yearly exhibitions, but the galleries were opened all the year round; and the pictures seem to have been seldom changed. Occasionally there were additions to the number; but these appear to have been few and unimportant. The public did not greatly care for such pictures as these were. They said they were wonderful, but they did not act as if they believed it. They seemed to prefer not to look at them. West's "Lear" was there, and his "Ophelia;" Trumbull's small battle-pieces, which still exhilarate us at the Trumbull Gallery in New Haven; his miniature studies for the heads in his historical pieces,—these last, really valuable; Sir Thomas Lawrence's full-length of West; such pictures as the artists in New York might send from time to time, and such as were loaned, for brief periods, by the few wealthy persons who, in that day, had pictures—and those seldom valuable—to loan.

The apathy of the public appears to us not only excusable, under the circumstances, but commendable. Suppose that they had been in a state of chronic enthusiasm, or even of wild delight, over such a collection of mediocrities. That would indeed have been a fatal symptom. But no: they quickly extracted all the good there was in West and Trumbull and Lawrence, and went about their legitimate business until more progress had been made. That the public was in a hopeful state of growth is proved by a little incident recorded by Mr. Cummings. "About this time (1818), two of Trumbull's paintings, 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' and 'Suffer little Children,' were offered to the Academy at \$3,500 each, and several of his other works at smaller sums.

All were purchased; and a debt incurred, which could ultimately be paid only by returning the pictures to the artist." That is, of course, the public refused to pay any such sums of money for the meagre privilege of looking at Mr. Trumbull's pictures. And it is very much to the public's credit.

The only reasonable way of overcoming the apathy of the people was to provide them with pictures worth looking at. And this is what Mr. Trumbull could have greatly helped to do, if he had had the right spirit, and had been a fit person for the presidency. But he showed a very small and narrow spirit. He depressed where he should have encouraged; he resisted obstinately where he should have yielded, and where it would have been easy to do it gracefully; he was cold and indifferent to his juniors and his inferiors; he was worse,—he was grossly insulting.

It is only our purpose to sketch these matters hastily and with a light pen. The younger artists at length became restive under Trumbull's rule, and impatient with the Academy that it did nothing practical for the advancement of the study of art. They were eager to learn to draw; and the Academy, instead of helping them to do so, put bars in their way. They were under the delusion then, as boys are now, that drawing is only to be learned from the cast. No matter if it were a delusion, it was honestly held, and the directors of the Academy appeared to share it; for they had provided a room, set up their casts in it, and invited the artists to study there from six to nine, A.M. Nevertheless, it was known that Trumbull was not friendly to the school. He made no secret of his views. He seemed to think he had proved the uselessness of schools for drawing, when he had informed the young men who complained that the rooms were not opened at the time appointed, "When I commenced the study of painting, there were no casts in the country: I was obliged to do as well as I could." Perhaps some of the young men may have thought, when they heard this reply to their reasonable complaint, "That may account for your poor painting;" or they might have reminded the president that he early went abroad, and had in England advantages for study,

for the least of which they would have been grateful. It was on this occasion that they received, at the lips of the president, that gross insult which made an irreparable breach between him and the body of artists.*

The young men showed a proper spirit, and set up an independent drawing-class. The meeting at which it was

* One morning in October (?) 1825, two of the artists, young men and students, went to the rooms of the Academy at six o'clock, and found the doors closed, as was usually the case. The curator of the drawing-room was Lewis Rogers, an old Revolutionary soldier, who, as Cummings says, "had crossed on the ice from New York to Staten Island in the 'memorable winter.'" He seems to have been very proud of this experience, and to think himself entitled, in consequence of it, to hector every person with whom his duties brought him in connection. Although the directors had ordered the doors to be opened at six o'clock, they were frequently not open at seven; and, if the students presumed to knock, as we may suppose they occasionally did, the "memorable winter" would bounce out upon them in a towering rage, and make them wish they hadn't. On the morning in question, finding that the door was closed, the young men were turning away disappointed, when Dunlap (it is he tells the story), who had a room in the building, and who had frequently been witness to the Revolutionary hero's disobedience of orders, advised the artists to complain to the directors. "They replied, 'that it would be useless;' and at that moment one of the directors appeared coming from Broadway towards them. I urged the young gentlemen to speak to him; but they declined, saying 'they had so often been disappointed, that they gave it up.' The director then came and sat down by the writer, who mentioned the subject of the recent disappointment, pointing to the two young men who were still in sight. The conduct of the person whose duty it was to open the doors was promptly condemned by that gentleman; and, while speaking, the president appeared, coming to his painting-room, which was one of the apartments of the Academy. It was unusually early for him, although it was near eight o'clock. Before he reached the door, the curator of the Academy opened it; and remained. On Mr. Trumbull's arrival, the director mentioned the disappointment of the students: the curator stoutly asserted, 'that he would open the doors when it suited him.' The president observed, in reply to the director, 'When I commenced the study of painting, there were no casts in the country: I was obliged to do as well as I could. These young gentlemen should remember, that the gentlemen have gone to great expense in importing casts, and that they [the students] have no property in them.' He concluded with these memorable words, in encouragement of the curator's conduct, 'They must remember that beggars are not to be choosers.'" No wonder that Dunlap should say, at the end of this story, "We may consider this the condemnatory sentence of the American Academy of the Fine Arts."

Such were Col. Trumbull's manners. John Frazee said of him to Dunlap, "In all his conversation, he was cold and discouraging respecting the arts;" and added, "Is such a man fit to be president of an Academy of the Fine Arts?"

organized was the first meeting of artists, as such, that had ever been held in the city. It met in the rooms of the Historical Society, offered them for the occasion; and the result was the formation of the "New-York Drawing Association," of which Mr. S. F. B. Morse was chosen president. It was an association for work, and would probably never have existed if Colonel Trumbull's treatment of the gentlemen who comprised it had not forced them to take measures to provide for themselves what the Academy denied them. Nor had they at this time any intention of establishing a separate Academy. That, too, was owing to Trumbull, who seemed determined to leave no stone unturned, either to force them to return to the old Academy, and submit to him; or to break up their new organization altogether. But, as might have been prophesied, he accomplished neither of these designs.

The rules of the new association were simple enough. They were to meet in the evenings, three times a week, for drawing. Each member was to furnish his own materials. The expense of lighting and heating the rooms was to be met by an equal contribution from each student. New members were to be admitted on a majority vote, and there was to be an entrance fee of five dollars. The lamp was to be lighted at six o'clock, and put out at nine. This lamp, Cummings describes:—

"It was a can, containing about half a gallon of oil, into which was inserted a wick of some four inches diameter. It was set upon an upright post, about ten feet high. To give sufficient light, the wick was necessarily considerably out of the oil, and caused smoke. There was no chimney, and lamp-black was abundant; added to that, some forty draughtsmen had an oil lamp each. The reader may easily imagine the condition of the room."

To this assembly of hard-working young fellows, bent on self-improvement, and serving art with high purposes and a zeal quite beautiful to contemplate, enter one evening in December, 1825, Cromwell Trumbull, accompanied by one Archibald Robertson, secretary of the Academy. Going di-

rectly to President Morse's seat,—that ingenious young gentleman, who, seven years later, was to invent the magnetic telegraph, and cease painting; sitting at his drawing board, pegging industriously away by the light of his oil lamp, and in his own special cloud of smoke and lamp-black,—and, looking round him with an air of authority, he beckons young Cummings to come to him, and, giving him the matriculation-book of the Academy, orders him to procure the signatures of all the persons present to that book, as students of the Academy of Arts. Student Cummings, with pluck enough, declines, for himself, to do that thing, but consents to carry the message to the members. Those gentlemen, meanwhile, peg away steadily at their drawing-boards, with serious faces, and in no way recognize the presence of the stately personage in the chair; who, after waiting a considerable time, and seeing nothing likely to be accomplished, and having probably had a surfeit of lamp-black, rises solemnly, and remarking that he would leave the book for the necessary signatures, and that, when they had been recorded, it was to be returned to the secretary of the American Academy, retires in the same way he had entered.

The immediate result of this insolent proceeding on the part of Trumbull was the peremptory refusal of the men forming the Association to acknowledge any connection between their society and the Academy. They at once returned a few small casts from which they had been drawing, and which they had borrowed from the Academy; and some of their own members immediately loaned them others to take their place. Still they believed it would be to their interest not to sever themselves completely from the older institution. They had no desire to injure it, and they therefore proposed a plan by which a larger number of artists should be admitted to the Board of Directors. After various conferences, the Committee appointed by the Board, to meet the Committee appointed by the artists, agreed to exert all their influence to effect the election of six artists into the Board of Directors of the American Academy, to represent the body of artists.

It seemed as if all danger of collision had passed by. The artists, who appear to have behaved in all these transactions in a very gentlemanly way, immediately chose six of their number to represent them at the Board; and, four of these not being stockholders, one hundred dollars were paid from the treasury of the Association to purchase the shares necessary to make them such.

The *denouement* of this business was not a little extraordinary. The very evening before the election, as Dunlap and Cummings were walking in the Park, an old beggar-woman came up to them, and asked if those were their names. On their replying in the affirmative, she placed a letter in Mr. Dunlap's hands, and vanished. On opening this mysterious missive, it was found to contain a warning to the effect that the ticket was to be defeated; that only two of the artists named by the Association would be chosen; and that this information might be relied on. Mr. Dunlap lost no time. He published a card in the morning papers, announcing that none of the candidates would serve unless all were chosen; and that the artists considered themselves the proper judges as to who should represent them, and would not yield their judgment to that of the Academy.

The Park was not, at that time, the "blasted heath" it is to-day, nor were Dunlap and Cummings, Macbeth and Banquo; but the old beggar-woman who appeared to those gentlemen was as good at prophecy as her Scotch representative. All turned out exactly as she had promised. The election was held; the two artists the letter had named were chosen, the other four rejected; the money paid to the Academy by the Association was retained, and, it would appear, was never refunded; and insulting words were freely used by the members of the directory, which kind friends of both parties were not wanting to repeat. "Artists," said one director, "are unfit to manage an Academy." "They are always quarrelling," declared Colonel Trumbull.

The war was now open and declared. Such a buzz had not been heard in the art-world for a long time. Communications to the newspapers flew thick and fast; and certainly the

associated artists appear to have had the best of it. There is no doubt that they were very shabbily treated; and it is not to be wondered at, that they determined to turn their backs on the Academy for ever.

This was the origin of the National Academy of Design, the institution which exists to-day in so flourishing a state. It was born in hot blood,—from a quarrel,—and that quarrel not about a principle, but about a method; for that seems to us all that the question, "Shall not artists govern an Academy of Fine Arts?" amounts to. Nothing has come of the Academy under the government of artists, that might not have come of it under the government of any association of gentlemen who had a definite purpose and good intentions. It was not the directors of the old Academy that destroyed it, by alienating the body of artists from it: it was the under-hand malice of certain persons who are not named, and who, it might be uncharitable to suggest, were led and sustained by the president, himself an artist. But this is a charge we will not make: we have no foundation for it other than the actions and words of Trumbull, which are matter of record.

Whoever in the Academy blew this coal was "hoist with his own petard." The new venture, with Mr. Morse for president, was triumphantly started and well supported; and the old Academy went slowly to pieces. Not, however, without many struggles; attempts to blandish, wheedle, and even to bully, the seceding members back to its bosom. We have no occasion to record its disappointments, its failures, or its intrigues. It ceased to exist Nov. 21, 1841; when all the property belonging to it was sold at auction to satisfy a judgment, for rent unpaid, obtained by the heirs of Dr. Hosack. The National Academy of Design bought the casts from the antique which Mr. Livingston, when ambassador to France, in 1803, had purchased for the directors; and which were, we believe, the first casts brought to the country. Mr. Morse, the president of the Academy of Design, announced the dissolution of the Academy of Fine Arts, and that with it disappeared all associated opposition to the progress of the younger society. The Academy had had an organized

existence for thirty-four years; but it had accomplished scarcely any thing in its self-imposed task of advancing the arts, even in the limited sphere of New-York City. There was not the slightest reason to regret its breaking-up.

We must confess, that one of the most interesting pictures we find to contemplate, in the history of art in America, is that of the forty or so young men sitting at work round their half-gallon Pharos, in the room of the Historical Society. They were in the right way, and nothing of importance has been gained by their setting up an Academy for themselves. How much it is to be regretted, that some one of their number did not think it worth while to make a drawing of the scene! it would have had a very lively interest to all of us at this time. But, of course, they thought of doing nothing of the kind. They were too much in earnest, too intent on their work, to be egotistical: it was a great pity that Mr. Trumbull could not have been less meddling.

In one chief point, the Drawing Association had the advantage over both the Academies. It had a definite purpose; a purpose of first-rate importance, and one that, if it had been as faithfully carried out as it was earnestly begun, would have by this time produced valuable fruit. It was an association for hard work, in a field where American and English artists are notably weak,—viz., in drawing. They had instinctively lighted on the only method that ever has been found, or that ever will be found, to advance the cause of art,—viz., *by making artists*; and they were going about their work in a simple, straightforward way, without any display. And if they had not been led astray, and tempted to try again an experiment that has never yet succeeded, and which never, in our opinion, can succeed,—the attempt to foster art by means of an Academy,—we should probably to-day be recording the prosperous condition of art in America, instead of asking whether art here be dead or alive.

For of what use is the National Academy of Design? In our deliberate judgment, it is a mere incumbrance upon art in America. It has indeed built itself a beautiful home; it gives very pleasant evening parties; it has contrived to sur-

round its entertainments with a certain *éclat*, and to make the people who do not receive tickets absurdly envious of those who do ; it keeps up its annual exhibition, even when, as this year, it has nothing to show ; and, generally speaking, for a mere simulacrum or stuffed image, it contrives to play a sufficiently bustling part. But for any genuine, vital purpose it has, for any thing that it does to seek out and encourage merit, for all hospitality it shows to new ideas or new discoveries in its own department, it might just as well be the old Academy, or not be at all.

" Well, but," the good-natured reader, amused at our heat, exclaims, " what harm does it do after all ? Grant that it does no great good, why not let it jog on comfortably, remembered casually for three months every spring, and forgotten all the rest of the year ? "

The harm that the Academy does, though mostly negative, is not all negative. We are cheerfully willing to believe that it errs through ignorance in the mistakes it makes, and not through malice. We say this, not for the sake of compliment, but because we believe it. It has a president who is the soul of honor, an amiable and courteous gentleman. And the members of the council, especially as it has been lately amended, are well-meaning men, and no doubt desirous of fulfilling the ends of the institution. All this is true. But the unfortunate fact is, that *the institution has no ends to fulfil*. The schools, as is well known, are nothing ; and pray—if it be not impertinent—who is to teach the teachers ? The library is an *omnium gatherum*; the casts are in the basement; there is no permanent collection of pictures, and no sign of any attempt to make one; there are no lectures, of which the public ever hears, and, since the experience of Dr. Rimmer, it is not likely that any gentleman of equal character and ability will expose himself to similar treatment; there are no meetings for discussion or for the reading of essays; the Academy supports no journal, nor lends its support to any; it plays no public part. In short, to end the indictment, it does absolutely nothing but open its doors once a year to receive the pictures of such artists as are not too proud to

care whether they are hung under the ceiling, or on the floor, or not hung at all.

Now, we make bold to say, that we do not believe academies are of much advantage to art any way. But "academy" means "school;" and if you are going to teach, do it. An academy ought to exercise a positive influence on the community. It ought to be, so to speak, aggressive. It ought to meet the people at every turn, and welcome heartily, with open hands, every faithful worker. But no candid academician will pretend that our institution does this. There has been, in the last two years, a great deal of writing about art in the newspapers. An accidental stimulus was given to criticism by certain articles, neither better nor worse, as it seems to us, than many previous newspaper articles that appeared in one of our city journals, on the very interesting occasion of the opening of the great picture gallery in the Sanitary Fair. About the same time, the "New Path" was started,— a monthly journal filled with earnest talk about art; aggressive, clever, sometimes petulant, sometimes rude, but always in earnest, never trifling. Well, these movements in the right direction, whatever objection might be fairly made to their spirit, awakened public interest and curiosity: it was felt that this criticism was needed; and there was such a manifest eagerness to have it, that, the next year, all the journals gave their critics the rein, and the public said, "Well done!"

We do not blame the artists, who had never been harried and hustled in this fashion before, for not liking it. We were not surprised, that, when they were once fairly awake, they should stand on the defensive. But their blunder was in insisting that this criticism was personal, and many of them made very ludicrous figures in manifesting their childish anger at hearing the truth. Think of an academic body actually considering, at its council table, a proposition to withdraw its free tickets of admission to its reception and exhibition from the city press! Think of its officially deciding to "cut," at a public meeting, a particular critic who had offended them by his severity! We say nothing of the unofficial exhibitions of

s spite; for they, of course, were of no more importance than the spite of ordinary men: we are speaking of official acts. True, the first was never carried out, because there was too much sense at the council table; but it was urged with vigor, and only finally defeated by the president, Mr. Huntington, who said in effect, that, though he had as much reason for complaint as any one, having been treated by the critics with great severity, he would never consent to any measure that looked like interfering with the freedom of the press. And, although the second move was not unanimously carried out, it was nearly so; and is still, we understand, in force. Now, this may be human nature; and doubtless it is so. We are not intending to blame the gentlemen of the Academy too severely for what, no doubt, many of them are already ashamed of; but what we do mean to say is, that it shows a fundamentally wrong understanding of their position and their duties. For their position, they are not above criticism, but very open to it. For their duty, they ought from the start to have encouraged and fostered criticism, to have taken it out of unfit hands, and, at the same time, put it out of their own hands. They ought, in sober seriousness, to be ashamed that they have so long, not merely submitted to the nauseating flattery of certain journals, but that they have encouraged it and rewarded it. They would do nothing to support an art-journal; and they would do as little to support the "Crayon," which was wholly in their interest, as to support the "New Path," which was diametrically opposed to them. The "Crayon" was a valuable journal, and might have been sustained at a small outlay: but the Academy seems to think it has but one duty,—to sustain a yearly exhibition; and, accordingly, that is all it manages to accomplish.

Even that would be something worth doing, if it were done well; but how is it done? Let the exhibitions, since the new building was opened, tell the story. They have steadily deteriorated, until the present is hardly worth the labor of mounting the steps to see. In the first place, the Academy seems to accept some pictures and reject others, on no principle, but only by whim. It is no honor to be accepted:

who so poor to think it honor? It is no discredit to be rejected: it is as like to be because your picture would not fit in a certain place, as for any better reason. Let us give an example that will serve to illustrate the purposeless way — for we are not concerned to discover any evil purpose — in which these things are sometimes managed. No. 83, in the present exhibition, is a pencil drawing of a cat, by Miss M. I. McDonald, a pupil of Mr. T. C. Farrer. It is a very remarkable drawing, and would be looked at with respect, we venture to say, even in France: we do not mean that it is masterly; but it gives bountiful, sure promise that masterly work will one day be possible to the maker of it. Well, this drawing was sent to the Academy last year, and rejected. But, at one of last winter's Receptions of the Artists' Fund Society, there was a copy of the drawing, in oil colors, made as literal as the absolute inability of the artist to draw anything would permit, — the work of an academician, a member of the council, and one of the hanging-committee by whom this young girl's drawing had been rejected. We have no malicious purpose in making this statement. It would be easy to make it malicious by giving the artist's name. But we tell the story as a type of the way in which new comers are treated, new ideas received, and workers in new or untried methods are snubbed and made to stand aside. Here is this whole movement which is ridiculed under the name of Pre-Raphaelite. Grant, if you will, that it was crude, unskilful, ludicrous sometimes; that it looked a mere travesty of the English Pre-Raphaelites, — a clumsy affectation. Why not have taken some pains to find out what these young men were driving at? Why not have tried to learn from themselves their purposes, and heard their own arguments? Why slam the door in their faces, and call them fools, before they had more than scraped a timid bow? We say that the Academy did not know its position or its duty, here, any more than it did when dealing with the critics. Its position is that of a nurse, a parent, a teacher. Its duty is to foster and encourage and educate. It ought to be nobly impartial, and offer a generous welcome to every

new comer, and encourage every effort, and have a quick eye for excellence; and teach, not that there is one way of art, but that there are many.

We know, very well, *why* the Academy does none of these things. It is because the men at the head of it, though well-meaning and respectable gentlemen, are not men of culture, or of that breadth of education which would set them above the chance of so mistaking their place. This, however, far from being an excuse, is our strong reason for thinking that the Academy is an injury to art. But then we think all Academies are. Even the French Academy, admirably as it is managed, is only an exception, so far as it is one, to the rule, because it is managed by a highly cultivated directory,—a directory of highly cultivated men in the most highly cultivated city in the world. But there would be as good art in France as there is, if there were no Academy. In England, it is nearly as bad as it is here; but London is a mighty city, and contains a large number of very cultivated people, and there is a certain restraint upon the Academy which cannot be expected with us.

We hold that it is the duty of the Academy to do much more than it does for the education of the people. We do not exaggerate when we say, that, at present, Goupil's shop-window, or Schaus's, educates the art-sense of the people more in a year, than the Academy does in ten years. This is literally true, but it has no business to be. The Academy could do as much, if it would set its hand to the work. Here is our programme, which we offer with a serene confidence inspired by the consciousness that the Academy will whistle it down the wind with the most provoking nonchalance. Ten to one, they will never read it! But we give the advice, nevertheless, for the benefit of the Academy of the Future.

First, The Academy ought to unite with the architects, and support a first-class illustrated, but not expensive, art-journal. That is to say, if any competent editor and any responsible publisher will undertake to carry on such a journal, the Academy ought to assist it liberally with money, which it would only have to do for a year or two; for such

a journal is greatly needed, and, if it were enabled to weather the financial capes and headlands of the first year, would sail on serenely, as long as need be. With graphotypy and photo-lithography and wood-cuts, such a journal could be abundantly and cheaply illustrated; but people are quite right in not caring for an art-journal unless it be illustrated. The Academy ought to take a haughty pride in maintaining the absolute impartiality of such a journal. It ought to bring tears of honest exultation into any member's eyes to read his picture remorselessly shown up, if it deserves it, in a journal which he had helped to pay for. But it may be long to hope for such a noble impersonality.

Second, The public has a right to demand of the Academy a continued course of lectures, by competent people, on subjects connected with art. Of course, if the lecturers needed illustrations or implements, they should be abundantly supplied. With a little experience, even with one course of lectures a year, the members of the Academy would, probably, become familiar with the fact that a lecturer on anatomy would require a black-board and a piece of chalk; and that the public might like to know his name, and go through the ordinary civilities of introduction, before he begin to speak. But lectures are a necessity; and, when one thinks how entertaining and instructive they might be made, we venture to hope that the Academy will listen to our demand.

Then, the Council ought to be laying the foundation for a free, public gallery of pictures, old and modern, native and from abroad. It has let slip the splendid opportunity of the Jarves Gallery,—it and the Historical Society, between them,—and that is a loss not lightly made up; as we, who know and love that gallery from end to end, are sadly conscious. The snail-slow Historical Society has got the far inferior Bryan Gallery, or what is left of it, since thieves and the Cooper-Institute furnaces have played such havoc with it. But, if the Academy would once announce its determination to make a collection, there are still as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. It is not a thing to be done in a hurry. All that it wants is a nucleus, such as the small

but precious Jarves Collection would have furnished; and then add a picture every year with the money saved from these "receptions," which are as foreign to the purposes of the Academy as any thing could well be. This, however, we do not insist upon. If there were more of them, and the invitations divided, and a few really good pictures collected, new or old, home-made or foreign, we think there could be no reasonable objection to these gatherings.

These are not all the suggestions we should like to make; but, we dare say, they are all the Academy will care to hear. After all, what is the use of trying to reform a corporate and wealthy body of men, who are entirely satisfied with themselves, and whom every body flatters? We have our eye upon higher game. We hope to influence the small body of earnest, hard-working students of nature, who have this year withdrawn, nearly in a body, from the Academy, to form themselves into an association which shall try to encourage art in a different way; and who, when they shall be the strong party among the artists, as they must inevitably be one day, may perhaps do something to fulfil our dream of what an Academy ought to be.

APP. VIII.—"ECCE HOMO."

Ecce Homo; a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866.

THIS book, whose authorship is concealed or unknown, is supposed to have been written by a member of the Church of England,—a layman and a lawyer. This is, however, by no means sure. It is only certain that it is written by a thinker, a scholar, and a man of moral genius. The great peculiarity of the work lies in treating the most familiar and worn of all themes as if it had never been treated before, with all the freshness and zest of an original study; with an absolute independence of all hackneyed ideas and conventional phrases;

in the interest of no school of thought, and no sect or party of religionists. There is not, so far as we can recollect, a single reference to any ecclesiastical body; there is no technical terminology of creeds, no confessions of faith. The book might have been written by a clergyman or a layman, a Churchman or a dissenter; by an orthodox or a heterodox believer; by an Englishman, German, or American. The only thing clear about it is its earnestness, power, suggestiveness, and pertinency to the times.

Evidently, this reticence as to opinions is full of purpose. The writer, fixing attention wholly upon the personality of Christ, deliberately, and with the most guarded self-restraint, suppresses his own personality. He avows no faith, and no want of faith. He assumes almost nothing which is disputed, or even questioned, by a considerable minority. It is not necessary to be a supernaturalist or a rationalist, a Trinitarian or a Unitarian, a believer in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures or a denier of that theory, to be interested in what he says, or even to go along with his conclusions.

The ground taken by the writer is this: Here is a great fact in the world, a vast society or fellowship composed of the most intelligent and virtuous of the great human family, occupying, most largely and characteristically, the most enlightened, free, and powerful nations,—a society which has for its fundamental idea the duty of brotherly love, mutual service, and the common practice of justice and mercy. This society, called by its members the Church, is divided into various sects and orders, having many peculiar and distinct opinions; but underneath all are a few great, essential, and characterizing ideas, which have been the same in all ages since its origin, and are the same in all sects and all orders of Christians. This Christian Society, this moral and spiritual State within the State, *imperium in imperio*, acquires every day more sway. It holds humanity ever more and more strictly to its standard. It conquers barbarism, cruelty, and ignorance. It tempers war, diminishes political inequalities, lifts up the masses, builds hospitals and asylums for the poor and infirm, and even throws its protection over the

brute creation. It stoutly and victoriously maintains the common brotherhood of humanity against the old notions of mere family, tribal, class; or national obligations ; and steadily achieves a triumph over all narrow, exclusive, or artificial ideas of man's duty to man. The fact remains, let the theories about it be what they will. Nor is it necessary to the establishment of it to prove that Christianity is doing all we could desire, or that there is not a vast part of the world yet to be brought beneath its sway, or, indeed, that any portion of society is fully under its influence. Allow that, as yet, its spirit and temper nowhere absolutely triumph ; that selfishness, sensuality, and cruelty are yet dominant in the world ; and that, in the most favored seats of its power, the religion of Christ is withheld, perverted, mingled with all the weaknesses and passions of our nature,—this does not change the fact, that the Church stands a fixed and living protest against all selfishness, injustice, and inhumanity ; nay, that it has steadily gained upon the heathen enmities and cruelties which characterized ante-Christian history. Moreover, the actual cruelty and worldliness of mankind, though everywhere more or less practised, are as universally recognized, not only as evil, but as unchristian. The bad and dangerous passions of society, the pleasure-seeking and selfish propensities, are under the constant criticism, reform, or protest of a spirit which is everywhere acknowledged as the spirit of Christianity.

It requires a knowledge of the shameless vice, the public, unreproved selfishness, sensuality, and cruelty of the most civilized portions of the earth at the period of Christ's coming — such a familiar knowledge as the author of "*Ecce Homo*" possesses—to understand and appreciate the immense gain and progress the world has made, and began at once to make, under Christ's influence. It is among the most blessed proofs of this influence, that we are now so slow to believe in the possibility of the selfishness, the lust, and the cruelty of the best classes of society in the most brilliant Greek and Roman days. The horrid excesses of drunkenness and licentiousness ; the ingenious and degrading ministry to the palate ; the foul, unnatural vices ; the riotous and brutal tastes for

gladiatorial murders, and conflicts between wild beasts and men ; the taking of lives by the hundred on the least provocation or caprice ; the perfect acquiescence in the hatreds and ceaseless quarrels of tribe with tribe, or class with class, or nation with nation,— all indicate, that in the midst of exquisite art and elegant literature and splendid state-show, with men of high intelligence and even great moral genius illuminating the era, there had not then really dawned upon the world the conception of a society founded on the love of man as man, or a recognition of the great essential equality of men as children of one God, and brothers of one another.

Such a society now exists, and is eighteen hundred years old. It is the foundation of public or international law ; the bond between nations, races, and eras ; the persisting, ever-strengthening organization, round which the instincts of truth and goodness, the sympathy, justice, mercy, pity, of the whole world rally. It is the purifier of public sentiment, and the corrector of public life. It furnishes the standard of progress, the anchor of hope, the inspiration of reform,— nay, even the common language in which nations and eras converse with each other, invoking the Christian religion to arbitrate their differences, or to justify their wars. This society we call the Church.

Now, the question treated by "Ecce Homo" is, How did this Church originate ? Is it the gradual crystallization of the improving moral and spiritual ideas of the world about a fortunate centre ? Has the experience of every thing else in history conspired at last to teach mankind, that the moral powers are entitled to a perfect sway over the intellectual and physical faculties ? Has the dim sense of the existence of a spiritual Deity gradually struggled through the clouds and fogs of human passions and sensations, until the idea of the unity, personality, and paternity of the Supreme Being has developed itself into clear and authoritative recognition, just as the principle of gravitation has, by slow degrees, got itself established over all the various crude mechanical theories that preceded it ? Has the religious nature of man, feeling blindly round, and passing through fetishism, idolatry, poly-

theism, theism, at length fastened upon that true notion of God which we call the Christian idea? And are the progress and development of religion in the world, only the slow and steady opening of man's spiritual nature under the stimulus of his experiences, and the growth of his other faculties; accelerated, perhaps, by the gifts and talents and labors of providential men, but in no degree dependent upon them for its final goal, even if, partially, for its rate of progress?

This is, of course, the answer which the advocates of a pure naturalism would be compelled to give. They could not deny the fact of the existence, the spirit, the influence, the triumph, of the Christian Church. But they could say, It is the victory of human nature, working itself out by its own laws and its own experience. Man, underneath every thing, is a moral and spiritual being; and his nature, give it time, will work out its holiest and noblest instincts. Christianity is merely the name for those accumulated results which the moral and spiritual nature has slowly hoarded up and embodied in what we call the Church.

Now, "Ecce Homo," without disputing this theory, but certainly without adopting it, finds the germ of this Christian society, this organized moral life, in the personality of Christ himself. Without raising the question of his miraculous origin and power (although assuming that he himself believed it), it depicts him as a sublimely gifted being, who claimed to be, and convinced his disciples that he was, the king of a moral and spiritual kingdom, which was to be set up in this world, without physical force or political influence, purely by strength of the moral convictions and personal allegiance of those who accepted him as their Master. Baptism and the fellowship of the communion table are the symbols of that allegiance. He supposes Christ animated by a precise plan or scheme, aiming to accomplish the very purposes he has so largely accomplished, and which are still all the while in process towards a complete victory. All of Christianity was contained in Christ, who saw his own purpose and plan through and through; and who is painted almost as if God himself had descended to earth, and, with infinite wisdom and

knowledge, devised and put into operation a plan for building up a great society of human fellowship, which in due time was to conquer every other kind of bond, and remove every other kind of restraint, and become a substitute for every other form of government.

It may be asked, in what respect this differs from the ordinary or Orthodox theory of Christ's work. Certainly not at all in the intentional and conscious character it ascribes to the Christian scheme. But it completely differs in utterly ignoring the whole notion of the fall of man, and the snarl and embarrassment in the divine councils; in having nothing to say about the Trinity, or even the deity of Christ; and in treating the whole question of human sin and depravity from a mild and humane point of view. In this respect, "*Ecce Homo*" meets the wants of the whole Orthodox world in a way likely to arouse the least opposition from the prejudices of its more formal guides. It assigns a dignity, efficiency, and importance to Christ and his work, which is wholly stripped of the usual embarrassments of scholastic theology, whether in its Trinitarian or Calvinistic form. It treats Christ's character and influence in a way that is both profoundly reverential and impressive, and, at the same time, intelligible and rational.

It is interesting to observe the contrast between "*Ecce Homo*" and the brilliant sketch of Renan, which attempts to show how a gifted and enthusiastic Jewish peasant of the most exquisite temperament and moral genius, under the influence of the stimulating climate and more stimulating traditions of Judea, dreamed himself into a prophet; and, with a soul half-deluded and half-deluding, attained such an influence as to perpetuate a school of disciples, who, practising on the superstitions of the day, and the prodigious impressions Jesus had made by his speech, appearance, and spirit, gradually worked into shape the whole miraculous foundation, on which afterwards rested the stupendous edifice of the Christian Church. The only valuable part of this celebrated and immensely popular work is its earnest recognition of the moral and spiritual genius of Jesus, the purely human

side of his character; together with the exquisite landscape, in the midst of which it sets down these events, revealing a more intelligible and interesting picture of Palestine, its mountains and lake, its whole physical scenery and outward life, than all other authors combined have been able to furnish. As to its theory respecting some of the acts of Jesus and the nature of his influence, it is alike offensive to reverence and to common sense; implying that the present system of morality and spirituality came from a half-impostor and conscious deceiver,— which is like tracing a stream of purest water to a bank of muddy clay.

"Ecce Homo" does not violate in any of its theories the sanctity, dignity, and clearness of Christ's character. On the contrary, the objection to its view is, that it ascribes to him almost an absolutely independent life and authority, as if the seal of moral and spiritual influence had been in him removed from heaven to earth; as if he were doing his own pure and holy will, and not the will of God; as if God had abdicated his throne over mankind, and set up Christ as the only king and the only God we need to know. This is the great defect of the book, and its fatal weakness. It seems to do without the Infinite Father and Providence, the true Spirit of holiness, to whom Jesus so constantly appealed, and in whose name he did all his wonderful works.

This tendency to deify Christ, and make him a substitute, not a representative, of God, is one of the most obvious and one of the most dangerous tendencies of modern thought. Thus the Swedenborgians seem to know no God but Christ "the Lord." They are Unitarians, but with Jesus for their God, instead of the Father. The Methodists are in many instances showing a decided disinclination to the Trinity, but an equally strong disposition to magnify Jesus as the only God. And a man of the rare religious genius of Mr. Beecher has had the shocking rashness to say, that "Jesus Christ was the only God he knew, or ever expected to know."

Now, if there be any thing absolutely essential to the permanent interests of the Church and the world, it is the stability of the idea of a spiritual Deity, the Creator of the

universe, and Father of the soul; one "whom no man hath seen or can see," the God and Father of Jesus Christ. "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." If there be any thing which ought to reconcile the world to the long and lingering existence of the scholastic dogma of the Trinity, it is the defence which it provided against purely humanitarian ideas of God. The deification of the Son, gross and unscriptural as it is, is a small evil compared with the confounding of the persons of the Godhead in Christ himself. The supremacy and spirituality of the Father were carefully maintained by the Trinity, and have been the great inheritance of the Church. One almost sees in the Swedenborgian theology, and in the implied theology of "*Ecce Homo*," why the pure spiritual Unitarianism, which we profess, is still instinctively avoided by the Church Universal, as if it opened the door to the worship of Christ as the only God,—a kind of Unitarianism which is shocking to contemplate, and which is wholly opposed to the Unitarianism which presents the Unseen and Eternal as the only God.

Guarding against this error of assuming in Christ the attributes of self-subsistence, omniscience, or omnipotence, or of ascribing to him a plan or scheme which took in a feature known only to Him to whom the future and the past are both alike, we cannot well exaggerate the influence of Christ's own personality upon the character and fortunes of the religion we call so justly by his name. It is not that he impressed upon his religion the stamp of his own genius, or the peculiarities of his character: it is not that he formed a plan of a grand originality, comparing, in spiritual things, with the schemes of Charlemagne, Alfred, or Napoleon, in political life. The very characteristic of his work is the absence from it of philosophical, literary, scholastic, political, or personal peculiarities. He has won his triumphs as "the perfect man,"—the only being of all known to our race, who had the possible contents of our common humanity so rounded out in his character, that we do not find in him any of the exceptional contrasts of qualities, or prominency of special traits, which give feature and individuality to ordinary men. *Sinlessness*

is the great originality which has placed him apart from all other men, and makes us feel it almost profane to name other names of sages, heroes, martyrs, or prophets in company with his.

Doubtless the experience of the race and the world had prepared for the reception of such a spiritual leader and head of a new society as Christ proved. But all its tendencies and all its preparation would have availed little without him. The pressure of principles, the force of tendencies, form only one factor in the progress of society: the influence of persons is the other. There is a jealousy of *personality* in much of our later and more original thinking, which is to be deprecated. Such is the modern sense of the value and force of principles, the influence of spiritual, moral, and physical laws, that many seem driven by its fascination to repudiate even the personality of God; while the permanent place of prophets, apostles, and of Christ himself, in the religious history of the race, seems the childish substitution of a temporary expedient and local experience for a universal law. But, upon any theory of immortality, it does seem to us that men and women are so vastly the most important part of this visible universe, that the laws of nature itself are less sacred than the laws of the human soul. More is to be learned of God from man, the greatest of his works, than from all the universe besides. The greatest thing in man is his *personality*, including both his individuality and the freedom of his will. And what is greatest in man is surely not to be left out in our account of God,—nay, rather is his crowning attribute. Why, then, should we object to own, that personalities as well as principles enter into the history of the race and the Church, as permanent elements and forces? Who that studies what the world owes to a hundred men scattered through history will question the immense significance of persons in the fortunes of the race? True, these great men were great and effectual because they represented great ideas, or great necessities, or great principles. It is only in the conjunction of the finest personality with the grandest principles and the noblest tendencies, that we have the intro-

duction of new eras and great reformations in history. Luther and his times, Washington and his times, are illustrations of this. But, among these providential personalities, we might naturally expect a personality, which, connecting itself with the highest and holiest interests and capacities of man, should rise over all the rest, as Chimborazo among the Andes,—the head of principalities and powers, the permanent type and representative of moral and spiritual authority, so far as it can dwell in any thing outside each human soul. Jesus Christ is the man of men, the person of persons, the majestic and holy embodiment of what is most lovely and sacred in humanity. He assumed the kingship of his race by a necessity equally providential and natural. We find nothing incredible in the seal of miracles put upon a moral and spiritual perfection such as his. If there be a living God, who loves his children and guides our race, we see nothing unworthy his interference, in lighting up the darkness about our Saviour with signs and wonders, as we hold up the costliest lamps to show the loveliness of the most consummate picture. If we were to try Christ's greatness by the most delicate test, it was essential to show how little external miracles could shine in the presence of his moral and spiritual perfections. After all his wondrous acts of raising the dead, and feeding thousands from a few loaves, and rising from the grave himself,—his gracious words, his holy spirit, are vastly more precious and awing, more divine and attractive, than his greatest miracles. But his miracles are none the less, but only the more, credible for this,—that he could do without them, and we could do without them. To him who hath shall be given. The king does not need his jewels, and they are pale beside his real authority; but he has them. And Christ had his miracles; and eclipsed them by his life, example, and spirit.

It is very interesting to see in works like that under our notice, and like Renan's, the fascination of Christ's person for our race. We fully believe that he is the sole condition of the existence of the Christian Church, and that a Christianity without Christ would be a solar system without the sun. It

is in vain to rally men about ideas alone, especially in matters involving the affections. When you have a war without a flag, you may have a religion without a standard-bearer. Christ is the head of the Church and the head of the race. God has made him so, and time and change will not disown him.

ART. IX.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THE completing of one portion of Colenso's long and laborious task* enables us to take a connected view of the results he considers himself to have established, and of the evidence on which they rest.

As to the evidence, it is impossible for a mere abstract, however faithful, to give a fair account of it. It includes a "critical analysis" of the Book of Genesis, by chapter, verse, and phrase, the detailed statement of which occupies 260 solid pages of the present volume. It includes an analysis, almost as thorough, of the language of the Psalms, so as to ascertain their correspondences of religious phrase with different portions of the Pentateuch, and to trace their allusions to incidents of the history. It includes the consideration of every point that can be found in the historic or prophetic books of the Old Testament, so as to throw light on any step of the development of religious thought, or on any obscure reference to custom, tradition, or superstition, among the Hebrew people. It assumes a familiarity with the later critical literature of the subject, which can come only by years of special study, and an acquaintance with all that has been brought to light in the obscure field of Syrian and Phœnician mythology. Hardly any motive less strong than the polemic *animus*, roused in a vigorous and independent mind by opposition such as Bishop Colenso has met, would carry one through the weariness of such an investigation. Certainly, no process less thorough can entitle a man to pronounce so confident an opinion as that which he feels himself

* The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. Part V. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 8vo. (Two divisions, with Preface and Appendices.) pp. xlvi. 320, 320.

prepared to give. As to the attempted answers of his English opponents,—Bishop Browne and others,—to judge from the exhibition of their points which we find in the present volume, they are, to the last degree, feeble and insufficient. In point of qualification for his immediate task, Colenso may be fairly said to have his antagonists wholly at his mercy. And it would not be easy to find a critic competent even to revise, and pronounce upon, the testimony he has gathered. The comparative suddenness with which he accepted his present views, at mature life, as soon they were distinctly presented to his mind; the sharp, developed, and positive form they have taken from the first in his exposition of them; the bold and consistent rationalism with which he has pushed them to their results, so that they appear rather a logical sequence than a mental growth,—have given something raw and wilful to the aspect of them, as he has compelled them on the unwilling eye of England. While the singularly devout, as well as resolute and manly spirit in which he has entered the lists, as champion of the truth it is given him to see, might prepossess ever so unfriendly a critic to judge him generously.

It is, of course, quite out of our power to exhibit even an outline of the evidence presented in this large and (spite of its bristling aspect) extremely interesting volume. It will be more convenient to give a brief statement of the results to which the author has been led, and which he considers to be, in the main, sufficiently established for purposes of history and for a key to criticism.

The Israelites, he holds, occupied the land of Canaan, not by an act of overwhelming conquest, not as an organized nation or family of tribes, and not under the inspiration of any common worship or faith; at best, with dim and uncertain traditions of a common ancestry. The hero Joshua himself is little other than a myth; the book bearing his name, and detailing the adventures of the invasion, is probably from the same hand that composed "Deuteronomy," in the spirit of the later prophets, and in the age of the later monarchy. They were a scattered few—however resolute and fierce—amidst a population more trained, more civilized, and far more numerous. The Book of Judges is the most authentic record of that time. The period it covers—probably not much over a hundred years—is disordered, incoherent, with no one trace of the developed worship or nationality usually ascribed to Moses. The name "Jehovah" was to all appearance unknown. The religious customs and superstitions were such as prevailed among the Canaanitish tribes, already masters of the soil. The real founder of the Hebrew State, and originator of the Hebrew worship, was Samuel,

who, in this theory, occupies very nearly the position of eminence which the usual tradition ascribes to Moses. And it is to his age, *probably to his hand*, that we owe that first, brief summary of the traditions of the elder time which we call the "Elohistic Narrative," occupying about two-ninths of the present Book of Genesis.

This narrative, so far as concerns the present argument, ends with the verses at the beginning of the sixth chapter of Exodus, in which the name "JEHOVAH" is solemnly introduced, with the distinct statement that it had been unknown to the patriarchs, who had worshipped God only under the title EL-SHADDAI, rendered in our Bible "God Almighty." This name, then, was adopted by Samuel, for whatever reason, as the symbol of the national worship he established, and of the primitive faith he taught. It was a name already existing in the religious beliefs and worships of the Canaanitish tribes,—a name well known in the Greek report of the Syrian mythology as Iao,—the Lord of Life, the universal Deity.* This name, being already that held in highest reverence, and loftiest in its signification, was adopted as the name of the "covenant God of Israel" by Samuel and the religious reformers of his prophetic school; and to it were gathered, by sacred association, those attributes of holiness, majesty, and mercy which so strongly mark the type of the true Hebrew piety.

In this development, and in the higher religious life of Israel, we have a genuine Revelation, made by the Living God to the great leaders and prophets of the Hebrews. But, to the people, the name had been already known in the superstitions of the land. To them the Being it signified—distinguished in this volume by being printed in the symbolic form JHVH—was simply "the Baal" (or "Lord") of Israel; and to him, "on high places and under every green tree," was offered that bloody, impure, and idolatrous worship which it is impossible on critical grounds to distinguish from the worship of the true God of Israel, while, in fact, it was the very superstition which it was the prophets' commission to abolish. Perhaps the contribution of clearest critical value which Colenso has made to the general study of this

* According to the oracle of the Clarian Apollo, of disputed authenticity, "Iao is the Most High God of all,—in winter, Aïdes; Zeus, in commencing spring; Helios, in summer; and, at the end of autumn, tender Adonis." We adopt what seems to us the more likely reading—"Adonis," evidently corresponding to the Hebrew "Adonai" or "Lord."

subject, is the distinction which he carefully preserves between JHVH, the Syrian name of Deity, adopted by the Israelites, and honored in the cruel and sensual way common to the Syrian worship; and JEHOVAH, the type of that purer faith created and developed, through the centuries of the national existence, by the inspired succession of the prophets.

It is this Name that characterizes the successive revisions and expansions of the narrative we find in Genesis. Assuming the hand, or, at any rate, the age of Samuel, as that to which the earlier sketch is most probably inscribed, we are justified in assigning these several revisions (as many as four or five) to as many periods, marked by the increasing familiarity and frequency of its mention. It is here that the parallel investigation of the Psalms offers such important evidence. The names of Nathan and of Gad, prophets in David's reign, and of Jeremiah, as contemporary with the Deuteronomic recast in the reign of Josiah, suggest themselves, if not as the actual writers, at least as representing the successive dates, of the composition. We may fairly presume, that *bond fide* traditions and actual historic names have made the groundwork of much that we find in Genesis. But it would not be against the genius, the mental habits, or the good faith of the composers, if we were to suppose that considerable portions are free, dramatic narrative,—as much so as "The Pilgrim's Progress" or "the Prodigal Son,"—composed purely with a view to edification, and with no thought of conforming to historical fact. We have only to assume (the suggestion is our own), that the cycle of patriarchal tradition which we find in Genesis made the conventional stock of material for this style of composition, just as a narrow cycle of myth and legend made the stock of material for the Greek drama; and, without any very violent effort of literary imagination, we may conceive our present, fragmentary narrative, so artlessly pieced together, to be the *débris* of a body of religious tradition vastly more voluminous, as it was recovered from the wreck of the Captivity, and recast by the hand or the school of Ezra. If Colenso's theory, as it stands, is incomplete, it is, we think, for lack of some such link connecting it with the later traditions. This link, it seems not too much to hope, his future labors may supply, along with a fresh examination of those strange statistics of the later Pentateuch, which have been expanded on such a truly Babylonian scale.

J. H. A.

It might have seemed a hopeless attempt to verify the theory we have sketched, relative to the early history of Hebrew faith and worship, from any sources outside the usual lines of history and criticism. But the ingenuity of a Dutch scholar, Dr. Dozy,* has found, in an obscure passage of the Old Testament (1 Chronicles iv. 39–44), the hint of a migration out of Palestine, as early as the time of Saul or the first years of David; and has built upon it, with such help as might be gathered from Arabian sources and local names, until he has wrought a shapely sketch of a very curious episode in the Hebrew story. It would appear, that a portion of the tribe of Simeon,—already “scattered and dispersed in Israel” when the Oracle of Jacob was composed,—being either expelled (as Dr. Dozy thinks) by Saul, for their slack service against the Amalekites, or (as Colenso holds) driven by pressure of numbers and want, migrated somewhere beyond the territory of Edom, and established themselves by conquest and massacre, after the manner of their fathers, somewhere in the Arabian peninsula, where they founded a sanctuary and a worship of their own. These were no other, argues the Dutch expounder, than the old sanctuary and worship of Mecca, which, after subsisting more than fifteen hundred years, were overthrown by Mohammed, in his first onslaught on the idolaters. If this could be established,—and the philological argument seems plausible,†—it would throw a little gleam of cross-light on the obscure path of the early Hebrew annals. In particular, it would confirm the adoption of the name Jehovah as the symbol of the national worship, at a period at least as late as that assigned to the migration. The old worship of Mecca, with the Arabian traditions referring thereto, make no mention of that name; while in “Hobal” there is a trace of the name “Baal,” which has been seen to be the generic title of gods in Palestine. Dr. Dozy, it would appear, employs the argument to prove the identity of Baal-worship with the early religion of the Hebrews; his Dutch critic insists upon the distinction between Baal as the Syrian, and Jehovah as the Israelite Divinity; while Colenso maintains that (as above explained) the

* The Worship of Baalim in Israel; based upon the Work of Dr. R. Dozy, “The Israelites in Mecca.” By Dr. H. Oort. Translated from the Dutch, and enlarged with Notes and Appendices, by the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 8vo. pp. 94.

† The word in verse 41, rendered “habitations,” is rendered by Gesenius as a proper name, “Mensei,”—the name of a well-known tribe inhabiting the Arabian peninsula.

Syrian JHVH became, in popular superstition, "the Baal" of Israel,—a conception assumed, enlightened, and spiritualized by the prophets. This little treatise gives the briefest and clearest general view of that theory which Colenso has elaborately maintained elsewhere.

THE essay of another Dutch scholar in this department, though attractive in its title,* offers little help in the study of the topics just referred to. It deals largely with the testimony of monuments and inscriptions, and has the vague, dry, and unsatisfying character that seems inseparable from that style of exposition. Its argument traces an antagonism between the Asiatic and the Egyptian elements in the Hebrew religion. The Patriarchs, descending from the interior highlands, worshipped the deity *El-Shaddai*, the god of pasture and husbandry; and, making part of that armed migration known as the invasion of the *Hycsos*, carried their worship, victorious, into Egypt. The name "Seth" is not, as we might fancy, derived from the mythic ages of Hebrew genealogy; but from the hieroglyphs of Egypt, where various inscriptions are made out seeming to identify this divinity with that worshipped by the *Hycsos*,—first an object of reverence, and then of abhorrence, to the pious Egyptians. Along with this, sundry Levitical rites—the "scape-goat," the sacrifice of the red cow, &c.—are identified with Egyptian custom; and the theory is held, that the "Jehovistic" or Mosaic faith was developed out of Egyptian elements, and was maintained by the Levitical body in hostility to the popular feeling which clung to the Syrian superstitions of Baal, Moloch, and the rest. But the way of transition to the name and worship of Jehovah is not indicated; there is no attempt to trace the development of the religious *idea*, only the genealogy of a *ritual*; the critical opinions respecting the Hebrew Scriptures, though free enough, seem second-hand and vague; and, except as a guide in one very narrow line of investigation, we imagine that the book will be of little value. We cite it as an example of the very wide, and perhaps erratic, course which criticism is taking, as it strives to compass the problem of the Hebrew religious history.

THE rapid and vigorous development of the modern spirit is nowhere more evident than in the wide-spread effort of religious faith to adjust itself to the results of rational thought. It is in the interest of this

* *La Religion des Pre-Israelites: Recherches sur le Dieu Seth.* Par W. PLEYTE. Utrecht: T. de Bruyn. 8vo, pp. 258. 10 plates.

effort that "Present Religion" * is written. Miss Hennell is known as an exponent of the most sincere and the most uncompromising *radicalism*, — to use this term in its best sense. She wishes to go to the root of the matter, and trace the growth through which religion has reached its present condition. To many minds there will be a sense of something very sad in the work as it is here done, as if faith were pulled up by the roots, and left to bleed and die; but no considerate critic can fail to see that this argues nothing against the work, or against the method in which it is done. On the contrary, it but indicates that the peculiar "*cross*," incident to the task, has been conscientiously accepted. Therefore we deem it of the first importance to say, that whatever, in the results of Miss Hennell's labors, may seem injurious to faith, should on every account be held under patient advisement by the student, rather than peremptorily condemned. The general conviction with which "Present Religion" is offered to the reader, Miss Hennell expresses in the following:—

"It is to me, I desire to assert, a blessed conviction, that not any of the revolutions, which it is the nature of religious faith to undergo, can ever shake its permanency, or prevent its being to us the most vitally efficient part of our constitution.

"Nevertheless," she continues, "it is quite true that a contrary feeling is most naturally to be entertained upon the matter. For by whatever easy and almost insensible steps the change now in question has been effected, yet, when we cast our eyes backward upon the whole distance it has led us, the result is one of such astonishing magnitude as may well prostrate our spirits before it in terror at the contemplation, if it does not actually succeed in producing the contrary, and, as I conceive, rightful effect, of commanding them by the very force of its grandeur into admiration; and, moreover, the latter impression is inexplicable to those who have not yet experienced it: just because, in the nature of the case, the perception of it cannot possibly arise till the very last point in the transformation has been gained. As long as but a single link is wanting to complete the demonstration of the perfect revolution as having been accomplished, no hint of the real purport of the revolution is apparent." — p. 3.

The importance of the consideration here presented is quite overlooked by those among us who are in terror of the ravages of "naturalism." It must be remembered, as it is not in some instances, that,

* *Present Religion, as a Faith owning Fellowship with Thought.* By SARA G. HENNELL, author of "Thoughts in Aid of Faith." Part I. London: Trübner & Co. 1865.

when "men and brethren" adopt "naturalism" as a method of faith, they cannot be presumed to have lost the life of faith, however much they have changed the form of it. It is the object of Miss Hennell's present work to delineate the change which religion has passed through from the earliest origin of the elements of Christianity to the present time. The spirit in which the task is undertaken is that of the ripest Christian faith. Miss Hennell, indeed, claims throughout an equal share with the Orthodox themselves in the "faith once delivered to the saints," although in a sense quite different from that of the Orthodox; and no one can deny that the claim is thoroughly honest, and, from her point of view, perfectly just. In dealing, as she does, with the accredited form of the Christian religion as fatally defective, and destined to perish, the author of "Present Religion" does not omit to vindicate and applaud Hebrew and Christian religion in the past. She "believes heartily" in Isaiah, Matthew, and John, and in the Athanasian Creed; only the method of her believing is not that of assent to authority, but that of naturalism.

In the whole explanation of matters of faith, the naturalistic method proceeds upon the assumption of a true life of faith in human history. In this it claims to contrast favorably with the method which it supplants, and to make this latter method appear essentially, in the comparison, sceptical. In the comparison, we say; for in fact, and upon the principle of the new method, the old method represents a stage of the life of faith, and the stage next preceding that to which faith has now passed. If the radical critic should enlarge upon *conservative infidelity*, in connection with the writings of Mansel, or Henry Rogers, or others of the school fitly named "Hard Church," it would only be in the spirit which honors a corpse by giving it decent burial. That is to say, the radical critic finds the life of faith gone out of the old form, and thus, of necessity, considers it no work of faith to urge that form, *as a form*, against the new results of criticism and meditation. So long as living men, imbued with living faith, confess their faith under the old form, the naturalistic critic cannot object, except to present the appeal of reason. In this sense he adheres to the past. He believes heartily in Matthew and in Athanasius with his creed. The sense in which he does not believe in the past is this: He does not accept for himself the conceptions under which the past expressed its faith. Entering into the minds in which those conceptions originated, he sees that these minds themselves indicated a stage in the progress of faith, and thus were on the way to a living, and so genuine,

transformation of the conceptions which seemed to them final. This transformation has a profound reality and authority to the radical, startling as it may seem to the mind that has not meditated deeply, because it appears as the fruit of that progress of faith, or progress of the human mind, which the Divine Order has imposed from the beginning, nay from "before the foundation of the world," and is now instantly and imperatively urging forward. It is as a fruit of the *true* "supernatural," the supernatural *order*, that naturalism sets aside the "supernatural" of the past. So of every detail of Christian faith. That which was venerated is set aside, not because it was not indeed Christian and true in its place; true with the life in it, spite of imperfection of form; but because it becomes false when the life is gone out of it, or when it is urged, in the manner of dogmatism, as mere form.

Our space does not permit us to do more than call attention to Miss Hennell's valuable illustration of the naturalistic method of dealing with Christianity. But we can assure our readers, after a careful study of "Present Religion," that those of them who have interest and capacity to take her thought without too close regard to its envelope, as she herself, upon her own principle, would wish it taken, will find in it some of the most valuable results of faithful religious thinking. As it should be, for a work which is among those which break ground, "Present Religion" is a labored work, and one not *easy*, but rather *satisfactory*, to read. The present volume being Part I. of the author's work on "Present Religion," the appearance of the second volume, which is to include the remaining part of the work, will furnish an occasion, we hope, for an extended and careful review of the whole work.

E. C. T.

In a second brilliant volume,* M. Renan continues his vain endeavor to recount the origin of Christianity, and interpret the faith and labors, the influence and spirit, of Christ and his apostles, upon purely natural grounds. Starting with the assumption, that miracles are things that have never happened, that all such as come within historical conditions have been traced to imposture or credulity, and that it is folly to presume that those which antedate scientific or strictly historical periods would not fall under the same condemnation, had we the means of testing them, M. Renan, professing the ten-

* *Les Apôtres : Histoire des Origines du Christianisme. Livre Deuxième.*
Ernest Renan : Paris, 1866.

derest reverence and admiration for the gospel, leaves himself no alternative but to show how we can save something of the dignity and truth of Christianity, something of the beauty and worth of the characters of its founders, and yet concede that the history on which the world has relied for its account of them is steeped in fables, and woven in and out with feeble and absurd superstitions and miraculous pretensions. Confessing all the moral and religious superiority which its most believing disciples claim for Christianity, acknowledging its power and place in the world, contending for its perpetuity, M. Renan ascribes this religion to the moral and spiritual genius of Jesus, struggling up through the credulity and superstition of the time, and clothing itself, either intentionally or unconsciously, in the miraculous web woven for it by ignorance and delusion.

In the present volume, he attempts to trace the gradual growth of mythical opinion in Christ's disciples, relative to his resurrection, — a fact, which, of course, he has to explain away; while he accounts for the early existence of belief in it, and the positive place it occupies in records, the genuineness of which he admits.

We may as well say at once, that the elaborate ingenuity of M. Renan, in accounting for the passage of simple, natural facts into supernatural fables, is, in this case and all others, to our mind trifling and wearisome. We should be better content with an abandonment of the whole history, than with the attempt to read it back into ordinary facts. The patronizing air with which this philosopher spares Christianity, while paring its miraculous pretensions away, is simply offensive. We understand the spirit of this patronage, when we see M. Renan (p. 62) not only defending, but teaching the duty of reserve on the part of Christian ministers, in expressing either their doubts or their knowledge, when likely to offend the superstitious prejudices of humble believers. M. Renan evidently thinks superstition a wholesome and necessary thing. If the common people had not a faith in miracles, we suspect M. Renan would think it not too late to invent one, and furnish their empty souls with so essential a nutriment. If one cannot be a philosopher, the next best thing is to be an enthusiast and fanatic! M. Renan does not write for plain, simple, humble Christians. Happy in their holy ignorance, cursed be the critic that disturbs their pious bliss with the learned truth! The French Revolution has taught M. Renan, he says (page 64), "what fatal consequences follow the efforts of Rationalism to govern the world without regard to the religious wants of the soul." Are

we to understand him that faith in miracles is one of these wants? But, unhappily, since history, science, and philosophy are wholly incapable of conceding any such facts,—nay, bound to disprove the possibility of them,—the world has no resource but to protect the people in their beneficent superstitions, and thank God for the tender delusions which feed their faith and piety!

There runs through the present volume, as through the life of Jesus, a conception of religion which may be considered as characteristically Roman Catholic and French. M. Renan seems to regard the religious interests and religious life of the world as at least separable from its ordinary and secular life. It is not what religion does to strengthen and purify the reason, quicken and purge the conscience, enlarge the sphere of morality, and dignify and order life in general, that makes it a public necessity for him, but, apparently, what it does to supply common people, incapable of reasoning, ignorant of science, untrained in the use of their mental faculties, with a wholesome and comforting substitute for what sages and philosophers live on. The world must be managed, and religion is the best instrument with which to manage it. Human nature has a necessity, in its average specimens, for some kind of mystic and superstitious faith. Christianity meets this want better than any religion that has ever been invented, or which has invented itself; and wise and good men will see to it that the mind of the people is not too much or too suddenly disturbed with the doubts or denials which science and philosophy cannot but entertain. It is difficult to reconcile M. Renan's tenderness for the popular faith, his evident attachment for monks and nuns, and the ignorances of the pious poor, with his industry in destroying all the foundations of this sweet confidence.

M. Renan evidently traces Christianity to the local predominance in Palestine of a constitutional sensibility to mystic excitements, and a climatic incapacity for that intellectual activity and steadiness which would have corrected these morbid tendencies. As he says in a characteristic passage:—

“Like all mystics, the new sect led a life of fasting and austerity. Like most Orientals, they ate little, which served to keep their minds exalted. The sobriety of the Syrian, a cause of physical debility, put him in a perpetual state of feverishness and nervous susceptibility. Our modern continuous intellectual efforts would be impossible on such a regimen. But this cerebral and muscular weakness led, without apparent cause, to vivid alternations of sadness and joy, which put the soul in continual relation with God.

What they called 'a godly sorrow' passed for a celestial gift. The whole doctrine of the Fathers touching the spiritual life, all the secrets of the grand art of the inner life,—one of the most glorious creations of Christianity,—had their germs in the peculiar state of feeling which transfixed, during their season of protracted ecstasy, these illustrious ancestors of all succeeding men of aspiration. Their moral state was exceptional. They lived in the supernatural: they acted only under visions. Dreams and the most insignificant events seemed to them heavenly intimations.

"Under the name of gifts of the Holy Ghost were concealed the rarest and the most exquisite effusions of the soul,—love, pity, respectful fear, sighs without object, sudden languors, spontaneous tendernesses. All that arose in man that was good, and without his own conscious part in it, was attributed to a celestial inspiration. Tears, above all, were held as a heavenly bestowment. That charming gift, privilege of the purest and the best alone, was then lavishly and sweetly abundant. We know what strength delicate natures, especially feminine ones, draw from the divine faculty of much weeping. It is their form of prayer, and certainly the holiest form. We must come down to the middle ages, to the piety steeped in the tears of Saint Bruno, Saint Bernard, and Saint Francis d'Assisi, to recover the chaste melancholy of those early days, when literally they sowed in tears to reap in joy. Weeping became an act of piety. Those who could neither preach, nor speak in tongues, nor work miracles, could weep. They wept in prayers, in preaching, in prophesying. It was the opening of the reign of tears. One might have said that souls melted, and sought, in the absence of words, to manifest themselves in their whole interior life in this touching and telling way."—p. 72.

Can any thing be more French than this? This sentimental glorification of tears; this unstinted praise of the morbid effusions of hungry and macerated bodies; this tracing of the gospel river back to a fountain of weeping men and women, whose brains had oozed out at their eyes,—seems to us a compound of grimace and romance, of monastic superstition and Parisian impertinence, which only a cross of monk and grisette could have produced. We do not wonder that M. Renan says elsewhere (p. 128):—

"Monastic life is, in this sense, only the continuation of the primitive churches. The convent is the necessary consequence of the Christian spirit. Perfect Christianity is found only in convents, since the evangelical ideal can only be realized there."

We see what M. Renan thinks of *perfect* Christianity,—how feminine, how sentimental, how morbid a thing it is. We do not wonder that he elsewhere sneers at the home or family life of England, as a sour, narrow, and transitory form of society, which will one day

give place to a kind of communism, not indeed like any thing now existing, and which M. Renan is wise in not further defining.

There is a want of practical good sense, of sound, healthy feeling in M. Renan, which gives his books almost the demoralizing influence of Bulwer's early novels, or Dumas's later ones. We do not wonder at their vast popularity. They are as intoxicating as Byron's "Bride of Abydos;" as laden with information, and full of picturesque description as Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." They flatter the reader's understanding, while they excite his imagination. They are bold and plausible, destructive and conservative, full of audacious generalization and of nice detail, of careful historical study and exquisite landscape-painting, of sentimental piety and profound scepticism; but they have no hold on the real power and essence of Christianity. They are will-less and enervating: they set truth and good in opposition to each other: they found virtue on ignorance, and faith on credulity. Science and philosophy must go their own way; piety and Christian devotedness, theirs. It is not so much in what Renan says, as in what he seems truly ignorant of, that we find his greatest weakness. He evidently has not conceived of Jesus Christ as a being in whom met judgment, calmness, and wisdom, united with moral elevation, spiritual insight, and essential holiness and wholeness. His theory leads him to depict the apostles as ignorant, morbid, eccentric, and off the balance of sobriety. He degrades them all,—first, to elevate the conception of Christ, which needs no such contrast; and, next, to account for their credulity, and perversion of the doctrine which they received. His portrait of Paul is the most painful and unfaithful we have ever seen drawn. Unbelieving in miracles, he believes in the tradition of the features of actual portraits of the great apostle; and favors us with this historic description:—

"Paul's person was contemptible, and answered not, it seems, to the grandeur of his soul. He was ugly, of low stature, thick set, and hunch-backed. His broad shoulders carried oddly a small and bald head. His pallid face was buried in a thick beard, out of which loomed an aquiline nose, piercing eyes, and black eyebrows, meeting in the middle. His speech had nothing imposing. Something timid, embarrassed, incorrect, gave at first a poor idea of his eloquence. A man of tact, he blazoned his own external defects, and drew his advantages from it. The Jewish race has this peculiarity, that it presents at once types of the greatest beauty and the supremest ugliness; but Jewish ugliness is a thing by itself. Some of these homely faces, which at first excite a smile, take on, as soon as they are illumined from within, a kind of deep splendor and majesty."

But we cannot follow M. Renan any further, for want of space. We can never concede that the religion which has banished the superstitions of the world is itself only a finer superstition ; that the miracles which have driven false marvels and lying wonders to such an extent out of the human mind are themselves impostures and delusions ; that the Fountain-head of moral truth in history was himself a partial accomplice of deceivers ; that the apostolic saints of the ages have been distinguished as much by intellectual weakness as by moral elevation ; that God comes to us through starvation and sickly brains ; that sense and faith are natural enemies, science and revelation deadly foes, and the solid foundations of our historical faith rest upon the dreams of Syrian lazzaroni and the vigils of fasting fanatics.

H. W. B.

F. G. S. **PHILOSOPHY.**

It must often have struck those who have gone along in the main assenting with Mr. Mill's clear and beautiful analysis, that behind the philosophy which is consciously adopted something is unconsciously assumed. It is right to analyze the facts of consciousness, till we have arrived at their last elements : only it is *human* consciousness, after all ; and how much that implies ! The actual genealogy of moral emotions and ideas may be traced till they seem lost in some vivid experience of personal and real benefit ; but, after all, it is *moral* emotions and ideas with which we have to deal. Laws of physical order and growth, laws of "succession and similitude," may seem to give us a complete theory of the universe ; but no man, we take it, seriously thinks, that, given a "homogeneous" chaos, an organic and intelligent existence will be "differentiated" out of it, without some presiding Intelligence, some controlling Plan. And, while the favorite philosophy of the day busies itself with making its analysis as exhausting, and its physical theory as complete, as possible, it is a higher service when a mind of perspicuity and vigor scarce inferior, and of imagination and sympathies far wider in their range, enters its protest in behalf of the human, the religious, the distinctively ethical and spiritual. "There is, doubtless," says Mr. Martineau, "a different reading of the world present to the mind of the man of science, and to the soul of the poet and the prophet, — the one spelling out the order of its phenomena ; the other, the meaning of its beauty, the mystery of its sorrow, the sanctity of its Cause."

This difference lies often between men's conscious philosophy and what they unconsciously and necessarily assume as soon as they come to speak of any of the higher topics of character, destiny, and duty. And we confess a particular indebtedness to one, who, discerning the difference, aims to bring the "spiritual" into as clear philosophic consciousness as the "natural."

This is the precise service which Mr. Martineau has rendered in the Essays just republished.* In external style, they are companion-volumes on the shelf with the handsome series of Mr. Mill's "Dissertations;" in substance, they are their needed philosophical antithesis. In only one of this series of papers — that on "Personal Influences in our Present Theology" — is this purpose even momentarily obscured, though most prominently put forward, perhaps, in the magnificent essay on "Science, Nescience, and Faith." The writer does himself and his theme the honor of grappling with the ablest and most famous defenders of the philosophy he opposes, — Comte, Mill, Spencer, Mansel, Bain. He sets himself to oppose, not only the theory which appears to deny facts of the spiritual order, but, with a special zeal, that which denies our power to know those facts. Mansel's philosophic scepticism he assails with even a keener relish than Comte's naturalism or Mill's curiously consistent idealism.† He despairs that a "practical reason" should fill the void which a "critique of pure reason" has just made. He "objects to being drowned in the sea of speculation, just that the Humane Society of practical principles may rub us into life again." He holds, and vindicates with a fervor refreshing to witness, the reality of a personal inspiration, and a first-hand knowledge of divine things. His method is less that of development than that of vindication. His book is a protest, emphatic for the very constancy and fervor of repetition. It is a book of testimony, gathering weight as it proceeds. He works his subject

* *Essays, Philosophical and Theological.* By JAMES MARTINEAU. Boston: William V. Spencer. pp. 424.

† Thus, Mr. Mill says of his own definition of Matter as "a Permanent Possibility of Sensation," not only (as he has a perfect right to say) that this is *all of Matter which science has to deal with*, but that it is *all which the general sense of mankind requires*. Mr. Martineau had not the advantage of having this formal definition before him; but he has divined it in the drift of Mr. Mill's psychology, and given it an effective answer (pp. 83-89). Nature herself compels Mr. Mill to use the phrase, "Cause of Sensation," after all (note, p. 89).

over and over, like a painter; keeping the same outlines, but deepening the color, refining the proportions, and enhancing the life.

The reader of this volume is struck, most of all, by its avowed and consistent Dualism. Mr. Martineau, we believe, was educated in the Necessarian school of the older English Unitarianism,—the school which he recognizes so intelligently in what he says of Hartley, of Priestley, and of Coleridge. But, as his religious convictions matured, he seems to have seen clearly that every form of Monism must lead, at last, to Fatalism, and to have distinctly accepted the alternative. His very remarkable discourse on Moral Evil, in the "Liverpool Lectures," contains the finest exposition we know of the religious doctrine of Necessity,—that which his sister maintained so earnestly as the latest phase of her religious faith. But, in this discourse, it is only the preface to the acceptance of an Eternal Principle distinct from, if not hostile to, the Eternal God. Morally, the recognition of Evil *in se* compels such an avowal; and, philosophically, it is no harder to assume two ultimate principles in the universe than one. Mr. Martineau seems to us vague and weak where, as in the present volume (p. 163), he attempts to justify this view by suggesting the independent existence of Matter having only "primary qualities," and no specific properties. Comte's maxim is truer;—that "dead matter" is a contradiction in terms. But he is strong where he exposes the fallacy of those who would develop a living universe by the mere operation of cosmical laws.* He is strong where he argues that Personality is the only intelligible embodiment of Force, and that we know nothing of Cause, except from the act of an intelligent Will. And his service is equally timely and able when he protests against that subtle Materialism which assimilates the mind and character of men to the natural play of forces in inorganic things,

* "In not a few of the progressionists, the weak illusion is unmistakable, that, with time enough, you may get every thing out of next-to-nothing. Grant us, they seem to say, any tiniest granule of power, so close upon zero that it is not worth begrudging; allow it some trifling tendency to infinitesimal increment,—and we will show you how this little stock became the Kosmos, without ever taking a step worth thinking of, much less constituting a case for design. The argument is a mere appeal to an incompetency in the human imagination, in virtue of which magnitudes evading conception are treated as out of existence; and an aggregate of inappreciable increments is simultaneously equated, in its cause, to *nothing*, in its effect to *the whole of things*. . . . Surely it is a mean device for a philosopher thus to crib causation by hairs-breadths, to put it out at compound interest through all time, and then disown the debt" (pp. 141-2).

and when he restores to the philosophic contemplation the truth we assume, in all moments of religious aspiration, of "the glorious *liberty* of the sons of God."

It was implied, in the nature of the present task, that Mr. Martineau's vindication should be polemic and controversial, rather than simply affirmative. The polemic temper strikes us sometimes as carried rather to an excess, as where he dwells on the senile infirmities of Comte, or pushes Herbert Spencer so hotly to his logical results. But this is also a help in giving precision and relief to a cast of thought apt to be declamatory, vague, and dim. Mr. Martineau's style of thought is somewhat abstract; his intellect is fastidious and refined; his diction, technical, scholastic, and hard. But for the zest of a visible encounter, the fine play of thought would dazzle and perplex. We are greatly obliged to him for dealing with antagonists of flesh and blood.

We find help in his argument, too, from the free play of a half-poetic fancy that multiplies images,—sometimes with pure, artistic beauty or human tenderness, sometimes with a touch of the grotesque, enough to stir the sense of humor; for instance, in the exceeding relish of his reply to Mansel:—

"The danger of such a comprehensive refutation always is, lest it should inadvertently include yourself. It is difficult to set so large an appetite to work, and stand yourself out of reach of its voracity. And we have serious fears that Dr. Mansel must, sooner or later, fall a victim to the hunger of his own logic" (p. 223). "Where the receptive power is at fault, it is vain to multiply and intensify communication: as well might you hang a blind-asylum with mirrors, and expect, that, though the daylight was useless, the brilliancy at night would tell. . . . Our author's logic in mowing down its thistle-field inconsiderately mows off its own legs. . . . He cleverly pursues and breaks the track of many a system of erratic metaphysics; but, fascinated with the hunt of delusion and incompetency, he pushes the rout too far, . . . rides over the brink of the solid world, and falls into the abysses" (pp. 232-3). "What, after all, is the amount of this terrible nescience, victoriously established by such a flourish of double-edged abstractions? Let not the dazzled observer be alarmed: with all their swift dexterities, these metaphysical whiffers draw no blood; if they do more than beat the air, they cleave only ghostly foes that need no healing, and are immortal" (p. 187).

J. H. A.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

WE alluded, upon a former occasion, to Herr von Sybel's history of the revolutionary period from 1789 to 1795, and are glad to record that its worth has been recognized in England, by a translation published in London. The "Historische Zeitschrift," which he edits with so much ability, we have also called attention to, as a singularly valuable review of all contemporary historical research,—a review which (we cannot omit the opportunity to repeat) is absolutely indispensable to an intelligent understanding of the present condition of historical science.

The work undernoted* is made up of several short essays, all of them marked by the same vigor of thought and clearness of expression which characterize his elaborate writings. The political and social condition of the early Christians; the Germans, upon their appearance in history; Eugene of Savoy; Catharine II. of Russia; De Maistre; the uprising of Europe against Bonaparte; the polity of the early Christian Germans; the second Crusade; Edmund Burke and Ireland; the development of absolutism in Prussia,—such are the subjects he discusses, and brings into clearer relief. If we should single out any one essay for especial commendation, it would be that in which he explains the career of Catharine II., and reconciles so many of the difficulties which arise in the study of her character. But there is, besides the papers we have enumerated, another upon the present condition, or rather function, of German historical writing, which we cannot suffer to pass without a word of objection.

There can be no doubt, that, within a couple of generations, immense progress has been made in all departments of learning; and though it may be somewhat extravagant to ascribe the beginning of modern historical writing in Germany to what is known as the regeneration of the nation in the wars with France, yet it is certain that the extraordinary upheaval which followed upon the footsteps of Bonaparte all over Europe was nowhere so marked as in its effects upon Germany: rending asunder the bonds of feudalism, and developing the sentiment of nationality which had almost died out under the suffocating pressure

* Kleine Historische Schriften von Heinrich von Sybel. München: Literarisch-artistische Anstalt der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung. 1868.

of despotic princes and corrupt courts. The singular freshness and enthusiasm of the German character, surviving the desolating blight of war, displayed itself again in great intellectual activity. In the department of history, there was not only a vast deal of material accumulated; but, in the critical sifting of facts, no age has ever exhibited results so great as those which, within fifty years, have crowned the labors of German historians.

By his searching criticism, Niebuhr re-created, so to speak, the Roman world; by his masterly analysis of the political relations of the European States, Ranke lifted the veil from the diplomacy of three centuries; by his unflinching severity of method, Baur wrought a revolution in the treatment of the early Christian literature. Between the scholar and the rhetorician, the critical method has established a permanent separation. The courtly repose of the old writers is gone for ever. A severer discipline of thought, a profounder consciousness of the relations of the past to the present, a more vivid conception of the omnipresence of law and the reality of life, have given an inspiration to erudition; in comparison with which the wit of the *dilettante* writer is trivial and contemptible. The imposing affairs of state, the movements of armies, and the changes of ministries, can no longer usurp exclusive attention. The development of language and the course of literature, and the condition of the people in their social relations even to the minutest customs, have displaced the gossip of kings and the scandal of courts. In the field of historical jurisprudence, Savigny and Eichhorn have shown what may be done for the practical good of a people by abstract investigation; while, in the study of the ancient language of their country, the brothers Grimm have laid the foundations of a new science.

These general statements we suppose no one would dispute; but the true conclusion which, Herr von Sybel insists, is to be drawn from them, seems to us just the one damaging fault of recent German historians,—to wit, that, in striving for this perception of connection between times remote and near, in attempting to establish this bond of personal human relationship between them, the historian is inevitably led so to mix up present political questions with past events, that he ceases to be impartial and therefore trustworthy. Let every writer, says Sybel, show his colors; let him be religious or atheistic, protestant or catholic, liberal or conservative, let him be any thing, only not disinterested and neutral. That does not seem to us *ein höchst erheblicher Fortschritt*, “a very important step forward.”

It is true enough, indeed, that no one can be a genuine historian who is destitute of that moral sentiment which enables him to sympathize with his fellow-men. But it does not follow, that he is to assume a decided position in reference to what our author calls the great world-moving questions of religion and politics and nationality. On the contrary, the first requisite of criticism is impartiality. It is only as one strips himself of his own personal affinities, that he is able to enter into the mind of another age, to understand its passions, and sit in judgment on its deeds.

If confined, however, solely to the history of Germany, Sybel's theory of the function of the historian may doubtless be somewhat less objectionable. We can very well understand, indeed, in his own case, how he has come to adopt it. Besides being a student, he has been for several years an active politician in Prussia,—a member of what, by a stretch of terms, we should call the National House of Representatives. In that capacity, he has become painfully conscious of the divorce which exists all over Germany between the men of learning and the men of affairs, the men of thought and action. The slavish torpor in which the nation is sunk—the result on the one hand of the political impotence of the race itself, and on the other of centuries of division and war—has enabled the rulers to keep the power in their own hands. The only outlet for talent in the middle classes has been through the universities. Hence Germany has been flooded with scholars; men whose ambition it is to be famous for learning, because learning procures them respect, and procures them bread. For political affairs they care nothing; because, for the most part, they have no chance whatever of having any share in them.

Sybel would reform this unhealthy state of things. He would interest the men of learning in the life of the nation, by bringing learning to bear upon the government of the nation. More than all, in historical science he would accomplish the political unity of Germany in the future, by the illustration of its moral unity in the past. That is what he means when he says that every writer must have his tendency, his theory. Abstract truth! the Germans have had enough of it. It is the practical application of what every man of learning knows to the common concerns of daily life, that will alone save Germany from going down again before the lances of the Cossacks half a century or more hence, as it went down before the eagles of the French legions half a century and more ago.

In this struggle, however, to emancipate the men of letters from the

bondage which has so long made them almost useless in a political point of view, Sybel goes equally too far, it seems to us, in the other direction. It is not the fault of science that learned men have no place in the government, but the fault of the learned men; a fault which, it is easy for us to see, has its root in what one may perhaps call the hopeless impracticability of the German character. But to make the canons of historical writing bend to the exigences of German politics is requiring more than can be conceded. Mommsen and Düncker, Waitz and Giesebrécht and Droysen and Häusser, may all be sound politicians, at once liberal and conservative; Gervinus, on the left wing, may be finally driven into proper views by the force of his subject; even Höpfner, on the right, may at last wheel into line. And it may be very well for Germany, that she has such excellent writers who, at the same time, find favor with Sybel for their political views. But not one of these men will go down to posterity as a classic.

It is not with the strife of the hour, nor with the evanescent passions of men, that history has to do, but with truth. And the truth is not one thing with the Egyptian Rameses driving his war-chariots to the Euphrates, and another thing with the Corsican soldier crouching before his camp-fire on the frozen Volga.

H. J. Warner

AMONG the brilliant women whom the liberal party in Europe counts among its adherents, there is hardly one, perhaps, who deserves better to be known than Dora D'Istria.* At an age when most clever women are content with the vapid admiration of the *salon*, her writings had begun to attract the attention, not merely of those thoughtful persons who sympathize with every aspiration for reform, but of the politicians and the diplomats, who are never slow to recognize talent when there is a possibility that they may be able to use it. Her later writings have more than confirmed the promise of her youth. And we cannot, perhaps, do a more agreeable service to the reader who has not yet made her acquaintance, than to direct his attention to her merits.

A French writer, in alluding to her descent, says that the blood of Alexander the Great and of Pyrrhus, of Scanderbeg and of Botzaris, flows mingled in her veins. That may be somewhat affected; but, nevertheless, she does come of the race that, under the name of

* Profils Contemporains : Mme. La Comtesse Dora D'Istria; par Armand Pommier. Paris : Lécrivain et Tourbon, Éditeurs, 1863.

Macedonians and Albanians, once made even Rome tremble for its supremacy, and, in later times, withstood undismayed the shock of invading Islam. Early established in Roumania, the first *domnlu* (prince) of her family ascended the throne of Moldavia more than two centuries ago. At the period of her birth, in 1828, her uncle, Gregory IV., was the reigning prince, or *Hospodar*, of Wallachia; while her father was next in dignity in the State, as Governor of Krajova. A man of studious habits, with a great taste for archæology, though sombre and somewhat narrow in his character, the latter was yet so very liberal for his time and country, that, in opposition to his national prejudice, he gave his children the best education Europe could afford, living with them himself for that purpose in Dresden and Venice. He had changed the Asiatic for the European costume; but it could hardly be expected of the son of an ancient *boyard* who had worn to the day of his death the turban and the *djubé* and the great beard of the East, to withdraw himself wholly from the ideas and habits in which he had been educated. This oriental tinge of character descended to his daughter. Though educated by the best masters, and taught the languages of Europe so well, that, at the age of fifteen, she translated the *Iliad* into German, and now writes indifferently in French, Italian, and modern Greek; though instructed by Papadopolus, afterwards the well-known professor of archæology in the University of Athens, in the spirit of that ancient Hellenic life which she has occasionally so well illustrated,—there is observable in her style and method, together with the energy of the Latin, the redundancy of the oriental mind.

Of remarkable beauty, if the splendid features of her portrait may be trusted, speaking nine languages as easily as her mother-tongue, so proficient in painting that she once took a silver medal at an exhibition of the Imperial Academy in St. Petersburg, full of a noble patriotism, ardent in her convictions, conscious of talent and eager to devote it to the good of her race,—what a life was it that opened to her, when, a year after she had witnessed the Revolution in Venice under Manin, she went to St. Petersburg as the wife of Prince Alexander Koltzoff-Massalsky, a descendant of one of the ancient Muscovite families that entered Russia in the days of Vladimir, an officer in the army from his youth, without a trace of Western culture, a complete stranger to all the thoughts and aspirations that made up her life! It is not to be wondered at, that the atmosphere of the court of Nicolas I. suffocated her. He attempted, she

said, to make Russia a sort of European China, and to isolate it from the West in order that he might carry out more easily his absolutist policy. After several years of suffering, her husband comprehended the necessity of a change of climate to restore her health, and accompanied her to the gates of St. Petersburg. She left Russia in 1855, and, so far as we know, has never returned to it.

Years of peace and fruitful study have succeeded the tumult of the Russian capital. In Switzerland, where she has passed most of her time, she is famous for having made the first ascent of the mountain in the Oberland Chain, known as the Mönch, 13,500 feet high, on the summit of which she unfolded the Roumanian flag, white, yellow, and blue, while even the guides of the Grindelwald and of Interlaken drew back in fear. Strenuously attached to the Greek Church, and confident that through it alone must come in the end the salvation of the East, it has been the main object of her writings at once to diffuse in Eastern Europe more rational ideas of political and religious freedom ; while at the same time, a not less important task, she enlightens the Western nations as to its moral condition. And though, to us so far in advance of Europe in acquaintance with the principles of political liberty, much that she says may seem commonplace, yet her vivid historical pictures, together with the frequent philosophical reflections with which her writings abound, cannot but interest any one not wholly given over to that passion for sentiment which novel-reading has made almost a disease of the modern mind.

Her account of Switzerland as the pioneer of the Reformation, has been translated into English ; and, though diffuse and sometimes exaggerated, is full of excellent suggestions. The romantic hamlet of Veytaux on the Lake of Geneva, where she lived a good while is very well described in a clever romance, entitled "Eléonora de Haltingen," which she published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" in 1859, in which had already appeared in 1858 some careful studies on Greek poetry in the Ionian Isles. Her best known works, however, are those entitled "La Vie Monastique dans l'Église orientale." and "Les Femmes d'Orient," in which she throws a considerable light upon Eastern society, political as well as religious and domestic. In her essay "La Nationalité Roumaine d'après les chants populaires," she maintains, as elsewhere so often, the affinity of the Roumans and Italians, as being both of them descendants of the Romans ; and is never weary of reciting the fact, that, of all the nations of the old Roman stock, the Roumans are the only one that has freed itself from the dominion of the Roman Pope.

Of her last work, entitled "Excursions en Roumérie et en Morée," published in two volumes at Zurich and Paris in 1863, we have space to say hardly more than that no one who feels the slightest interest in the success of the experiment that there is going on, will fail to read it; — an experiment, we may add, little appreciated in Europe, notwithstanding all that has been written upon Greece and the Greek Kingdom, though it is to determine whether an ancient race which has preserved its vitality through two thousand years of oppression and barbarism can ever again recover its ascendancy.

With little intelligence and less conscience, the vast masses of the East have naturally not much hold upon our sympathies; but with the Greeks it should be otherwise. They have been, from the beginning, the steady opponents of that Asiatic barbarism which has at various times threatened to overwhelm the West. The flood of invasion has passed over them, and yet at the end of the centuries they re-appear with their ancient vigor. When Dora D'Istria sees, therefore, the success of the Greeks, is she not justified in her hope that from her own land also the cloud may some day pass away?

From Stamboul to Pekin, the predominance of the West increases. Attacked by Russia in Central, by England in Southern Asia, this barbarism is everywhere shaken. The Arabs have long abandoned Sicily and Spain; the pirates of Algeria no longer menace the coasts of Italy. Since the victory of Lepanto, the Turks have ceased to be a terror at Leghorn and at Venice. Shall not the barbarians depart also from the right bank of the Danube, from Routhouk and Adrianople, from the tomb of Scanderbeg and the Church of St. Sophia? When more than two millions of Roumans still languish under the Ottoman yoke, it is not to be wondered at, that, sustained by these examples, a woman like Dora D'Istria should exhibit such passionate energy in assailing it.

Sparta and Athens and Thebes were powerless, indeed, to carry the arms of Greece to the sanctuaries of Brahminism; but the conquests of Alexander were the epic conclusion of those of Miltiades, and Alexander was a Macedonian. The Ottomans of Abdul-ul-Azis are no longer the soldiers they were under Solyman the Magnificent. The only good troops of Turkey, those who defended it against Eugene, or later against Russia, are the Albanians and Servians of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, whose ancestors embraced Mohammedanism from political motives alone. But their Christian brothers are their equals, as is proved both by the exploits of Scander-

beg, and the victories of Tserni-George and Milosch Obrenovitsch, which ransomed a million of Servians.

The Principalities have immense resources, which so many disasters and so much oppression have been unable to exhaust. They contain a hardy and vigorous population, capable of receiving and maintaining the civilization of Western Europe. For all that they have suffered in the past, they certainly deserve our sympathies, as much as for what they aspire to in the future; for the history of Eastern Europe, says Dora D'Istria, in the course of the argument which we have so briefly indicated, is the history of the struggle of civilization against barbarism. From the plains of Moscow, swept by the Mongols to the banks of the Danube, white with the tents of the Turks, this struggle has never ceased; and it never will cease till the crescent has gone down for ever before the cross.

H. J. W.
Warner

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Commentary on the Gospels. Intended for Popular Use. By D. D. Wheadon, D.D. Luke, John. New York: Carlton & Porter. pp. 422.
Battle Echoes; or, Lessons from the War. A volume of Sermons. By George B. Ide, D.D. pp. 325.

The Scripture Law of Divorce. By Alvah Hovey, D.D. pp. v., 82.

The Christian's Daily Treasury; a Religious Exercise for Every Day in the Year. By Ebenezer Temple. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. pp. 432.

Christian Lessons, and a Christian Life. Sermons of Samuel Abbot Smith. With a Memoir by Edward J. Young. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. pp. lxi., 289. (An interesting and beautiful memorial of a truly consecrated life.)

The Mystery of Iniquity Unveiled; or, Popery Unfolded and Refuted, and its Destination Shown in the Light of Prophetic Scripture. In Seven Discourses. By Chandler Curtis. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. pp. 417.

The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost; or, Reason and Revelation. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 12mo. Cloth. pp. 274.

The Church of England Portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a Means of Restoring Visible Unity. An *Eirenicon*: In a Letter to the Author of "The Christian Year." By E. B. Pusey, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 12mo. Cloth. pp. 395.

Prophecy viewed in Respect to its Distinctive Nature, Special Function, and Proper Interpretation. By Patrick Fairbairn. New York: Carlton & Porter. 8vo. pp. 524.

The Living Forces of the Universe: the Temple and the Worshippers. By George W. Thompson. Philadelphia: Howard Challen. pp. 358.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

The History of Henry the Fifth, King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Heir of France. By George Makepeace Towle, author of "Glimpses of History." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 8vo. Cloth. pp. 473.

Stonewall Jackson; a Military Biography, with a Portrait and Maps. By John Esten Cooke, formerly of General Stuart's Staff. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 8vo. Cloth. pp. 470.

The Origin of the Late War, traced from the Beginning of the Constitution to the Revolt of the Southern States. By George Lunt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 12mo. Cloth. pp. 491.

A Child's History of the United States. Vol. III. Part Second. History of the Great Rebellion. By John Bonner. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. 16mo. pp. 367.

Lectures on the Study of History. Delivered in Oxford, 1859-61. By Goldwin Smith, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. To which is added, a Lecture delivered before the New-York Historical Society, in December, 1864, on The University of Oxford. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. 12mo. Cloth. pp. 269.

Diary of 1863-64-65. By Adam Gurowski. Washington, D.C.: W. H. & O. H. Morrison. 12mo. Cloth. pp. 399.

History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. VI. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. 12mo. Cloth. pp. 608.

James Louis Petigrue: a Biographical Sketch: By William J. Grayson. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. 12mo. Cloth. pp. 178.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Poems. By Annie Marie Spaulding. New York: James Miller. pp. 287. (There is a singular disproportion between the beauty of sentiment in many of these pieces, and their lack of artistic skill. There is material in them for a book of very pleasing poetry of one-third the size.)

The New Golden Chain. By William B. Bradbury. (In new dress, with one-third additional new matter. The insertion of "Tenors" in most of the old pieces has greatly improved the work. The popularity of "The Golden Chain" is shown by the fact, that two entire sets of stereotype plates have been worn out in its publication.)

Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858-64. By David and Charles Livingstone. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 638.

Hospital Life in the Army of the Potomac. By William Howell Reed. Boston: William V. Spencer. 16mo. pp. 199.

The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised edition. Vol. VI. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 12mo. pp. 429. (The typographical beauty of this edition, with the remarkable editorial skill and care bestowed upon it, make it all that can be desired as a standard classic.)

Literature in Letters; or, Manners, Art-Criticism, Biography, History, and Morals, illustrated in the Correspondence of Eminent Persons. Edited by James P. Holcombe, LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 520.

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SEPTEMBER, 1866.

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ART. I.—THE RELATIONS OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY TO THE ORGANIZED RELIGION OF THE WEST.

THAT portion of the American Republic called "The West," including the South-west, consists of twenty States and Territories, extending from the Alleghany Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Its area is nearly two million square miles, and it already supports a population of eleven millions. Its history dates from the organization of the government of the United States. Mr. Emerson has said, that the Old World extends to the Alleghany Mountains, and America begins on their western slopes. However this may be, it is certain, that, throughout this vast region, all human institutions assume characteristic forms. Industry, education, politics, society itself, may be better or worse in the West than elsewhere; but they never can be a servile repetition of any other civilization. And whatever of disorder, crudeness, or peril, may be discovered by the social or political critic in this novel condition of things, the wisest observer will discern most clearly, that all its great lines of advance converge upon the objective point of a higher estimate of man than has yet been organized in human affairs.

The Catholic and Protestant-Evangelical forms of the Christian religion are already organized through the entire extent of the West, and they are the only forms of organized

religion that are well known to the majority of its people. They are all of foreign descent; have all been planted in the East by Europeans, and transplanted and nourished up to a vigorous life in the West. Their forces alone are marshalled under competent leaders, and move obedient to well-known articles of spiritual warfare. All their columns rest upon the great religious organizations of the East or Europe, receiving therefrom perpetual supplies of moral support and material aid.. Yet no one of these churches is a mere imitation of its parent church. All have cut loose for ever from alliance with the State. All are far less strenuous on points of theology than their predecessors in the East or abroad. The civilization of a new country is chiefly ruled by industrial and social, certainly by practical, forces; and these different religious organizations at present represent the practical vigor and social tendencies, far more than the religious creeds, of the Western people. Whatever may be the theological symptoms of health or decline in these powerful bodies, there is no doubt that, as organizations, they are rapidly increasing in strength. The Liberal religious amateur, who in his little Eastern realm of ornamental intuitions has seen in vision a mighty waste of ecclesiastical ruins beyond the Berkshire hills, is astounded, upon entering the Western ministry, to find himself a lonely picket-guard, in the presence of majestic armies in almost undisputed possession of the soil.

Our theme is the relations of Liberal Christianity to this organized Catholic and Protestant-Evangelical religion of the West. We shall inquire, first, Where shall we find the Liberal Christianity of the West? Secondly, What is its true policy in matters religious and ecclesiastical, in view of the present organization of Western religion? Thirdly, What is its fit relation to the social status of the great churches already on the ground?

I. Where shall we find the Liberal Christianity of the West?

If the only hope of elevating or changing the religion of the West resided in the thirty-five Unitarian churches sprinkled

over the country from Buffalo to San Francisco, the religious reformer might well despond. These thirty-five churches are the result of as many years of faithful toil by Unitarian missionaries from Old and New England. As centres of enlightened religious opinion, their influence can hardly be overestimated; but, as institutions, most of them are weak, and not a score of them would survive a ministerial interregnum of five years. Our Eastern friends are as often dispirited by their chronic tendency to collapse, as they are excited by the vast and vague tidings of success that are always coming to them from beyond the mountains. If the spiritual regeneration of these eleven millions of people and their descendants depends on the universal establishment of an Old or New-England Unitarian sectarianism, their salvation must be indefinitely postponed.

But, regarded as a spirit of religious and social reformation, Liberal Christianity is already a growing power in the West. The Western form of Liberal Christianity has not descended upon its civilization from any school of theologians or philosophers. Indeed, its theology and philosophy, like all Western products of the kind, are somewhat illogical and formless. It is a legitimate growth of the human and practical experience of the Western people. That people, which, during the last eighty years, has created a new portion of the Union, and, during the last five years, has saved the American Republic, is fast coming to conclusions of its own upon the capacities and worth of human nature. It looks abroad over all which by the grace of God it has been enabled to do, and does not ask John Calvin if this comes from the natural depravity of man. It has seen too much of human fluctuation and folly, and witnessed too many great deliverances, in private and public life, to ignore the existence or deny the providence of the one spiritual God. Every glorious thing achieved within its experience is associated with the name of some great and good man; and it will not permanently try to depose Jesus Christ from the office of spiritual leadership of his new people. It faintly discerns an ideal of human life which cannot be rounded by any catalogue of

saints' days, and is already out of sight of Old-World creeds. This idea of Liberal Christianity, so far, exists chiefly as a powerfully increasing popular sentiment. Its marks are seen within and without the organized churches of the country; and the man who would prophesy the future of Western civilization will go all wrong, unless he discovers the present significance and meditates the tendencies of this new spirit of Western life.

We are now speaking of the growth of that liberal religious sentiment, which must eventuate in *Liberal Christianity*. Outside this realm of religious thought and feeling lies a great world of gross materialism, reckless unbelief, immoral scepticism, and blank atheism. Perhaps there is more agitation upon religious and social themes in this region of speculation than elsewhere in the West; and it cannot be denied, that a great deal of mental ability and moral and political intelligence is yet included within its boundaries. Out of it will doubtless appear some of the intellectual and social elements of our renewed religious life. But, considered as a movement, it is neither in the direction of religion nor a true American republicanism. It is a repetition, in a New World, of the materialism and atheism that have devastated the Old. The West is now tormented by it, but will no more receive it into permanent companionship than Mary Magdalene would acknowledge her seven devils as her own daughters. Sooner or later, these Western demons will be cast out of Western life; and the Christian religion, as it came from the lips of the Master, illustrated by his life, will shape its ideal of spiritual as well as social progress.

There can be no more fatal mistake than to suppose a people like that of the West is to be led in its religious affairs by shadowy sentiments or intuitions, old or new theories, or even creeds and ideas far in advance of the popular churches, but unsupported by that Life which is the final authority in all human affairs. In the last great war, the West did not follow Mr. Sumner's theories of abstract liberty, but the men Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman. It has already given up the useless head-work of estimating the comparative worthless-

ness of the myriad plans of political reconstruction that buzz out their brief existence at Washington, and will elevate to the next presidency a man who has no political theory, and but one sovereign purpose,—to look towards liberty and union, and “fight it out on that line.” And, when the leading mind of the West sincerely calls for a reconstruction of its religion, it will be satisfied with no creed less broad than universal spiritual liberty, and no leader less commanding than our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The young Unitarian missionary, as he sails upon our Western rivers on the way to his port of destination, will discover that the captain of the steamer on which he is embarked, if compelled to tie up over night, does not pass his cable around a shaft of moonshine lying athwart a flowery bluff; but seeks out some grand old oak, or beech, or sycamore, whose roots drink the secret springs that glisten in far-off caverns; whose trunk is scarred all the way up, sixty feet high, with the marks of the last century’s freshets; whose foliage is a green world away up in the air,—and ties to that, sets a watch, and lies down to sleep in peace. Woe to the leader of any movement, who fancies this new West—with modern times flowing like the torrent of the Missouri beneath it, crowded with the most sacred interests of present and future—can finally be guided into port by any power less majestic than His who walked the stormy waves of Galilee, and has led modern civilization thus far on its voyage towards the kingdom of universal light and love.

This spirit of Liberal Christianity, however, has embodied itself in a considerable number of churches, which, though not strong in organized power, have done a good work in disseminating advanced views of religion. They are all churches of American origin, and reflect the peculiarities of the Western character. Perhaps the actual Liberal Christianity, outside the Catholic and Protestant-Evangelical churches, in this portion of the country, is more faithfully represented in all of them, than in the few congregations of our faith which depend greatly for their support on tender memories, and strong reverence for New-England forms of life.

Numerically, the largest of these clusters of congregations consists of the several thousand churches of the "Christians" and "Disciples." They are the offspring of a religious movement which simultaneously began in the East and West, some fifty years ago. In Kentucky, its advent was accompanied with phenomena similar to the present Spiritualism. This seems to have been a push by a large body of the common people, out of several denominations, in quest of larger personal liberty. It took the central form of a protest against creeds; and a declaration of allegiance to the Bible as the only test of Christian discipleship, with the implied acknowledgment of every man's right to study the Bible by the light of his own reason and conscience. The declaration of the Ohio State Convention of Christians, a few weeks since, fully affirms this right. In Kentucky, it began as an anti-slavery movement, and almost purged several counties of the curse of negro bondage. Later, it split on the question of baptism; but the majority of churches in both wings of this movement are essentially progressive. In their views of the unity of God and offices of Christ, they approach the more evangelical wing of the Unitarians; and, in the maintenance of Congregational liberty, are considerably in advance of any Orthodox sect. They only need a generous culture and a spirit of mutual forbearance to become a powerful body in Western religious life. These congregations are somewhat loosely strung on district, State, and National organizations, which assume little more power than the "National Conference of Unitarian Churches." This movement is the natural form assumed by Liberal Christianity in the Southwest, and the southern portion of the States above the Ohio River; and deserves far more catholicity of criticism than some of the Unitarian friends of Antioch College, in both the East and West, are disposed to afford it.

A more cultivated, and, for the North-west, perhaps, equally characteristic advance, has been the growth of the Universalist Church during the last thirty years. This Church is decidedly Unitarian in all its tendencies; only differing as men of somewhat different cast of thought, and social and practical

habits, differ in expressing the same idea. It is far more efficient in social and executive force than Unitarianism has yet been on the same ground. Its working creed is a glowing faith in the love of God, and final salvation of man. It gathers people more capable of social union, and less divided by individual and social tastes, than our churches. Always aggressive, it is now more alive than ever; it is moving to endow Lombard University; it expends considerable sums in effective missions, and supports strong churches at various points. It can hardly fail to increase, and become a large and deservedly influential body in the West.

The West is a land where personal power and eccentricities have full swing. It is full of independent churches and religious organizations. Perhaps some hundreds, possibly thousands, of these small congregations are scattered over this vast area; each with its history of a good fight for religious liberty, many with as good a title to respect for fidelity to honest conviction as any old Unitarian church in the East. Of course, this sort of thing is ephemeral. The rapid changes of population dissolve feeble churches that have no hold on a large organization. Many of them finally fall in with the more advanced Orthodox denominations; yet among the Germans there are a considerable number that live, and do good work. The Swedenborgians are the most cultivated people of this sort; and their churches, though absurdly exclusive in outward relations, yet contain a good deal of the genuine spirit of Liberal Christianity.

All the great movements in behalf of social reform have taken large numbers of persons out of their old ecclesiastical connections. While many of them have degenerated in religious faith as their zeal for special reformation has increased, another class has found in these agitations an education into larger and higher faith in the true religion of love to God and man. Equally true is this of the "Spiritualist" movement which has gone through the West and South-west like a prairie fire. Everywhere it has loosened the hold of numbers of people on the old faiths and organizations. But in a considerable part of its disciples there yet appears little,

save a vague love of liberty and a feverish interest in the immortal life, to encourage the Liberal Christian. Atheism, scepticism, even the grossest theories of social anarchy, still find ample space in its unfenced wilderness: indeed the outward and more public movement called Spiritualism is not generally in the hands of its purest or ablest disciples; but there is a decided tendency from that direction towards the reception of the broadest views of the religion of Jesus Christ.

All these movements are tending towards an efficient organization of a Liberal Christianity, as characteristic of the West as Unitarianism and Universalism of the more advanced New-England States. At present they are separated by barriers of social, literary, and theological culture; even more by the personal ambitions of leading men; and all effort at premature union will result in mortifying failure. Indeed they all, including Unitarianism, need at present a denominational organism to concentrate and develop the actual working force among themselves. A quarter of a century of enlarged work for education, missions, and church organization among them, will establish several bodies of progressive churches which will not be for ever apart, but all the while be approaching each other.

Towards this whole body of professedly Liberal Christian churches it becomes our Unitarian congregations to maintain the most friendly attitude. They cannot unite in ecclesiastical relations with us, without violating every tradition of their own past, and their familiar polity; but there may be unaffected unity of the spirit amid all this diversity of operation. They are always more willing to acknowledge the Unitarian superiority in theological and literary culture than we are to recognize their merits of social efficiency and consecration to Christ. Every large Unitarian congregation may thus generally find a companionship in its own neighborhood, quite as profitable, and often more hearty, than the formal and frozen union of our churches in their strongholds of power.

We believe far more can be done by improving this fellowship than by attempting to force an unreal companionship

with the atheistic and anarchical elements of the West. The one is a region of *religious* aspiration and progress; while the other is the realm of endless agitation, running down towards spiritual death. The extremest of our men on the tip of the "left wing;" even the stray feather that floats off from the tip, meandering after the millennium, has no more vital hold upon the violent materialistic atheism that rages through our great Western cities than high Calvinism itself. It is a sort of moral *rabies*, that froths at the mouth at the suspicion of a God, and raves at the suggestion of a spiritual nature in man. It runs down into the realms of moral darkness and death. Though nominally in the party of freedom, it is always as intolerant in its license as Catholicism with its despotism. Outside of a few dozen men and women of respectable scientific attainments and political notoriety, whose real faith it misrepresents, it is simply the deification of the senses and the lower regions of life. Unitarianism can never permanently affiliate with it, save on peril of destruction; while all the churches of native Western Liberal Christianity are the natural feeders of our congregations, our legitimate allies to be despised and shunned only by an affront to Christian charity and Christian policy.

So much for the Liberal Christianity outside the organized religion of the West. When we look for Liberal Christianity within the ranks of the Catholic and Protestant-Evangelical churches, we are surprised to learn the extent to which these organizations are permeated by advanced ideas on religion. In all these bodies is found a growing class who do not hesitate to confess their sympathy with the spirit of our faith.

One is surprised to learn how many of the American converts to the Catholic Church have been driven into its arms by their fear and hatred of the Calvinistic theology,—as children, flying from a runaway upon the street, rush in at the open door of the first house that offers shelter. Thousands of these persons, now fixed in the Catholic Church, are Unitarians at heart; and, twenty years ago, would have joyfully attached themselves to churches like those of Eliot, Osgood, and Hale: but, shut up in communities to which

Liberal Christianity had never penetrated, they found in Catholicism a theological latitude to which Presbyterianism has never attained, and an ecclesiastical despotism at least disguised by the graces of art, and hallowed by the memories of antiquity.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in the West is filled with people who find it the most respectable refuge from the rough theological weather and volcanic revivalism that desolate the outward world. A considerable portion of the Episcopal clergy are growing into sympathy with the Broad Church movement in England. A larger number have that yearning affection for "miserable sinners" of the respectable type which compels them to omit the sin of heresy from the catalogue of their numerous offences. It is now well understood in the West, that the Episcopal Church seeks out, as by instinct, those from other Evangelical churches who are suspected of disaffection with the creeds, and offers them theological neutrality on condition of enlistment in the ranks of the "true church." The end of this is not yet. The time is approaching when Western Episcopacy, tired of its servility to fashion, and shamed out of its sympathy with spiritual and political despotism, will rise up, in the might of a holy purpose, and, by the aid of the Liberal Christianity within itself, become a valuable leader of the more cultivated Western life.

Notwithstanding the boast of Dr. Baird, that the Presbyterian Church of the United States has never tolerated within its stern inclosure one minister of doubtful faith, it is yet true that the New-school Presbyterian Church, and especially the irregular bodies of that faith, have been invaded with "heresy." We lately heard one of the most eminent public men of Southern Ohio deliver himself, in the presence of a company of Evangelical clergymen, on the subject of creeds, in a manner more calculated to awaken surprise than provoke reply. The interminable theological disputations and ecclesiastical wranglings of this grievously tormented church are filling thousands of its noblest lay adherents with a grief bordering on disgust. The patriotic men and women who

have sent their sons into the field, and given freely of all that was left at home for the sacred cause of liberty and union, during the past five years, have not failed to notice that the most inveterate clerical sticklers for the Westminster Catechism have either been the vilest "copperheads;" or, at least, determined that the political differences of the saints on earth should not mar the harmony of their mutual rejoicings over the damnation of heretics in heaven. Grievous days are in store for this section of the Presbyterian ministering brethren in the West. Their faces are already turning towards the equator, and their migration will every year be more rapid towards those realms where they may be spared a little longer to their beloved occupation of swearing fidelity to the Catechism, and chanting doleful psalms over the dissolving body of Negro slavery. Purified by such deliverance, it is not improbable that Western Presbyterianism may yet expand, till, in America, it glows once more with the divine flame of liberty which kindled the mountains of Scotland, and flashed a blinding terror in the eyes of emperor and pope in the days when Holland was the foremost nation of the earth.

This spirit of Liberal Christianity prevails yet more extensively in the Orthodox-Congregational and Baptist churches of the West. Almost every large Western town and city now supports a young Congregational or Baptist preacher of the sort nicknamed by old Dr. Bethune, "Beecher's apes;" but otherwise known as the most useful, wide-awake, eloquent Christian minister in that community. These two denominations are rapidly increasing through this region of country. There is nothing in their ecclesiastical polity or organization to prevent their passage over to Liberal Christianity, as their fathers crossed the flood half a century ago in New England. Indeed, since that memorable exodus, the waters have never quite closed behind. At low tide, there is always a foot-path over which an active young parson can pick his way; and posted at intervals along the road, rise the stalwart forms of Bushnell, Park, and Beecher, like tall light-houses flashing a lurid defiance into the face of the wild-

est storm. A quarter of a century of theological progress will bring the Baptist and Congregational churches of the West into a working sympathy with Liberal Christianity.

But perhaps the Methodist Church in its various branches has witnessed more powerful demonstrations of the liberal Christian spirit than any of the great organized religious bodies. The working theology of the Methodist Church centres in the free grace of God and the moral ability of man; and to its powerful preaching of these inspiring truths, it chiefly owes its hold upon the affections of the people. Its stringent ecclesiasticism is yearly giving way before the rising intelligence and independence of its leading laity. During the present season, a convention of several hundred dissenting Methodist churches at Cincinnati organized a new Methodist denomination, with a generous polity and a genial Evangelical creed. Lay representation must inevitably come to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and greatly change it. Meanwhile there is no body of Christians in the West so ready to extend the hand of Christian sympathy to Liberal Christians as this. The ranks of our clergy are perpetually recruited by able men from its communion. Their ministers eagerly receive our publications; and Unitarian literature is now more carefully read in the West in Methodist, than in professedly Unitarian families. During the last few years, more than two hundred Methodist clergymen have cheerfully received libraries of Unitarian books, donated by Professor Huidekoper, as trustee of the Meadville fund for the distribution of books, to ministers of every denomination. We have received more invitations to appear before Methodist congregations during a three years' ministry in Cincinnati than from all the Unitarian churches of Boston during an eight years' ministry to one of the leading Universalist churches in Massachusetts. The future of Methodism is full of hope for a Liberal Christianity in the West.

However indisposed the leading clergy of these great organizations may be to acknowledge these facts, they are well known to our clergy by various significant manifestations. The ominous absence of able men from the Sunday

services of these churches; the well-known theological dissent of almost every leading Western man in public life, literature, science, and practical affairs; the avidity with which Liberal Christian literature is read when it is readable; the reception of the Liberal clergyman or layman, whenever he goes on other than ecclesiastical service; the wonderful confidences that everywhere await and force themselves upon our ministers, making them the depository of doubts and aspirations never revealed to others; the eagerness with which conversation is everywhere sought with our missionaries in their travels,—the announcement that a Unitarian minister is in a rail-car or steamer invariably bringing him into earnest conversation with many an inquiring mind; the unmistakable tendency of the whole community to take the larger side in any public controversy where the rights of thought and Christian liberty are involved,—these and numerous other indications cannot be mistaken. All the elements of progress are working in the organized religion of the West. The growth of these organizations in social and practical power rather favors than hinders their theological expansion. Either this process will insensibly drift these denominations over the indefinable line where Liberal Christianity begins, or some great ecclesiastical land-slide in the not far-off future will transport a whole mountain slope into the distant plain. Meanwhile our work is being done within the very household of the popular ecclesiasticism, for the time, perhaps, quite as effectively as by our own clergy and churches.

II. When we come, then, to consider the true attitude of Liberal Christianity to the organized religion of the West, we are to remember that a part of it is to be found within this very realm, and that we are not so much waging a campaign against a hostile fortified position as placing ourselves in vital Christian contact with a region of life all shot through with hearty sympathy for our ideas and fervent wishes for our success.

In respect to the large class of people who have outgrown their creeds, but yet remain in these organizations, we can only speak with affectionate interest. We need not be sur-

prised or grieved, as we are tempted to be, by their adherence to their old fellowship. A church often becomes as dear to a Christian as his own family; and as he would bear the uttermost before he would desert his home, so no one cause could drive him from his old associates in the religious life. Most men are not theologians; and so that their church is otherwise agreeable, they are not tempted to leave it by doubts of its confession of faith. Neither is it a creed, like a note of hand, or a legal document, to be interpreted severely and logically: to the majority of its disciples, it is only a symbol more or less lively of their real faith. No man can justly be called a hypocrite for remaining in a church whose creed he never regarded as more than a bungling attempt to state his belief; preserved, as he keeps the old communion table or his grandfather's arm-chair, not for convenience, but reverent gratitude for what it was in days gone by. There is no need that the Liberal Christian clergyman sacrifice his dignity or honesty in the least, by a most friendly communion with these liberal adherents of the popular church. Neither their hearts nor homes will be closed against him, if worthy their confidence; and in many ways outside church fellowship they can push on his most vital work, while they keep his spirit catholic and charitable.

The hardest trial of the Liberal Christian minister, especially of our faith, is the spectacle of the multitude of Eastern Unitarians who utterly ignore their faith by attending no church at the West, or go into full fellowship with those organizations least favorable to us, as soon as it is demonstrated that social and pecuniary ends can thus be met. But it is useless to be angry over such defection. Much of it is due to the fact, that, during the growth of the present generation of young people, our Eastern Unitarian clergy have done scarcely any thing towards preaching the distinctive Christian doctrines of our faith. The vigor of our controversy has gone off in other directions; and, while our pulpits and journals have been vexed with recondite disputation on the philosophical and scientific foundations of the "absolute religion," the young men and maidens have been left to chance

for a plain, working, Christian belief. Multitudes of well-bred, educated New-England youth, on coming to the West from Unitarian churches, really do not know why they should not go where they can be best entertained and find most congenial company. Liberality is the boast of all the sects; and, if these lambs stray off into strange folds, let the shepherds on the old farm remember that there is too little there done to prevent such results.

Many truly Christian Unitarians may be excused from attending the services of men who occasionally hold forth on "Liberal" Religion in our Western towns. If a missionary deems it his duty to ignore both Jesus Christ and Christianity in all his ministrations, betraying more sympathy with the most reckless champions of social disorder and religious unbelief than with the noblest people of the community he would reform, he has no reason to complain that such persons decline to be represented by him, or aid in his career.

If it were worth while to be enraged with any manifestation of "flunkeyism" in social life, we might rave at the ridiculous spectacle of so many families deliberately trampling under foot their only sacred faiths, to achieve a momentary social notoriety; but God loves even a Western fashionable woman, and somewhere may be found the ministration that will raise her poor soul out of its limbo of vanity in sight of real life.

It is best Christianity and best policy to draw near to the liberal region of the popular Church, accept all hearty sympathy, and sincerely return it; keeping down all bitterness or envy, or disposition to apply too severe rules to frail humanity; but all the time pouring in the light and warmth of the glorious gospel of love. Thus every true minister of Liberal Christianity may have a large outside parish far more numerous, and often more valuable for his purpose, than his own little congregation, through which he can act directly on the popular churches, influence the community, and prepare the people for some more favorable condition of affairs, when it will be easier for all who share our sympathy to unite with us in Christian works.

But it cannot be denied, that this pleasing picture of liberality in the popular churches has its shading of darkness. It is true that large numbers of the clergy, and a considerable portion of the more zealous laity in these organizations, are bitterly hostile to Liberal Christianity. A portion of them believe this strange faith is open or disguised infidelity,—a belief that has never been disturbed by investigation. Others know our faith well enough, and hate it in proportion to their knowledge. One of the severest trials to which a cultivated New-England minister or family can be subjected, is to leave a community in which they are deservedly honored, and a church which represents the superior religious culture of the place, for a Western town where they are shunned, slandered, left outside the social pale, held to be unworthy associates of the vulgar rich, who affect the Episcopal ritual, or the rowdy poor, who work off their superfluous passions in the noisy revival. It needs the catholicity of a Channing and the sanctity of a Greenwood to endure such things without being transformed to something far too like themselves. Many a genial Eastern scholar, under such provocation, has shot up suddenly into a Western Liberal pugilist, covering the whole region of his administration with the dead and wounded of the enemy. But this is not to teach the exalted and loving faith of Jesus Christ; and one of the most important elements in the success of our Liberal movement is the adjustment of our forces to this hostile branch of the popular church.

The Universalist clergy, under these circumstances, through the Middle and Western States, have generally blown the trumpet of defiance, and gallantly charged the enemy's line. They have attacked the popular creeds without mercy, dragged forth their most repulsive conclusions, like hideous beasts from shadowy caverns, to affright the peaceful dwellers in the upper world. They have rejoiced to meet the champions of orthodoxy in the field of controversy, to fight out the battle, text by text, before an eager crowd of listeners, and turn the tables of a literal Biblical interpretation upon its advocates. They have not been disposed to mercy

towards the disciples of a religion so repugnant to the higher reason and conscience of mankind. They have been inclined to demand the peremptory relinquishing of these half-pagan faiths, and are never quite satisfied with the best man or woman who gives them countenance by remaining in the churches where they are taught. They criticise the Unitarian missionary as a man too timid or too indifferent to follow them into the thick of the fight, and are apt to regard him as one who comes in to secure the spoils, after the battle is won. We are not insensible to the fact, that the Universalist administration, on the whole, is far broader than this controversial attitude would imply; and no one has had more reason than our self to sympathize with its large body of laity and growing class of clergy who are in no way different from Unitarians save in their warmer zeal and more devoted toil for our common faith; but justice compels us to say, that this has been the characteristic Universalist method of dealing with the popular theology and ecclesiasticism of the Middle and Western States during the last fifty years.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the Unitarian missionaries to the West have been somewhat open to the Universalist criticism. As a body of preachers, they have probably too often shrunk from the expression of all they felt about the theology and polity of the Catholic and Evangelical Church. They have found, in every little Unitarian congregation, a few educated New-England saints, who were pained, even disgusted, by any show of theological controversy; who would work in no church that should put on a hostile or even aggressive front towards the religious sense of the community in which they lived; and whose highest aspiration was to worship in a tasteful little chapel, not too densely crowded, with those of like mind and social status, and there be let alone. Owing to this and other causes, the Western Unitarian pulpit has never been the power in Liberal Christianity which Channing and Ware and the Peabodys became in New England; and Dewey, Farley, and Bellows have been in New York. Its great preacher of a broad and vital Liberal theology is yet to appear; and its whole body of churches

must close up in firmer rank, and press on with more decisive momentum, than in the past, before they can hope to break the enemy's line.

Yet this new polemic must not be the reproduction of the Universalist controversial method of the past. This, with the more recent assaults of the Reformers and the Spiritualists, has pretty thoroughly exhausted the field of a merely negative criticism. The West is crowded with people in all states of exasperation against the coarser forms of the popular creed. Indeed, there are few men bold enough to stand before the community, and proclaim their unmitigated belief in the obvious interpretation of the Westminster Catechism. So, when this general onslaught is made upon the Evangelical Church, multitudes, even of its firmest adherents, feel in their hearts that an almost unpardonable injustice is done them. They are not yet prepared to renounce the creed; indeed they do not recognize it in the tremendous portraiture of its assailants. Its different propositions represent to them the great vital facts of the religious life. They are like the ragged sketches by which the consummate artist recalls the sweetness of the valley of the Connecticut or the lonely grandeur of the Adirondacks; and their believers resent the conclusions of this fierce controversialist, as the enraged painter would read the local editor's comment on his portfolio of pencil scrawls. The radical defect of the Universalist criticism on the popular orthodoxy has been its failure to perceive, that each one of these severe statements has been an honest attempt to represent some universal fact of Christian experience; and that thousands of holy men can still use them in this sense, while they believe and live in a region of spiritual existence in which the criticisms of their opponents are an impertinence. The Unitarian clergy, by their larger culture and more philosophic habit of mind, have seen this fact so clearly, that they have doubtless lost power as propagandists of Liberal Christianity, in their attempts to do justice to the organized religion of the past and present; but, after all, this breadth of view must become an essential element in the new style of propagandism, which shall at once do justice to that

which is, and prophesy with boldness of that which is to be.

The best ministration of Liberal Christianity for the West is *the positive, broad, powerful, and glowing preaching of the great religious faiths which we believe were the foundation of the ministry of Jesus Christ.* The divine origin, perpetual inspiration, and exalted destiny of human nature; the eternal obligation of duty; the unity, paternity, and spirituality of God; the spiritual leadership of Jesus Christ, as the teacher of "absolute religion" and the ideal of a regenerated humanity; the disciplinary character of human life; the providence of history, and the glorious result of God's government in a universal order and liberty whose end is perfect love; the application of these inspiring ideas and faiths in every region of Western life, and every possible condition of American affairs,—here is a field of ample breadth for the movements of the broadest mind, that may challenge the noblest powers yet given to man. No Western community, however bigoted or ignorant or sensual, can long resist the earnest preaching of such a gospel. Even those who cannot now believe it will be filled with strange and tumultuous longings for the joy which accompanies its full acceptance. The violent and wicked cannot abuse it; the foolish and trivial will be stirred to newness of life; every truly religious spirit will love this bold and genial preacher in the deepest places of his heart; and against such a gospel, the quiet scorn of the bishop, and the lurid rhetoric of the professional revivalist, will be alike of no avail. Every sincere, inquiring mind will recognize in these views the loftiest and sweetest answer yet given to the eternal questionings of the human soul. It may be a gospel far above the average life of the West; but, as the dullest clown recognizes an indescribable difference between the splendors of a June day or the glories of an autumnal night, and the discomforts of an equinoctial rain, so all men know the difference between the narrow, gloomy world of the inquiry-meeting, and the broad universe of our liberal gospel, radiant with light and love. In this sense, all Liberal preaching may be at once profoundly doctrinal, spiritual, and practical; minister-

ing to the highest demands of the grandest mind, and bearing along the tenderest woman and the frailest child in its gentle but majestic flow. In style and method, let it aim at once at the grandeur and the simplicity of that one great Preacher whose words drew after him the multitudes of Palestine, whose thoughts yet over-arch the wisdom of all the centuries. The best criticism of the popular creeds is incidental to this positive preaching of our higher faith. We may show how our broader statements more completely express the universal experience of all truly religious men than the narrower forms of prayer-book and catechism. While we recognize the unity of purpose, and substantial agreement in ideas, of every genuine disciple of Christ, we may show our opponents how much better their own highest aspirations will be answered in our larger communion; as we might lead the man who still lingers at the street corner, unable to get beyond the rasping music of the drums and fifes tearing through a national melody, into some majestic temple of harmony where the same anthem is pealed forth in the mingled accord of mighty organ harmonies and countless voices ascending to the sky.

In the arrangement of public worship, our Western Liberal churches owe no special allegiance to the simple and somewhat barren forms brought across the water by our Puritan and Presbyterian ancestors. It is somewhat dangerous to meddle with the ritual of Romanism; for its loveliest and most imposing ceremonies, emptied of their sacramental significance, are apt to droop into a wearisome and cumbrous formalism: but every Liberal congregation should constantly endeavor to enrich its service in all ways consistent with our broad and cheerful faith. The great mixture of population in our Western cities demands a wider form of expression for the devotional spirit than the churches of New England; and, so that minister and people do nothing for mere effect, and keep within the limit of sincere love to God and fellowship with man, they may profitably adapt their devotional service to meet the popular necessity.

As far as concerns the executive administration of our churches, we have little to teach and much to learn from the

organized religion of the West. American Unitarianism has always been equally distinguished for its ample forehead and spacious chest, its feeble arms and paralytic legs. While we cheerfully acknowledge the eminent activity of numbers of our leading people in East and West in all noble enterprises of public interest, and would not detract from the well-earned reputation of a score of our strongest churches, we yet believe that our Unitarian habit of "mutual admiration" for unusual practical efficiency is for ourselves a mischievous delusion, and, towards the Church Universal, a well-understood impertinence. So far from being the leading Church in religious efficiency in the West, the Liberal Christian Communion has been well-nigh the feeblest executive power on the ground. Its record of hard work done, moneys raised, sacrifices cheerfully made, and discouragements triumphantly overcome, compared with that of any leading church, is insignificant. Until our people can learn, that something more than the languid enjoyment of a superior theology and a more spiritual faith is needed to win the favor of the earnest and hard-working inhabitants of a new country, they will be left to the charms of a decent obscurity. Nothing can achieve great success in Western life without prodigious toil and perpetual sacrifice. Superior as its ideal may be, it must fight its way to actual existence, as every thing has fought before it. Let no set of pleasant people undertake to organize a Liberal Christian church in any of these States, unless they are prepared to pledge to its support "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." Any spirit less determined than this will assuredly succumb in a region swarming with new experiments, and where the firmest institutions that represent the higher life of man are still rooted in a shallow soil, and need the "eternal vigilance" of the wise and good.

III. The positive and reconciling preaching of the Word, enforced by a rich and broad devotional service, and a vigorous administration of ecclesiastical and philanthropic affairs, is a great element of success. Yet no Liberal Christian church can be permanently sustained in the West that does not, in addition, become the leader in a social life character-

istic of its ideas. The most decisive advantage which the organized religion of this region has over us is its concentrated and skilfully managed social organization. In a new country, there are many reasons why social affairs should mainly follow in the current of church life, and its several orders be shaped by the different religious sects.

1. The difficulty of selecting fit associates in communities where population is constantly changing, and your next door neighbor may be an adventurer from the antipodes. They say that, when a new man appears in Arkansas, the first evidence of confidence shown by the natives is the question, "Stranger, what was your name before you came to this country?" It is very hard for new comers to any of our growing towns to discriminate in social acquaintances; hence, a shyness which even gives an uncomfortable edge to our boundless hospitality, and a chronic habit of suspicion that greatly hinders a satisfactory state of society. In this emergency, people insensibly fall into the hands of any respectable institution that moves in these dangerous realms with a step of authority.

2. A church everywhere has the prestige of respectability, and any circle that gathers about it is supposed to be worthy of being cultivated; and doubtless these social cliques that gravitate to the churches are the best in any new country, far superior in morals, intelligence, and good breeding to the less select circles of fashion, or the motley crowd attracted by the glare through the plate glass of a new rich man's windows.

3. The social circle that gathers about a Western church has the inspiration of work; often of great usefulness and general humane interest; always relating to the spiritual life; and is thus attractive to those who love to associate with others in active service.

4. In this way, some of the most populous of these churches endeavor to keep the active social life of their people within themselves. The Baptist and Methodist clergy, with those of several other foreign and native sects, are often inclined to represent the region of ordinary social life as the very

devil's recruiting-ground. The theatre, the fashionable party, the ballroom, are blackened by these ecclesiastical leaders in a way certainly demonstrative of their ignorance of society; while every day of the week offers some invitation to work or social intercourse within the inclosure which is regarded safe. The people who can thus be influenced are of homogeneous social status and taste, and make a formidable army, admirably manœuvred, against which it is not easy to make head.

Other churches offer inducements adapted to more cultivated tastes. The Catholic and Protestant-Episcopal denominations not only claim all who affect Continental and English styles of thought and manners, and receive many who desire a respectable society where they shall not be vexed with severe doctrines, but are also the strongholds of reckless and selfish wealth. They have well-tried and vigorous constitutions, and seem able to grow and improve as churches, spite of the desperate incumbrance of social corruption. The Presbyterian churches rally the most vigorous and zealous classes of the better educated Orthodox religionists; old families from the Middle and Southern States, the best of the Scotch and North-Irish emigrants, and a great deal of the more serious and formal sort of Western society. The Congregational Church is usually the centre of the New-England element, and shows more reformatory zeal and broader cultivation of all kinds.

It is easy to see, that, in a few years after the founding of a prosperous Western town, all these churches, planted and nourished by Eastern Missions, "district" the community into social classes, almost as exclusive as old-world aristocracies. We once asked one of the Beechers, which he thought the most characteristic form of the religious genius of New York. He replied, "I never heard that the people of New York had *any* genius for religion." This extravagance points to a great truth. Executive administration, in all regions of life, is the great moving spring in the genius of the Empire State; and through the North-west, where the preponderating element of popular power is New York, this is the key to the riddle of

public movements. In the South-west, including Southern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, social enjoyment and ambition are the only strong ideas that rival in force the love of accumulation of property. The most cultivated New-England or New-York family insensibly yields to this all-absorbing desire for a pleasant, gossiping, interminable social existence ; and few there are of sufficient "nerve and faith" to resist it. At least the young people grow into it, and are as eager as the oldest inhabitant for a charming social life that shall fill up all the crevices left by debilitating toil in an enervating climate. Every church offers its own social attraction to such as come within its range, and religion itself in many of these cities insensibly becomes a vast social institution.

When, as in St. Louis, San Francisco, Buffalo, and some other Western cities, our Church gets on the ground early, and is organized for a quarter of a century by one or a series of able leaders, it catches the spirit of the community, and its theology is hardly an impediment to its great success. But most of our Western churches have had in their pulpits, studious, thoughtful New-England men, who have brought there the recluse, literary habits of Harvard, and the English social reticence of Boston ; who have not even felt the pulse of the community at all, and, outside a few agreeable families, have scarcely appeared as a social centre. Our societies have been too much composed on the "atomic" theory ; each being an aggregate of families imperfectly acquainted with one another, and not over eager to get nearer than speaking across the barriers of the pews. They have rarely initiated any vigorous social campaign in the outside world : indeed, the pastor, worn near to death by incessant visiting and consultation, generally finds it difficult to arouse the better class of his people to give proper social welcome to strangers joining the church. This explains the ease with which our societies run down when a favorite minister is removed, or the fact that they can be so easily disrupted by feuds among different sets of people. Every new minister gathers about himself a crowd of families who do not care to look beyond himself to see who is on the other side of him, and who

demand from him such social attention as can be rendered only by a whole church. We are socially weak in the West. Our young people of mark oftener marry outside than inside our fold. Our worldly rich people always keep one eye looking over into the more tempting gardens of their neighbors. New families, coming to our cities, generally prefer to go into old "sets" than help establish new ones. Our elements are hard to mix; and the faithful pastor often is worried almost out of his senses in his attempts to unite his crowd, all of whom manifest a prodigious love for him, and will do any thing for him, except the only thing that will save them as a church,—co-operate in social effort with one another.

Of course we cannot compete with any church in the race of fashion; and far hence be the day, when Western Liberal Christianity tries to rise by servile emulation of the vulgar luxurious and rich! No race of civilized or savage people on earth is so utterly heartless, and unsuitable for any good thing, as the votaries of fashion in the great Western cities and towns. Generally of uncertain character and basely gathered wealth, they caricature the wildest follies, and catch little even of the outward elegances of the fashionable class in older States. To convert them from their sins is always "in order;" to conciliate them as religious associates is for us a useless, even perilous, task.

But every Liberal Christian church in the West owes a great effort to Western society to gather about itself a social life, which shall be an example to the people of a true Christian order of social affairs. Avoiding extremes of fashion; keeping clear of the ever-glade of weak dawdling and gossip that swallows up every thing lofty and beautiful; cultivating true elegance, love for literature and art, real conversation, and simple elegance of manner, let it be a sphere in which men and women of every class and station in life can be lifted into higher social aspirations than amid their private sets and family conclaves.

This may be accomplished, as it has been successfully attempted in some of our churches, by the organization of a "Young People's Social Mission," whose function it shall be

to hold frequent meetings for social intercourse, in which the gifts of all the members shall be called in to minister to the general entertainment; to seek out young people of liberal tendencies in the community, and receive such as come from abroad, aid them socially, and bring them into the church; and especially to centre in some large work which shall increase the executive power of all, and attract the aspiring and religious youth within their sphere. We are convinced that in any large Western church in our cities could thus be established a social centre which could take in charge our missionary work for the city and suburbs, support a missionary colleague for the pastor, sustain a mission school, establish a publication fund, and do a great work for the Church and the general cause. Some of these societies might need help from the general funds of the body; but others could raise a thousand a year as easily as the young men and women of which they are composed can spend many, as they now do, on their own pleasures and social enjoyments, far less satisfactory. The most living feature of the Church of the Redeemer, at Cincinnati, during the past year, has been such a society of fifty members, who have brought many people to the church, spent several hundred dollars in charity, inaugurated mission work in the populous suburbs, and had a capital social time beside. Certain it is, we shall never get on as churches till some centralization of this kind enables us to become attractive, rather than repellent, social forces; and, with this cavalry corps attached, our congregations will move on to a success which will astonish even ourselves.

If we have presented more of the difficulties of our Western field, in this essay, than is the custom amid the genial hopes of our Western churches, we have not done it in any spirit of contempt for the services of any class of Christian men, past or present; or in any mood of despondency with our cause. That cause is now more hopeful than ever before, because we are coming to see that this mighty Western empire is not to be dissolved in a gush of enthusiasm, but slowly changed by such work as only earnest, tireless, wise, and pro-

foundly religious men and women can do. The West, ecclesiastical and lay, needs Liberal Christianity more than it needs any thing else. But it will not place any organized Liberalism in the high place of influence, till it earns that place by greater labors, more constant sacrifices, more palpable services to the people, and a more vitalizing and reconciling faith in God and man and the gospel of Christ, than has yet compelled its generous regards.

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ART. II.—THE CONFLICT OF REASON WITH BIGOTRY
AND SUPERSTITION.

By John Fiske.

History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe. By W. E. H. LECKY, M.A. 2 vols. New York. 1866.

ONLY three centuries ago, the belief in witchcraft, considered as a manifestation of Satanic power and malice, was everywhere cherished. Decrepit old women, endowed with supernatural energy, were supposed to traverse, astride of broomsticks, the mid-region between earth and sky, on their way to the witches' sabbath, where Satan conducted in person foul incantations imported from the bottomless pit, and fraught with calamity to humankind. *Loup-garous*, or persons who had exchanged their human for an animal form, were heard howling beneath the windows of their destined victims. Vampires feasted upon the flesh of newly buried corpses, or, sucking the blood of still living mortals, caused them at death to assume the vampire shape, and join in their loathsome revels. The belated peasant, hurrying home to his lonely cottage, often quickened his pace to a frantic run to elude the imagined pursuit of a headless horseman. And it was currently believed, that necromancers, skilfully moulding in dim, moonlit chambers the waxen model of some hated enemy, practised upon it their diabolic art, to the sure destruction of its living prototype.

Nor was this debasing superstition by any means confined to the lower and more ignorant classes. It extended through all ranks of society and all grades of intellect, numbering among its votaries men like the learned Bodin, the sagacious Hale, and the sceptical Glanvil. It was especially fostered by the clergy, who regarded every attempt to impugn it as a covert assault upon revealed religion. In civil tribunals, the practice of witchcraft was recognized as an adequate ground of indictment; and most atrocious judicial persecutions were occasioned by the constant endeavor to suppress it. The most helpless persons in the community—idiots, epileptics, women disabled by age and infirmity—were compelled by torture to acknowledge their complicity with Satan, the penalty for which was a death of lingering agony, or else were subjected to an ordeal artfully contrived so as to slay innocent and guilty alike; while the impossibility of proving an *alibi* was duly secured by the doctrine, suggested by the phenomena of trance, that the soul might be present at the unholy *sabbath*, while its earthly tabernacle was harmlessly reposing at home. But it was not old women alone, nor persons suffering from tarantism, St. Vitus's dance, or lycanthropic madness, who were liable to the imputation of sorcery. Whoever exhibited great singularity in his conduct, and especially whoever was so eccentric as to devote his time to the acquisition of abstruse learning or to the prosecution of physical discovery, was very apt to be suspected of being in league with the Devil. In the misfortunes of Adam Warner, Bulwer has graphically shown us how dangerous it often was in the fifteenth century to be a philosopher. Natural science, dealing with the physical properties of bodies, was peculiarly odious; and mathematics, employed as it is with the mysteries of number, was in the Middle Age synonymous with magic. The case of Roger Bacon will occur to every one; as well as that of Dr. Faustus, whose compact with Satan has furnished a fruitful theme for the genius of Marlowe and of Goethe. The Arabs of Spain, who cultivated learning to an extent unparalleled elsewhere, were all deemed sorcerers; and the illustrious Gerbert, who

had been educated among them, found even the papal tiara an inadequate defence against the consequent suspicion. That wealth and power, no more than social rank, could insure indemnity, is proved by the fate of the Templars, whose ruin, when decreed by the avarice of Philippe-le-Bel, was effected by the accusation of witchcraft; while, to complete the horrid picture, the soul of man was often made to bear witness against itself, ascribing, as in Luther's case, its healthful scepticism to the wiles of the demon.

All this is changed now. Supernatural agents are discarded. Performances, which would once have awakened general consternation, are now daily gone through with by *prestidigitateurs* to amuse the public, and by *clairvoyants* to dupe the more ignorant portion of it. By this portion, locomotive parlor-tables are still to some extent regarded as fit instruments for communication with the invisible world. But, refraining from further mention of these feeble aberrations, the belief in witchcraft may be pronounced not only extinct, but so totally buried in oblivion that we must needs overhaul musty records before we can conceive what it once was.

So great a change cannot but be symptomatic of an alteration equally great in our habits of contemplating phenomena in general. It is obviously a special phase of that steadily increasing tendency to refer events to natural instead of supernatural causes, which is vaguely designated as Rationalism. To the history and philosophic explanation of this tendency, Mr. Lecky has devoted the two volumes now before us. Before going on to present and criticise his views, it may be well to say, that he has brought to his task a mind of considerable acuteness, well furnished with facts by extensive reading; that his illustrations are admirably selected; that his manner of exposition is always lively and entertaining; and that in discussion he usually displays a catholicity as deserving of approval as it is difficult of attainment.

The disappearance of the belief in witchcraft has been happily chosen by Mr. Lecky, as illustrative evidence of the

declining sense of the miraculous. The initial chapter, in which this subject is treated, is one of the ablest in his whole work. Going back with us to ancient times, he shows how the belief in Satanic agency was operative in the minds of the earliest propagators of Christianity, who referred to that source the oracles and other wonders of the classic religions. It is well known, that, during the whole of the conflict with paganism, and for some time after its successful termination, the newly-converted Christians still continued to believe in the existence and exploits of their ancient deities, while ascribing to them a character diabolic instead of divine. But the influence of this circumstance, in deepening and intensifying the already dominant sense of a Satanic presence in nature, has seldom been duly estimated. The great overshadowing figure in the popular theology of the Middle Age was Satan. The mediæval imagination was predisposed to see manifestations of him on every side; and all evils, whether great or trivial, from a decimating pestilence to a wart on the finger, were alike ascribed to his malign activity. Yet so long as no luminous ray of doubt appeared to penetrate and disturb the blank continuity of mental darkness, did superstition fail to bring forth its worst fruit,— persecution. It was not until the close of the twelfth century, when the results of Greek and Mohammedan heresy were unmistakably visible, when the daring speculations of Averroes had found eager disciples, when Abélard had thrown down the gauntlet of scepticism, and Manichæism had reared its head in the most civilized province of Europe, that persecution was visited at once upon heretics and sorcerers. The night of submission was over, and the morning of struggle had dawned. Then it was that the fear of the unseen world was exalted into frenzied terror. As many a great heresiarch has seen in his first vague doubts the wicked suggestions of the Tempter, so was inquiring humanity for a time disposed to trace in its nascent scepticism the same dreaded influence. This disposition was encouraged by the behavior of the Church, which was led, alike by selfish interest and by honest conviction, to identify heresy with witchcraft, and to pre-

scribe the same violent remedies for both. The relentless persecution of witches increased the general terror, and this in turn multiplied the number of cases wherein witchcraft was discoverable. As usual, error was self-sustaining. Belief created evidence for itself. And thus, during four centuries, continuously at first, and then intermittently, men went on consigning each other to the rack and the stake, for a purely imaginary crime.

Mr. Lecky has shown, that the destruction of the belief in witchcraft was not brought about by direct assaults. The evidence in its favor was never carefully gathered together, weighed in the balance of sober judgment, and found wanting. Nor was its absurdity ever demonstrated by a logical chain of verified propositions, like those which, in the hands of Copernicus and his successors, overthrew the Ptolemaic astronomy. Nor, as with the doctrine of transubstantiation, was its coming downfall heralded by the secession of an organized sect. Witches were burned by the followers of Luther and Knox alike; were strangled alike by Anglicans in London, and by Puritans in Massachusetts. In no way or shape, then, was direct argument the cause of the change. Nay, if we are to believe Mr. Lecky, the weight of reasoning and evidence was rather on the side of the waning delusion. Here, however, in his anxiety to make out a strong case, he has been guilty of a slight exaggeration. It is by no means to be supposed, that the arguments of Glanvil and Bodin, in behalf of demonology, were as conclusive as those of Montaigne in opposition to it, although the former were sedate and voluminous, while the latter were brief and derisive. With this restriction, Mr. Lecky's remarks are undoubtedly just. But though he has told us what did not destroy the belief in witchcraft, in telling us what did destroy it, he is not quite so successful. He considers the chief causes of its decay to have been, in France, the influence, exerted by the writings of Bayle, Descartes, and Voltaire; in England, the speculations of Hobbes, the Baconian philosophy, and the reaction against Puritanism after the Restoration. Doubtless these things were not without their effect. Puritanism, for

instance, had distinguished itself by its zealous persecution of witches. When the re-action came, this form of persecution became unpopular and old-fashioned, along with melancholy visages, horror of theatres, and general asceticism. Such an effect had not, however, been produced by previous re-actions; and its appearance at that time could have been due only to some more general cause. This cause has indeed been recognized by Mr. Lecky; but his failure to give it sufficient prominence is the chief defect in his work. We allude to the progress of physical science, which, by constantly exhibiting wider and wider groups of phenomena in their relations of co-existence and sequence, has done more than any thing else to check the primitive tendency of the mind to attribute unusual events to the interposition of capricious, inscrutable, and therefore terrible,* agencies.

Without committing ourselves to Comte's doctrine of intellectual development in its entirety, we may yet safely assert that the earliest attitude assumed by the mind in interpreting nature was a fetichistic attitude. That chaos which the oldest traditions and the latest science alike recognize as the primordial state of the exterior universe must likewise have characterized the infancy of the human intellect. Until phenomena had been partially generalized, they could only have been considered the manifestations of arbitrary powers, not only unallied, but even in conflict with each other. And it is no less obvious, that these powers must have been supposed to effect their purposes by means of volition. For all knowledge, all interpretation of phenomena, is an interpretation in terms of likeness and unlikeness. We know an object only as this thing or that thing, only as classifiable with this or that other object; and the extent of our knowledge may be measured by the exhaustiveness of our classification. To adopt a familiar expression of Plato, we are ever carrying

* As Humboldt grandly says, "Es liegt tief in der trüben Natur des Menschen, in einer ernsterfüllten Ansicht der Dinge, dass das Unerwartete, Ausserordentliche, nur Furcht, nicht Freude oder Hoffnung erregt." — *Kosmos*, tom. i. p. 119.

on a process of dichotomy ; or, in the more precise language of modern psychology, we are constantly segregating similar objects into groups, apart from those which they do not resemble. If we fail to detect the resemblances which really exist, or if we have imagined resemblances which do not exist, our interpretation is so far inaccurate and untrustworthy, but not therefore necessarily useless. Some theory is needful as a basis for further observation. Wrong classification is the indispensable prelude to right classification. The mind cannot go alone till it has for awhile groped and stumbled. Nature, the hoary Sphinx, sternly propounds a riddle ; and many a luckless guesser gets devoured before an *Œdipus* arrives with the true solution.

In the primitive hypothesis, then, the forces of nature must have been likened to human volition, because there was nothing else with which to compare them. Man felt within himself a source of power, and knew not yet that power could have any other source. Seeing activity everywhere manifested, and knowing no activity but will, he identified the one with the other. All nature was thus conceived as exerting volition ; and not only storms, earthquakes, and eclipses, but many less striking phenomena, were thus accounted for. But here the perception of unlikeness entered. These uncontrollable agents, though supposed to resemble man, could not be wholly like him. Their ways were not as his ways. They were not to be counted upon. They could not be prepared for, defended against, or reasoned with. They might bring harm ; and usually they did bring harm. Accordingly, they were regarded with fear and trembling. It is not easy for us to realize the extent to which in early times the unknown was identified with the hurtful. It is not possible for us to adequately represent in imagination the overpowering emotions of mingled doubt and dread which seized the primitive man, when brought face to face with this omnipresent, but to him utterly incoherent, universe. Where certainty is for us, for him was uncertainty. The same resistless forces which to us bring expected benefits were for him productive mainly of unlooked-for calamities. We, holding in our grasp

the Aladdin's lamp of knowledge, may find them obedient slaves: to him who had not unearthed the talisman, they proclaimed themselves inexorable masters. Hunger and disease, exposure to heat and cold, to the attacks of savage beasts and of unseen enemies, these were stern realities of daily experience. There were no houses for shelter and defence, no cities for the common protection, no arts to insure exemption from physical discomfort. Language had not yet found need for words to denote some of the most necessary implements and some of the most ordinary processes of life. Nature was unmanageable as well as unknown,—a stumbling-block as well as a riddle.

No wonder, then, that the unclassed phenomenon should have been a source of terror. Experience had taught, that it was more likely to bring disaster than good fortune. No wonder that the volitional agencies by which fetishism sought to account for the movements of surrounding objects should have been regarded as malevolent* agencies. There was but little reason for thinking them benevolent. All ancient mythologies bear witness at once to the dread inspired by the coming darkness, and to the delight which hailed the approach of day. This is the truth which underlies the symbolism of the dawn-myths.† Indra triumphing over the powers of darkness, and Zagreus succumbing to their might, typify the alternate phases which the feeling assumed. The festivals of Mithras and the mournful rites of Memnon show us how Light was deified as the source of security, and Darkness diabolized as the parent of danger, while both were objects of worship. Comets and eclipses, no less than floods and storms, were regarded as causing or announcing complicated miseries. In Egypt, deprecating prayers were addressed to the crocodile; and, in Syria, to the serpent. To

* "La grande fée qui fait pour l'homme la plupart des biens et des maux, l'imagination, se joue à lui travestir à cent façons la nature. Dans tout ce qui passe ses forces ou blesse ses sensations, dans toutes les nécessités que commande l'harmonie du monde, il est tenté de voir et de maudire une volonté malveillante." — MICHELET: *L'Oiseau*, p. 18.

† BRÉAL: *Hercule et Cacus*.

assuage the wrath of the Unknown, and thereby to escape misfortunes which knowledge now provides for, Hindoos threw their children into the Ganges, and Carthaginians burned new-born infants before the brazen image of Moloch.

Thus are indicated with sufficient clearness the causes which conspired to originate and prolong, what Mr. Lecky calls, the sense of a Satanic presence in nature. These causes, as mythology proves, were operative throughout the whole of pre-classic antiquity. During the classic period, their operation was incessantly modified by the gradual generalization of such phenomena as were distinguished by their simplicity, their frequency of occurrence, and their direct importance to human welfare. Yet the fatal delay of Nikias in retiring from the harbor of Syracuse, occasioned as it was by an eclipse of the moon, shows that even enlightened Athenians could be frightened by strange appearances. Owing to the special circumstances mentioned by Mr. Lecky, the advent of monotheism was accompanied by a retrograde movement. And this movement was accelerated by the immense influx of Teutonic barbarians, whose notions of the supernatural world were still subject to the undiminished action of those general causes which we have assigned to religious terrorism in its origin. With the extinction of Greek science, these causes regained their undivided sway, and continued to exercise it, as we have seen, down even to modern times.

If we turn now to the periods when the belief in Satanic agency began and consummated its decline, we shall find them to have been respectively contemporaneous with the partial inauguration and the complete victory of the modern scientific movement. The first assault upon the superstition was made by Montaigne soon after the death of Copernicus; and the last execution for witchcraft in civilized Europe took place during the lifetime of Newton.* It remains to show

* LECKY, vol. i. pp. 111, 118, 189, 151. It may be remarked, that in Spain, where, so late as 1771, the discoveries of Newton and Descartes were condemned by the University of Salamanca (*SEMPÈRE, Monarchie Espagnole*, tom. ii. p. 152), the belief in witchcraft and the consequent persecution were of much longer duration than elsewhere.

that the one movement was determined by the other; that it was the slow attainment of physical knowledge which rendered scepticism possible, and that it was the rapid spread of such knowledge which made scepticism triumphant. This conclusion naturally follows from the premises we have laid down. To the statement that *dæmonology* owes its origin to ignorance of natural laws, the statement that acquaintance with those laws has brought about its destruction, is obviously correlative. The discovery of natural laws is the segregation of phenomena into groups according to their relations of likeness and unlikeness, attended by the disclosure of community of causation for the phenomena constituting each separate group. After this process has continued for a time, it will be perceived that there are different modes of causation. Phenomena, in the production of which the human will is not implicated, are seen to differ from those in which it is concerned, by exhibiting greater regularity of sequence. Consequently, in considering them, the conception of will is gradually excluded, and is replaced by the conception of a uniform force, whose actions may be foreseen, and whose effects, if harmful, may be avoided. This having occurred in the case of the more familiar phenomena, the same result eventually follows in the case of those which are more remote. The planets were originally thought to be wanderers,—a belief embodied in their name. But, when it was seen that in their wanderings they always chose definite paths, their movements, no longer deemed erratic, were represented in formulas,—crudely by Ptolemaeus, more perfectly by Kepler. They were still however supposed to be under the control of guiding spirits;* until Newton, by proving that the force which guides them is identical with that which prescribes the course to be taken by a stone after leaving the sling, dethroned Helios and Artemis, with their entire coterie of subordinate divinities, and banished them all into outer darkness. By this revelation the supremacy of science was assured. Unclassified causes were no longer

* Even by Kepler himself. See his *Harmonices Mundi*, p. 252.

generally identified with supernatural exertions of volition. Remote and rare phenomena no longer awakened terror. Armies retreating from destruction were not checked in their course by eclipses which had been predicted; and comets were beheld with equanimity as soon as they were known to move in conic sections.

Coincident with the progress of our ability to predict simple phenomena has been the progress of our ability to modify those which are more complicated. The advancement of science is also the advancement of art. Penetrating inquisitively into the secrets of Nature, we employ our information in extorting from her her treasures. Fire is not the only bad master that we have contrived to make a very good servant. We transform heat into motion, and improve our means for travelling. We change electricity into motion, and facilitate the transfer of intelligence. The forces which produce small-pox we compel to defeat themselves. And so, in many other cases, we extract profit and gratification from that which is ugly and noxious; as the refuse of gas-works and the drainings of stables, when dealt with by the chemist, yield rich dyes and delicate perfumes.

Thus, as science advances, Nature is better understood. As art progresses, she inflicts less pain and bestows more pleasure. Once hated as an enemy, she is at last revered as a benefactor. Gradually it comes to be perceived, that all pain arises from disregard of her wisely-framed ordinances; and that, by conformity to those ordinances, pain may ultimately be avoided.* Where the uncultivated man saw nothing but capricious volition, the scientific man now beholds force acting by invariable methods. The former knew not that the pain under which he was writhing resulted from a violation of Nature's edicts, and he sought to prevent its recurrence by sacrifice and supplication. The latter knows that Nature's commandments are not to be broken. He knows that to their infringement there is attached an

* "Ainsi la nature gravite vers un ordre moins violent. Est-ce à dire que la mort puisse diminuer jamais? La mort, non, mais bien la douleur." — MICHELLET : *L'Oiseau*, p. 107.

inevitable penalty,—that misery will follow disobedience, the first time, the second time, every time; and he therefore learns to obey. Matter does not put off its resistance to save from broken bones; the stomach does not stop digesting, that poison may be innocuous; the law which couples imprudent exposure with pulmonary consumption will not cease to operate, though millions die. To aboriginal man, malevolence was the only conceivable source of suffering. The reverent follower of science, however, perceives the truth of the paradox, that the infliction of pain may be subservient to a beneficent end. “Pervading all nature, he sees at work a stern discipline, which is a little cruel, that it may be very kind.” That perpetual warfare going on among lower animals, whereby those no longer fit to live are spared the miseries of protracted existence, is found also to be the indispensable preliminary to the origination of higher forms. The disappearance of savage tribes before the spread of civilized races, while often accompanied by unjustifiable aggression on the part of the stronger, is perceived to involve the increase of the sum-total of happiness.* Acute historical analysis has detected elevating influences in the Black Death of the fourteenth century. And even a catastrophe like the Lisbon earthquake, which so sorely puzzled

* “La douleur est en quelque sorte l’artiste du monde, qui nous fait, nous façonne, nous sculpte à la fine pointe d’un impitoyable ciseau. Elle retranche la vie débordante. Et ce qui reste, plus exquis et plus fort, enrichi de sa perte même, en tire le don d’une vie supérieure.” — MICHELET : *L’Oiseau*, p. 106. See TENNYSON’s *In Memoriam*, 58–55; and also the passage of unequalled sublimity, wherein, speaking of man, he says,—

“If so he type this work of Time

Within himself from more to more;
And, crowned with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore;

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use.”

Voltaire and Goethe, loses something of its horror, when we reflect that it was caused by calculable forces acting beneath the earth's crust, and that these forces are ever tending to equilibrium.

These considerations illustrate the position taken, that the belief in witchcraft has been destroyed by the advance of science. Our knowledge of nature widening, our confidence in nature has gained strength. Diabolism is extruded from our thoughts, because there is no longer any room for it there. The superstition has starved for lack of the feelings by which it was sustained. It was born of the aboriginal fetishism, with which it always co-existed, and the death of which it did not survive. The force of direct arguments against it mattered little; for other arguments had gone abroad which no logic could refute. It matters as little, that we do not trouble ourselves to survey the acres of testimony recorded in its favor. Those who care to do so will find it to be of a character far from formidable. But, were it otherwise, our confidence in the beneficent stability of nature is upheld by evidence more convincing than any to be found in the records of the Scottish Kirk or the Romish Inquisition. If Baxter and Cotton Mather could have turned back civilization in its course, they might have infused new vigor into the belief in witchcraft. The latter was no less impossible than the former. For the extirpation of the superstition, neither Montaigne nor Bayle nor Voltaire alone deserves the credit. It is equally due to all those who have assisted the progress of science in any way whatever. Vesalius contributed his share to the work, when he daringly set the example of dissecting the human body. Tycho Brahe contributed his share, when he discovered the third inequality of the moon. Pascal contributed his share, when he ordered a barometer to be carried up the Puy de Dôme. The destruction of the belief in witchcraft is one among countless ways in which science has blessed our race. And, although so great a change cannot be described as the achievement of a distinguished few, we must not therefore forget our obligations to the many workers, who indirectly, but none the less surely have hastened the consummation.

2 Leaving the subject of witchcraft, our author proceeds, after a few chapters, to an account of the history and causes of persecution. Rejecting, at the outset, the view formerly current,—a lingering remnant of the philosophy of Voltaire,—that persecutors have usually been unscrupulous hypocrites, cruelly slaying hecatombs of victims before the shrine of their own selfish ambition; wasting no time either in casting reproaches or in searching for excuses,—he calmly strives to indicate the antecedents of persecution in the human mind.

The men of ancient times were universally intolerant. Where the intolerance was not one of religion, it was one of race. While, in nations which had attained to monotheism, it was usually theological, in polytheistic nations, it assumed a political character. Dazzling as was the height attained by Hellenic civilization, it never became quite free from its primitive narrowness. It was a brilliant point of light making the surrounding darkness blacker; not the expansive brightness which imparts cheerfulness to every thing within the circle of its radiation. Even the relations of the Greeks among themselves were by no means characterized by a sympathetic and liberal spirit. Their civilization was a civilization of separate cities, not of a common country. The selfish longing for autonomy was always strong enough to stifle the suggestions of large-souled charity and of enlightened policy. To the minds of a few great thinkers only, did the idea of a commonwealth of Grecian States present itself as either practicable or desirable. Even during the fearful struggle against Persia, at a time when, if ever, one would think, community of danger must have necessitated community of feeling,—even then, the Theban or the Spartan was never quite forgotten in the Greek. The Spartans “contrived to be a day too late for the battle of Marathon; they attempted to avoid the battle of Salamis; they suffered the Athenians, to whom they owed their lives and liberties, to be a second time driven from their country by the Persians, that they might finish their own fortifications on the Isthmus; they attempted to take advantage of the distress to which exertions in their cause had reduced their pre-

servers, in order to make them their slaves; they strove to prevent those who had abandoned their walls to defend them from rebuilding them to defend themselves."* Lord Macaulay does not call our attention to the fact, that all this selfishness was manifested by a city, which, when its own safety as well as that of others was obviously imperilled, so grandly defended itself at Thermopylæ,—a circumstance which forcibly shows how completely the most glorious patriotism was in Greece combined with the narrowest political exclusiveness. Had the maritime empire of Athens been allowed to extend itself, all this might have been eventually changed. But that lamentable calamity, the Peloponnesian War, ruined all hope of a national union; and the subsequent history of Greece shows us only the sad spectacle of her chief cities incessantly weakening each other, until the arrival of the catastrophe which delivered them, bound hand and foot, to the barbarians of Macedon. But, if the feelings of Greeks toward one another were like this, their feelings toward other races were still worse. The meaning etymologically latent in the word "barbarian" is "one who does not speak Greek," and by Greeks such persons were deemed hardly within the pale of society. In Athens they were disfranchised, and they might be enslaved. To the greatest of all Greeks a barbarian was still an inferior creature, and a society without slaves an inconceivable anomaly.

This political intolerance lost much of its intensity under the wide-spread and long-enduring rule of the Macedonians; but the glory of extinguishing it was reserved for the empire of Rome. Under the aristocratic Roman republic, the bigotry of race retained much of its bitterness. But the enormous extent of territory gradually brought under the dominion of the central city slowly necessitated an improvement in this respect. The rights of Roman citizenship were extended at first to all Italians, and, by the time of Tiberius, to many persons living in all parts of the empire. The conflicting claims of citizens and provincials in the court of the

* MACAULAY'S *Essays*, vol. i. p. 188.

praetor rendered needful a system of jurisprudence which should recognize the equal rights of both; and thus was called into existence the equitable *jus gentium* which has formed the basis of much of our modern international law, and has supplied with theories many schools of ethics. The further we follow Roman law in its development, the wider we see it become in its philanthropic tolerance; until, under Justinian, law for Romans has become entirely merged in law for all nations alike.*

To this brief view of the progress and decline of ancient political bigotry, it remains to add, that the feelings we have described were nurtured by a spirit of unreasoning patriotic enthusiasm, which to some extent supplied the place of religious emotion. As Mr. Lecky observes:—

“For some centuries before the introduction of Christianity, patriotism was in most countries the presiding moral principle, and religion occupied an entirely subordinate position. Almost all those examples of heroic self-sacrifice, of passionate devotion to an unselfish aim, which antiquity affords, were produced by the spirit of patriotism. Decius and Regulus, Leonidas and Harmodius, are the pagan parallels to Christian martyrs.” — Vol. ii. p. 102.

To patriotism like this, modern times can hardly afford a parallel. The enthusiasm with which Americans have recently maintained the integrity of their country, though a higher feeling than that which animated the Athenians at Marathon, was not so narrowly patriotic. The latter fought for a city, every stone of which was sacred, and every face in it familiar to them from childhood: the interests of mankind were nothing to them; while the motives which have actuated the former have been concerned with the welfare of humanity as well as with more special objects. Modern patriotism is ennobled by philanthropy,—a feeling which ancient patriotism usually excluded.

With this intense political bigotry, a certain amount of religious intolerance doubtless co-existed. The death of Socrates, whether heresy were its real cause or merely the pretext

* THIERRY: *Tableau de l'Empire Romain*, p. 278.

for it, sufficiently proves this. But, in the classic nations, examples of religious persecution were very rare. In a pantheon where countless deities were already enthroned, the addition of a few more could not occasion much scandal; and the picture of universal toleration under the early Roman emperors, which Gibbon gives us, is probably accurate. It is chiefly to monotheistic nations that we must look for exhibitions of bigotry. While the polytheism of the Brahmins was accompanied by narrowness of caste, the monotheism of Buddha was attended by narrowness of sect; and the warfare between these two religions vaguely resembles the strife between Paganism and Christianity, in the West. Throughout the Zendavesta may be seen lurking evidences of the bitter hatred with which the Persian monotheists regarded their fetishistic ancestors. And still better known is the intolerance of Mohammedanism, which, though often grossly exaggerated, is nevertheless not to be denied.

In Judæa, the bigotry of sect was united with the bigotry of nationality, to an extent never paralleled in history, except perhaps by the mediæval Spaniards. Calling themselves the chosen people of God, the Jews felt no compunction in slaughtering like noxious vermin the idolatrous Canaanites and Philistines. To show mercy to the worshippers of Baal was an iniquitous act; and the blood of Gentiles, like Og of Bashan, was deemed an offering equivalent in virtue to the most costly sacrifice. In each occurrence of their history, they saw the interposition of a God wholly concerned with their peculiar interests. Disasters were their punishment; good fortune, their reward. Their ideal for the future was a kingdom of the elect, into which Gentiles might in vain seek for admittance. It was in the midst of such a people as this, that Christianity, proclaiming universal brotherhood, had its origin. From the limits of their country it was soon expelled, but only to traverse the whole of the Roman Empire, assuming in its progress more and more of that universality which has fitted it to be the religion of the most advanced portion of mankind. Christianity is too often spoken of as if Judaism were its only antecedent, and the extravagances of Puri-

tanism have lent plausibility to such an assertion. It was not so. Its historic antecedents were likewise Stoicism and the Roman law, from both of which it took some of their best elements. And it should never be forgotten that the great apostle who carried it beyond the bounds of Palestine was at once by his nationality a Jew, by his philosophy a Greek, and by his citizenship a Roman. Under the guidance of his successors, who were also mostly Roman citizens, the new religion retained its political universality; but rapidly, in conflict with paganism, lost its spiritual liberality. The distinction between Greek and barbarian was lost in the deeper distinction between Pagan and Christian, or between Arian and Athanasian. Old differences of nationality were effaced, only to be superseded by new and more trenchant differences of creed. For this exclusiveness we are not now to blame the early Christians. We may admit it as proof that their morality was lower than ours, but we must recognize it as an indispensable necessity for the age in which they lived. Had they admitted the aruspices and augurs of Rome to an equality with their own bishops, they could never have acquired the organization necessary for gaining spiritual sway over the empire. That sway was needful for the further development of the human race. Even the disfigured Christianity of Cyril and Tertullian was a far better compass to guide men through the abyss of the Middle Age than the worship of Jupiter or Serapis. We may well shudder at the probable fate of civilization, had not the Christian religion acquired supremacy before the irruption of the barbarians. Nothing but an intolerant zeal could in that day have soon enough insured to it the supremacy. By that zeal, the lenity inherent in polytheism was changed into self-defending persecution, which called forth persecution in return. Thus the distinction between the two systems became strongly marked. Their hostility became decisive, and the fate of the less perfectly organized system was not doubtful. When the barbarians came, the Church was the only organization in the empire which retained enough vitality to resist their onset. To its authority they succumbed; and, throughout

the troubled period extending from the fifth to the thirteenth century, it nobly performed its work of binding together the growing nations of Europe into a Christian federation, raising from their degradation the down-trodden portions of humanity, enforcing its beneficent decrees by a sanction which kings and emperors dared not dispute, and thus preventing that isolated and one-sided development which was the main cause of the instability of ancient civilization. During the whole of this long period, persecution could hardly be said to exist. The forcible conversion of the Saxons by Charlemagne was not persecution, but conquest. Persecution only re-appeared with the re-appearance of heresy in the time of Innocent III.

But, before proceeding with this survey, it is desirable to call attention to the causes which have determined the existence of persecution within the Christian Church: The statement of these causes is one of the best things in Mr. Lecky's work; and he has laid down a rule which will introduce order into more than one historic chaos.

This rule is, that, in the ages when persecution was practised, *those who believed in the dogma of exclusive salvation were always persecutors, no matter to what sect they belonged.* Of this belief, persecution is under any circumstances the natural outcome. He who believes that his neighbor's heresy is destined to be punished after death by excruciating tortures of infinite duration will not scruple to use the most violent means for rescuing him from his perilous condition. There is no sophistry in this. The conclusion logically follows from the major premise. Once admit that salvation is possible only within the limits of your own sect, and you are bound, in benevolence, if not in justice, to compel all dissenters to "enter in" to that sect. If persecution be needful to obtain such an object, then, on this view of the case, it would be hard-hearted to refrain from using it. If pulleys and thumbscrews can substitute eternal happiness for torments like those described by Dante, then pulleys and thumbscrews are instruments of charity and kindness. Mr. Lecky has succeeded in proving that this was the ground on

which persecution immediately rested. We can hardly realize the effect which must have been produced upon men's minds by the doctrine of eternal punishment, when, in the third century, it had attained its full proportions. There was no mincing of the matter, no exception made in favor of virtuous individuals. Socrates and Plato, as well as Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, were involved in the same condemnation with Kritias, Messalina, and Domitian. The infamous Sulla fared no worse than the noble Brasidas; and the Athenians who died at Chæroneia were probably no better off than the Carthaginians who wreaked their brutal vengeance upon the defenceless people of Agrigentum. Even the innocence of childhood could not claim exemption. The amiable Puritan who imagined "newly-born infants, scarce a span long, crawling about over the pavement of hell" did but give vigorous expression to a belief shared by many of the ancient Fathers. The argument, that the infant who died immediately after birth had not lived sufficiently long to sin, was met by the assertion, that sin, being inherent in the human race, was born anew with each member of it; and to such strange perversity did human reasoning attain, that the ordinary cries of a child were adduced in proof of its innate wickedness. While, to crown all, not only for their unbaptized children, but for their impenitent parents, relations, and friends, the new converts were obliged to acknowledge that the same terrible fate was in store.

This punishment, reserved for unbelievers, was not supposed to be principally of a moral nature. It was a physical torment, which might be definitely conceived and minutely described. The men of the third century were too thorough materialists to be sufficiently affected by penalties of a spiritual nature. Such penalties were vague in conception, and by sceptical argument might be refined into something too ethereal to be of much account. The same materialism which led them to worship weeping images of the Virgin made them obtuse to any but physical penalties. To all men, in some measure, and especially to men not morally sensitive, physical pain is more intolerable than mental pain. The

most bitter remorse does not usually awaken such an uncontrollable desire for relief as the exquisite torture experienced when the fingers are brought in contact with a burning match. And De Quincey, after describing the horrors of his opium-dreams, speaks of the suffering occasioned by a morbidly sensitive stomach as something peculiarly unendurable. Of all kinds of physical agony, that caused by fire may claim to be considered one of the worst; and it was this which, on the alleged authority of Scripture, was declared to be in store for all unbelievers. Those inquirers, like Origen, whose exegesis led them to a different conclusion, were speedily placed under the ban of heresy. A literal fire was the only conception which found favor; and, incredible as it may seem, a flaming gulf was imagined, in full sight of heaven, wherein lost souls might eternally writhe for the amusement and edification of the redeemed.*

Such ideas were worthy of an age in which gladiatorial combats were still beheld with pleasure. They were no less worthy of an age which witnessed the atrocities committed by the victorious Crusaders at Jerusalem. They were worthy of men so morally imperfect as to see nothing wrong in breaking faith with a heretic, and so intellectually imperfect as to consider the Deity a fit subject for artistic representation. If persecution were not the legitimate result of the state of feeling implied by them, it would be difficult to trace causal sequence anywhere. Manifestly, the man who sees in his unbelieving friends the destined victims of torments like those above mentioned, will persecute. Manifestly, the man who looks forward to the time when he shall exult in the misery of those who have died in their unbelief, will also persecute. These opposite but not incompatible feelings dictate, as history shows, the same course of conduct. When the intolerance exhibited in one form or another by all ancient nations had assumed, as with the early Christians, a purely religious character; and when that intolerance was re-acted upon by the doctrine of eternal punishment for

* The reader will recall, in this connection, the celebrated passage from Tertullian. See "Christian Examiner," September, 1868.

heretics,—then tragedies like that of Hypatia, persecutions like those under Constantius, and enormities like the sack of the Serapion, were consequences which might have been predicted.

The doctrine of eternal punishment, when literally held and vividly realized, accounts for the peculiarly cruel character of religious persecution, as well as for the fact of its existence. When we read of the frightful tortures inflicted upon Arabs, Jews, and Protestants, by the Inquisition; when we remember the fiendish outrages perpetrated by the Spanish armies in Holland, and by the Imperial armies at Magdeburg; when we reflect that in Spain an *auto-da-fé* was one of the most imposing ceremonies of the church, and that, on the marriage of Philip II., burning heretics served as nuptial torches,—we are tempted to exclaim that such things could never have been. For such cruelty as this, we find in human nature, as we know it, no parallel. Yet we need but to imagine the state of mind which attributed a similar course of action to Eternal Justice, and conceived it as part and parcel of the essential order of the universe, to render all this explicable. That ingenuity which men speculatively displayed in descriptions of the next world was also practically displayed in inventions such as the boot, the *caschielewis*, and cells like that in Venice, the walls of which gradually approached each other until the unhappy occupant was crushed to a jelly. And when we recollect that execution by fire was openly defended as being symbolical of the punishment destined for the culprit hereafter, the evidence is complete.

To this deductive filiation of religious persecution from the doctrine of exclusive salvation may be added inductive confirmation. In history, we find the two always united. And where, as under the pagan emperors of Rome, persecution occurred in the absence of the corresponding doctrine, a careful examination of the facts proves its character to have been mainly political. While, if we compare this persecution with that directed by the Brahmins of India against the Buddhists, we shall find in the latter case a gloomier

theology co-existing with persecution at once more virulent and more effective, although here also political interests were more prominent than those of a religious nature. Among the early Christians, the heretical sects were as unscrupulous persecutors as the orthodox. The Arian Constantius showed himself no more merciful than the Athanasian Constantine. The Arian Visigoths of Spain were quite as violent as the Catholic followers of Clovis. Coming down to modern times, it may be noted that nearly all the great champions of Protestantism, Luther, Knox, Calvin, Jurieu, and Beza, were advocates of persecution, and in some cases practised it. And even Baxter, though much more liberal than his predecessors of the previous century, stigmatized universal toleration as "soul-murder,"* The exceptions are of the kind which prove the rule; since Socinus and Zwingli, the only Reformers by whom toleration was professed and practised, both denied the doctrine of exclusive salvation. And with the same denial may probably be credited Henri Quatre and William the Silent, who were the only tolerant rulers during the sixteenth century. Elizabeth, the only sovereign of that time who for intellectual capacity and nobleness of spirit can be compared to these great men, was far from exhibiting a similar enlightened liberality; and, in reading the history of her degraded successors of the family of Stuart, one would almost think that the right of private judgment had never been heard of. Every one has had his indignation aroused by the murder of the illustrious Michael Servetus, under peculiarly heinous circumstances, by Calvin; the hearty approval with which the great body of Protestants greeted this foul deed being not the least shameful thing connected with it. When, by the favor of Richelieu, the Huguenots of France had acquired sufficient power, they immediately be-

* LECKY, vol. ii. p. 79. "We hold that tolleration of all religions is not farre from blasphemy." — RUTHERFORD's *Free Disputation against Pretended Liberty of Conscience*, p. 20. "Persecution is the deadly original sin of the Reformed Churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive." — HALLAM's *Works*; Paris, 1841; vol. i. p. 70.

gan to oppress their Catholic enemies. In Scotland, Presbyterians were tortured by Anglicans, and repaid them in the same coin. Romish atrocities in Piedmont were rivalled by Protestant atrocities in Ireland. And even in Massachusetts, the Puritan settlers were not deterred, by the recollection of the sufferings they had experienced at home, from visiting with similar ill-treatment the harmless and upright Quakers.

These examples will suffice to illustrate the statement, that persecution has not been confined to the Catholic or to any other Church, but that all sects believing error to be worthy of eternal punishment have been alike guilty of it. To which it may be added, that the milder forms assumed by the intolerance of the present day co-exist with a prevalent notion, that error is morally wrong, even though unquenchable fire may not perhaps be the consequence necessarily entailed by it. In the absence of any distinct and substantial belief in such torments, we still occasionally make feeble attempts at persecution. Though we do not burn the individual whom we consider mistaken, we still think it not improper to calumniate him a little, to hold ourselves haughtily aloof from his society, and to make him generally uncomfortable. Manifestly, all these petty exhibitions of bigotry, equally unphilosophic and immoral as they are, have their source in the idea that error is culpable. These evanescent forms of persecution imply, as still existing, an evanescent form of the belief that endless misery is to be the portion of heretics. Not until we have learned four things,—that error upon a subject already settled is nothing but harmless ignorance ; that, in open questions, the opposing arguments must in justice be allowed equal advantage ; that to attribute moral obliquity to our antagonist involves the assertion of our own omniscience ; and that even error vigorously defended is likely to be of as much service as truth torpidly acquiesced in,—not until then, shall we welcome the innovator instead of frowning on him. Not until then will persecution have completely disappeared.

Mr. Lecky has laid bare the fallacy of the current opinion, that persecution has usually defeated itself, imparting by re-

action new impetus to the obnoxious doctrines. It has always been a favorite idea with a certain class of sentimental minds, that truth has a sort of phoenix-like vitality, whereby after each extinction it is enabled to rise from its ashes in greater strength and beauty than ever before. On this ground, persecution has even been defended, as preparing for truth a gymnastic career for the more complete development of its powers. This opinion is so far from being correct, that the contrary statement would be the safer alternative. That truth will ultimately prevail is not to be denied. But hitherto, in the majority of cases, persecution has been thoroughly successful; and it has invariably inflicted lasting damage upon that which it has warred against. The assertion a while since made, that the quickly attained supremacy of Christianity was partly owing to the violence with which it treated Paganism, has been emphatically confirmed by the great Reformer Jurieu, in a passage quoted by Mr. Lecky.* The persecution of the Vaudois, of the Albigenses, and of the Lollards, was by no means self-defeating. The persecution of Jews and Arabs by the Inquisition was likewise tolerably successful. And the results flowing from the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, were hardly the reverse of those contemplated. Persecution extinguished Protestantism both in Italy and in Spain, and would have been found equally efficient in Germany, had it not met with greater material resistance. It was not an occult energy inherent in truth, but it was the military genius of Maurice of Saxony, which proved too strong for the selfish bigotry of Charles V. And similar examples may be found in the history of Sweden and Denmark.

Finally, in criticism of Mr. Lecky, it may be noticed, that, while the disappearance of the belief in witchcraft is due to the progress of scientific knowledge, on the other hand the

* "Peut-on nier que le Paganisme est tombé dans le monde par l'autorité des empereurs Romains? On peut assurer sans témérité que le Paganisme seroit encore debout, et que les trois quarts de l'Europe seroient encore payens si Constantin et ses successeurs n'avoient emploie leur autorité pour l'abolir." — Quoted in LECKY, vol. ii. p. 52.

decline of persecution is mainly owing to increasing moral refinement. Between the man who considers dissent from his own opinions a crime worthy of infinite condemnation, and the man who perceives that contradictory doctrines may co-exist with equal uprightness, lie unnumbered degrees of difference, moral as well as intellectual. Whether persecution has arisen from mistaken benevolence, as perhaps in most instances; or from a brutal selfish ambition, as in the case of those evil tyrants, Charles V. and Philip II.,—the change whereby it has perished is equally a moral change. Though, in decreeing the establishment of the Inquisition, Queen Isabella had certainly the most charitable intentions, yet the theological reasoning which could make such goodness as hers take such a shape had none the less its original source in one of the lowest passions of our nature. It had its source in that obstinate narrowness, in that refusal to recognize merit or honest claim outside of self, in that selfish disregard for the rights of others, which characterized the communities of ancient times. Whether manifested politically or theologically, it was nothing more nor less than barbarous egotism. The distinctions between Greek and barbarian, between Jew and Gentile, between Catholic and heretic, were all alike selfish distinctions. It was selfishness which led a limited class of men to call themselves the chosen children of God. It was selfishness which made them contemplate a miserable eternity as the inevitable lot of all other men. It was selfishness which made them set up their own creed as the only passport to heaven. It was selfishness which made them burn and mutilate those who would not adopt their creed. Sound the persecuting spirit with what plummet we will, this ugliest of feelings will be found at the bottom of it. And that gradual supplanting of selfishness by sympathy, which constitutes human progress, is the process which has rendered persecution no longer possible. The plea of mistaken benevolence will excuse Luther, Ximenes, Cranmer, and many others: it may partially excuse the majority of individuals: it cannot excuse the system, or alter the eternal fact, that selfishness was its originator, and sympathy its destroyer.

All of Mr. Lecky's remarks on the subject of persecution deserve serious and careful study. He has also written much that is excellent on the æsthetic, scientific, and moral developments of Rationalism. In his examination of the miracles of the Church, he is not so satisfactory. And, in his chapters on the secularization of politics, and on the industrial history of Rationalism, he has laid himself open to the charge of not having kept distinctly in view the point to be proved. Not having space, however, to discuss minutely his treatment of these subjects, we must confine ourselves to a few minor criticisms. Speaking of the degree to which, among the ancients, patriotism developed the sterner virtues, he tells us, that, on the other hand, —

"They were pre-eminently deficient in the gentler ones. The pathos of life was habitually repressed. . . . The spectacle of suffering and death was the luxury of all classes. An almost absolute destruction of the finer sensibilities was the consequence of the universal worship of force." — Vol. ii. p. 104.

Now, this statement, made in this unqualified way, betrays surprising carelessness. It may be wholly true of Rome; but of Greece it is scarcely true at all. In Greece, the pathos of life was not habitually repressed, the finer sensibilities were not destroyed, nor was the spectacle of suffering the delight of all classes or of any class. It is hardly too much to say, that in Greek history are to be found fewer examples of deliberate cruelty than in the history of any other country, ancient or modern. War there was, and disgraceful executions there were, as everywhere else. Nor had human life so high a value set upon it as in modern times. But, though the Greeks put men to death, they were always careful to do it in a way not shocking to the feelings. Torture, mutilation, breaking on the wheel, beheading, burning, and impaling, were unknown; and, if known, would have awakened universal horror and disgust. The mode of executing criminals, by compelling them to drink hemlock, was the most humane that has ever been devised. It needs but to compare the execution of the generals who had been guilty of misconduct

after the battle of Arginusæ with any ordinary execution in modern times to be convinced of the superiority of the Greeks in this respect.* Though inferior to us in general humanity, they were superior to us in that kind of delicacy which shrinks from the infliction of needless pain.

One other point remains to be noticed. Toward the close of his work, Mr. Lecky tells us, that "those who hold that all our ideas are derived from sensation will always, if they are consistent, make utility the ultimate principle of virtue, because by their system they can never rise to the conception of the disinterested."† Whatever may be thought of the correctness or incorrectness of the statement here made, we are sorry to see such a reason alleged for it, because it is unfair. To judge from the pervading tenor of his work, one would naturally class Mr. Lecky himself among sensationalists. But, since he protests against such an inference, he must be reminded, that his disagreement with these philosophers will not excuse an attempt to disparage their system by pronouncing selfishness to be its necessary result. His statement expresses, not a fact, but an inference; and that inference, we venture to think, is not founded upon fact. Had Locke and Berkeley, Hume and Bentham, no conception of the disinterested? The most resolute transcendentalist would hardly make such an assertion, after studying their lives and their works. We do not intend here to enter into a defence of sensationalism; nor do we aim at deciding the question whether the utilitarian or the transcendental theory of ethics is the right one. We are simply desirous to see candor uniformly preserved in philosophic discussion; and the assertion, that utilitarianism does not recognize, for in-

* "It is certain, that, on the whole, the public sentiment in England is more humane now than it was at that day in Athens. Yet an Athenian public could not have borne the sight of a citizen publicly hanged or beheaded in the market-place. Much less could they have borne the sight of the prolonged tortures inflicted on Damiens at Paris, in 1757, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators, when every window commanding a view of the Place de Grève was let at a high price, and filled by the best company in Paris."—GROTE's *History of Greece*, vol. ix. p. 10.

† Vol. ii. p. 355.

stance, such a thing as self-sacrifice, shows simply that the assertor does not know what utilitarianism is. To identify it with the philosophy of Paley is an error unworthy of a scholar like Mr. Lecky. But that he does so identify it is evident from the following singular passage:—

“The conduct of that Turkish atheist, who, believing that death was an eternal sleep, refused at the stake to utter the recantation which would save his life, replying to every remonstrance, ‘Although there is no recompense to be looked for, yet the love of truth constraineth me to die in its defence,’ in the eye of reason is an inexplicable folly; and it is only by appealing to a far higher faculty that it appears in its true light, as one of the loftiest forms of virtue.” — Vol. ii. p. 353.

What this higher faculty is, we are not distinctly informed. But, on looking at the conduct of Mohammed Effendi with the “eye of reason” alone, we are far from being convinced that it presents an instance of inexplicable folly. Doubtless he would never have gone to the stake for an axiom of Euclid or a theorem of Albategnius. A denial of these truths, carrying its absurdity on its face, could influence nobody for good or evil. But the recantation of the belief in annihilation might hinder its general acceptance; which hindrance, in Effendi’s opinion, would be a misfortune to mankind. He therefore chose to die, though deprived of that hope of reward which has lightened the sufferings of Christian martyrs, that the human race might profit by his testimony to the truth. He gave himself up, that others might be saved from error. Viewed in this light, the “eye of reason” will perceive, and the voice of reason will pronounce, his act to have been one of the sublimest self-sacrifice. That he consciously went through any such process of reasoning as is here detailed, no one will pretend; but that such was virtually the ground of his action, as well as its complete justification, is the utilitarian explanation of the matter. With its adequacy as an explanation we are not here concerned. But it sufficiently proves that the utilitarian philosophy is not by any inherent necessity debarred from rising

to the "conception of the disinterested;" and it proves that Mr. Lecky's remarks arise from a total misunderstanding of the subject.

In justice to Mr. Lecky, however, it must be said, that no other instance of misrepresentation like this occurs throughout his entire work. The praise already accorded him for the admirable impartiality with which he treats opponents may here be cordially reiterated. Nevertheless, his attempt to preserve an eclectic position is not completely successful, nor is it satisfactory. His concluding remarks, drawing melancholy auguries from the manifest prevalence of the positive philosophy as represented by Taine in France, by Mill in England, and by Büchner in Germany, show that he has not yet truly estimated the character of that system, and its place in the history of human speculation. Wholly dissenting as we do from every one of the distinctive doctrines of Comte's philosophy, we are not therefore prevented from considering it a great and valuable improvement upon the systems which went before it. Our welcome must not be denied it because it has seen and expressed but half the truth. The results obtained from the study of man's spiritual and material nature are destined ultimately to coincide. Such harmony is, however, not to be realized by an eclecticism which shrinks from logically following out either of the opposing lines of thought, but by the fearlessness which pushes each to its inevitable conclusion. Only when this is done will materialism and spiritualism be seen to be equally impotent apart, and equally powerful when united. Only then will the long warfare between science and religion be exchanged for an enduring alliance. Only then will the two Knights of the fable finally throw down their weapons, on discovering that the causes for which they have so long been tilting are essentially identical,—are, in truth, one and the same eternal cause.

ART. III.—THE IDEAL STATE.

THE ideal state, which some writers have been at great pains to present to us, according to their own conception of it, is not an Utopia, and stands far above the satire of which an imaginary and impossible condition of things is naturally made the object. Sir Thomas More has indeed drawn for us the plan of society which gives the name to the whole class of imaginary communities. Plato has given us his views of what Government should be, and the Republic is his ideal state. Rousseau had certainly an ideal Contract, to oppose to that which he found in existence. Fourier also had his,—a very plausible one, with empirical truths enough to veil its scientific falsities. The Hebrew prophets had their ideal state,—the universal reign of peace, temporal prosperity, and spiritual good faith. And Christ's kingdom of heaven, for which we pray, almost mechanically, is an ideal state, the creation of his pious heart, reflected in the ruder minds of his disciples. He is, however, the first to put on this ideal the seal of a practical scope and effort. When he says, "The kingdom of God is within you," he sufficiently indicates where the foundation-stone of the new order is to be laid.

We have endeavored, in a former essay,* to show that the ideal Church, never realized or realizable under human conditions, still exists in the actual Church, and constitutes the truth of which the latter is the symbol. Not less present or instant does the ideal State appear to us. Not less do we deem it to be that power without which the State actual would cease to be. Nor are we alone in this belief. All men whose thoughts and objects are more than material share it with us. But in the hurry of human zeal, and the impatience of human culture, the terms of actual and ideal become mixed in hopeless confusion. The ministers of the one snatch the weapons and attempt the conquests of the other.

* See "Christian Examiner" for July, 1865.

The turbulence of the battle-field invades the calm of the temple on the one hand. On the other, the practical guardians of the peoples' interests take refuge in dialectics, and cheat their charge with a false syllogism. Between these opposite directions of error, the moral power of mankind at times stands paralyzed. Fervent imaginations are misled towards fantastic aims and unreal ends; while the slow common-sense of the masses refuses faith in its would-be leaders, seeing the woful fences they leap, and the dismal ditches in which they meet and wrangle. To relieve this confusion is a legitimate end of study and endeavor. We can best begin such a study by refreshing or extending our knowledge of the various systems of living together, devised by ingenious minds, and set up as superior, in morality or in prosperity, to the much-abused existing state of things.

The first work encountered in this pursuit is the "Republic" of Plato, whose length and importance allow only the briefest treatment of it. This famous ideal creation is founded on a limitation of territory, formed by a limitation of doctrine, and perpetuated by a limitation of population. It presents, from beginning to end, a system of iron repression. Land, moneys, trade, marriage, instruction, procreation, are all accorded by strictest measure. A maximum and a minimum of possession are marked out, with little difference between them. Ethical instruction is founded upon certain significant fictions, whose belief and adoption, it was believed, would impart to the opinions and character of the trained citizens an indispensable uniformity of opinion and of character. The State could neither be increased by the influx of foreigners, nor depleted by the efflux of its own citizens. The position of strangers in the city was carefully prescribed, and the length of their time of residence strictly limited. Women were to receive the same education, exercise the same functions, as men. Ten years of life were devised as the only period during which men might beget, and women bear, the children whom the State should bring up and adopt. Children born out of this period were to be abandoned. Deformed and unhealthy persons should be destroyed. Poetry

and its fictions were proscribed. Odes, indeed, should be written for religious and civic festivals; but the subjects and sentiments of these should be indicated by the public authorities, and strictly adhered to by the song-writers.

These are briefly the outlines of the ideal State which Plato considered preferable to all that the past and present, known to his own time, were able to show him. So slight a statement cannot enable the student to dispense with a nearer and fuller investigation of a work so important. But, for the present purpose, these hints of its scope and intention are enough.

In considering Plato's point of view, we must remember that he was a Mystic. In philosophical parlance, this means a person more imbued with the spirit of ideal truths than skilled in their practical application. Minds of this character confound the limits of real and ideal. Inspired by the feeling of a true standard of life and effort, and keenly sensitive to the departures of common life from that standard, as well as to the evils and sufferings of human existence, they will have real and ideal become one and identical. Their synthesis is satisfied with nothing less. The class of truths with which they are familiar,—the unity of all things, the perfection of law, the infiniteness of progression,—induce them to postulate unity, law, and progress, in accordance with their own subjective views of what these should be. Thus the circle of one's own intelligence becomes the orbit of the universe; and the conditions which complete the coherence of individual thought are transformed into those fundamental necessities on which hang the worlds of mind and of matter. Modern philosophy calls this objectivizing of subjective modes of consideration by a set word,—*teleology*. But the term hits, unhappily, all who devise systems and rules of thought. The great Kant, who first and most freely uses it, is perhaps the sole exempt.

The synthetic passion of the Mystics further shows itself in their use of mathematical rules and figures. The oneness of all thought causes them to confound symbols with primary truths. Their spheres, circles, and spirals are instances of

such confusion. These forms do picture the divine perfection and the direction of human progress, but quite inadequately. Kant scouts at the illustration of logical and moral questions by mechanical figures. We indicate, without sharing, his severity towards those modes of thought; which, for ourselves, we find not only attractive, but helpful in their degree.

Plato may be considered as the father of the idealists; having precedence of the moderns in time, and of the ancients in greatness. The features, both of his methods and of his reforms, are met with in all subsequent creative efforts which have for their object the absolute introduction of a new social order, correcting and avoiding the evils inherent in that already known to us. These resemblances are probably the results of nature rather than of study. Mysticism, or synthetic creative idealism, is a sphere of thought, whose limits and necessities exist independently of the volition of those who enter it. The class of minds receptive of these modes of thought is small, compared with the mass even of the thinking world. The number of minds creative in them is, of course, much smaller. The greatest minds show some touch of mysticism. Kepler's personalized stars, Leibnitz's monads, are mystical creations. Spinoza's extension and intension, Swedenborg's spheres and spirits, come more manifestly under this head. Bacon and Kant have no mysticism. But the former attempts no synthesis, no construction, either of state or of system. He leaves a long analytical series, many aphorisms; much critical, less creative, work. Great in his day, his authority is scarcely great in ours.

Kant seems to be the first philosopher who has given plain, exact statement of the fact, that the real is one thing, and the ideal another; giving at the same time the precedence, both in authority and in power, to the ideal. In his masterly analysis, all mental operations derive their possibility from ideal facts and functions. The continuity of experience, the architecture of logic, are alike dependent upon the ideal power of the mind. The order of thought is not the mere reflection of the order of nature. As judge and

interpreter of the latter, it cannot derive from it. In his critick of practical reason, he gives the ideal absolute authority with each individual. Its commands are to be unhesitatingly fulfilled: it can never ask too much. But he does not allow the imperfection of human attainment to react upon the perfection of the absolute standard. This imperfection shall not cause the man either to despair of himself, or to deprecate others. The standard is to be upheld in its purity, to be followed in sincerity. But, except for the purpose of state organization and social rule, the individual application of the standard rests with each individual. He may be aided and admonished by law and gospel, church and state. He will necessarily be grouped with benefactors or malefactors, saints, efficient, idlers, paupers. But the man's mensuration of himself by the divine standard remains in his own hands,—a supreme right, beyond the jurisdiction of all earthly tribunals. And this right of self-judgment is moral freedom, the basis of conscience, the foremost attribute of man.

It may be doubted whether the fact and nature of moral freedom ever received such clear statement and emphatic declaration as at the hands of Kant. The antithesis, however, between this ideal freedom and the slavishness of natural needs and instincts brutishly acquiesced in, is deep and fervent in the writings of Paul the Apostle. A recent writer on Hegel claims, that the works of the latter must be read after those of Kant in-order to be understood. And we claim, that the true ideal philosophy is a light which lights backward as well as forward, and that the predecessors of Kant, as well as his successors, can be far more clearly read in the illumination of his great reason than in the darkness of spiritual tyranny and of commonplace thought.

Against this sacredness of moral freedom Plato conspires in every page of his "Republic." He leaves the citizen no alternative but the utter abdication of individual manhood, or the penalties of exile and death. Yet no one better knew or more deeply revered this most divine trait in man than Plato. The limitations of his skill and experience, not of his

faith and charity, converted the benefactor into a tyrant, the religious guide into a deceiver, the prince of poets into the arch-enemy of poets. His organizations, if carried out, would have made such tyranny perpetual. The Roman Catholic Church, with perhaps as benevolent a purpose, falls into as fatal an error.

Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" exhibits a mild and familiar flight of reformatory zeal. Although not insisting upon any express mensuration of territory, it yet implies a limitation in its description of the famed region, which, being an island, may perhaps stand as the antithesis of the England of the author's time. The prominent features of its social constitution are the equal department of family life, and of domestic and municipal magistrature. It is a patriarchal dream of a community, moderate, temperate, well educated, ordered, and inspired. The condition of its citizens is equally removed from luxury and poverty. Idleness being forbidden, the needy and the profligate are equally excluded. As all men labor to produce the things requisite for human well-being, there is an over-production of the necessaries of life. Solidity of education does not permit any value to be attached to the superfluities of human possession, such as fine clothes and furniture. Jewels are worn only by children. The fetters of slaves are made of gold and silver; and these metals are further applied to the basest household uses, in order that the common misapprehension of their value may be removed, and with it the desire for their possession. Money, as in the Republic of Plato, is used only for foreign purchases. Town and country supply each other with raw and manufactured material, by simple transfer, without any mercantile basis. As production exceeds demand, all can be furnished with all articles of necessity without the direct condition of exchange and rendition of values. The table and diet of the community are furnished at the public cost. The Philarch and his wife preside at the daily meals of the thirty families who compose his jurisdiction. There is thus no separate feeding, nor preparing of meals in private houses. The sick and infirm receive the tenderest care and best usage; but sufferers

of incurable disease are encouraged to commit a painless suicide, since their lives are neither pleasurable to themselves nor useful to others. Vice is of course rare, and is punished with slavery for a longer or shorter period, or for life. Religion is tolerant and humane in its conditions. Marriage is strict and sacred, but equal divorce is allowed at the State's discretion in cases of incompatibility; in case of breach of marriage obligations, the injured party attains liberty, the offending party being condemned to celibacy and to slavery.

The laws of Utopia are simple, and recorded in language so plain as to require no special class of men for their interpretation. All men sufficiently understand the law to comply with its requisitions. He who has a cause to gain pleads for himself before the judge. Treaties of alliance with other nations are not entered into. The Utopians repudiate the hypothesis of the natural antagonisms of men and of nations. "They judge that no man is to be esteemed our enemy that has never injured us; and that the partnership of human nature is instead of a league; and that kindness and good nature unite men more effectually, and with greater strength, than any agreements whatever."

Wars are entered upon by them with the greatest reluctance, and only under one of two circumstances,—either in case of injustice to their friends, or of death or mutilation inflicted by a foreign state upon one or more of their own citizens, and not satisfactorily accounted for upon demand. All commercial injuries they punish by the discontinuance of their trade with the parties offending. When destructive conflict is inevitable, they commence hostilities by offering, in the enemy's country, rewards of great magnitude for the persons, alive or dead, first of the hostile prince, then of those who have been most instrumental in bringing about the undesired collision. The issue of battle is their last resort. When it cannot be avoided, they employ foreign mercenaries of so base and cruel a nature, that they consider their destruction a boon to human society. The defence of their own country, however, they do not intrust to foreign or hired troops. The

natives of the soil are esteemed the fittest persons to repel invasion.

Their religion has two departments,—the one of incidental, the other of essential faith. The less enlightened are indulged in the worship of sun and stars, of heroes, and even of idols. The loftier intelligences worship the supreme Divine Essence alone, and the tendency of ecclesiastical instruction and influence is to the gradual absorption of the lower modes of faith in the higher. He who rejects the doctrines of a future life and of a present providence is punished by exclusion from all office, and is not allowed to support his disbelief by public argument and persuasion. The superior religion, or simple worship of the Supreme, is alone taught in the temples. The rites of the inferior faiths are practised by individuals at home and in private, without either acknowledgment or impediment. Their religious observances are not onerous, and present a happy mingling of solemnity with festivity. Such is the gentle vision that the pure and noble More dreamed in the turbulent reign whose brutal caprices brought him to a violent death. It reflects a sort of Platonic moonshine, More appearing, in so far as regards this ideal construction, as a milder and lesser Plato, with the absoluteness of human invention, so patent in his greater original, tempered by the experiences of later civilization and of the Christian religion.

Harrington's "Oceana" will, in these days, rarely be called from the library shelf, where it maintains a monumental existence. So cumbrous and incongruous a statement, overburthened with ill-digested learning and obsolete satire, will not draw, either from men of letters or from men of action, the time and effort necessary for its painful perusal. It deserves mention, as a project of popular government in an age of monarchical and of military absolutism. It contains just estimates of the men and manners of Greece and Rome. It gives Cæsar the criticism due him, and accords Lycurgus the praise he well merits. But, unlike the greater and the lesser work of which we have already spoken, "Oceana" is an accumulation, not a creation. No sufficient poetic fancy

welds its members into oneness, and reconciles its variety in one final effect. The bow, therefore, that we make to it, and to the honest man who wrote it, is all the tribute we have to offer. He may wear the civic crown of true desert, but no poet's laurel. *Sacer vates* he never was, and nothing less can fill the office he has innocently usurped.

The ideal creation of Fourier is too well known by those who will follow these pages to need any recounting at our hands. Profound study of the works which embody it is probably rare; but the indication of its features—all that we could here attempt—would be superfluous. We give it its true place, in defining it as a sincere and grandiose attempt to present the existing evils, and no less real possibilities, of the human race in a new light of hope and of organizing effort. Its prescriptions do not prove applicable to the present voluntary and efficient power of the civilized world. To the eye of philosophy, it will always have the defect of being based upon the elimination of elements, which, being universal in the human race, must be provided for otherwise than by this impossible process. The unanimity of will, and the command of material resources necessary now for its experimentation, are circumstances that forbid its adoption as a practical plan. As an ideal, it makes too great account of material well-being and of individual satisfaction; too little, of moral discipline and of spiritual attainment. But the intention in which it is conceived is beneficent, liberal, and, in the main, intelligent.

Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" gives us in some respects the converse of Plato and of Fourier. It is rather an invasion of the ideal domain by the real than the contrary. It is a construction of two opposite and complementary states upon a plan quite possible in the human view of things, but with no sanction, either in philosophy or religion, for its application to the world whose modes of action and of existence remain for ever unknown to our phenomenal experience. It exhibits a great love of order, and a scientific power of classification, with a feeling for sense and soul which unites masculine dignity with feminine tenderness. Its theosophy, as

is well known, shames the popular theology of the writer's time and of our own, by its liberal interpretation of human values and of divine offices. Time and space being essential conditions of any series of phenomena, Swedenborg does not hesitate to introduce them into the heaven and hell of his architecture. But, in affirming the immovableness of the supreme ideal amid the fluency of the phenomenal order, we have a suggestion of distinction between real and ideal. His "spiritual man," inhabiting and directing the body of the natural man, presents another instance of an introverted idealism, with the same feature of the interpretation of the unknown in the forms and by the methods of the known. This proves in fact a materialization ; but the intention of the matter must be recognized as looking towards ideal creation. Swedenborg's religious warnings and visions were the after-bloom of a mind long devoted to the investigations of natural science. His work has all the elements of mysticism. The making one Kosmos out of the whole universe of seen and unseen is the mystic synthesis of Plato and of Spinoza. Limitation is a mystic idea, which marks and measures the bounds of things, not by the poverty or insufficiency of the stuff, but by the divine necessity which demands so much, and no more. The mathematical symbols already quoted—circles, spirals, and spheres—belong to the same modes of thought. Mysticism may be called the mother of philosophy, hoping all things, believing all things, undertaking all things, for her child. Rationalism is the stern father, with the measures of actual desert and use. Without the fruitful conjunction of these two, we shall have no philosophy; but while the parents are human, and known to all of us, the child, seen only in his dreamy *avatar*, is felt to be divine.

The wonderful creations of Dante deserve mention here, but are scarcely to be classed among the productions of which it is our especial business to treat. Standing in the foremost rank of the poets, with the congenial background of the best philosophy of his time, his poem yet appears a work of pure poetry and passion,—a grandiose projection of the seen upon the unseen. It tells us how the small human

world looks to a great intelligence ; it gives us the aspects of the divine and human which were actual and tangible to him. But, while the "Inferno" reproduces the actual world of Dante's day, inimical to him, and the "Purgatorio" the milder possibilities of hope and friendship, the poetry of the "Paradiso" is purely rhapsodical ; and its philosophy full of the dark induction of first methods and causes, in which, as in a self-imposed labyrinth, the scholastic mind was well content to wander.

The "Civitas Dei" of St. Augustine is scarcely accessible except to such as combine learning with leisure. Its interest at the present day is personal and historical, rather than authoritative. From a careful synopsis of it in Hoefer's "Biographie Universelle," it would appear to be a theological argument in favor of the Christian religion, accompanied by a critical and historical review of the Pagan world, leading to a comparison between its virtues and opportunities and those of a Christian society. Though designated as the "City of God," the work treats of two cities,—the city of the World, and the city of God. The former is the community of the worldly and unbelieving ; the second is that of the saints. Both statements end in the final division of the Judgment Day, in which the citizens of the world depart under supreme reprobation, while those of the city of God pass on to eternal beatitude. It presents simply a generalization and contrast of the two phases of human society,—the faithful and religious, with the selfish and undevout. Its name entitles it to mention here, but its "City of God" remains an intelligible, not a sensible one ; and, though everywhere spoken of, is nowhere built.

We only mention further, in corroboration of the tendency of the mystical mind to improvise new states of society, that Spinoza, in his "Abhandlung über Politik," presents a careful statement of the origin of law, and of the objects of government ; subjoining sketches of two governments,—the one monarchical, the other aristocratic. These sketches are modelled after a soberer idea than those of Plato and of More. The author considers the leading traits of human nature as

likely to prove permanent; and his forms and measures nowhere postulate an abdication of personal advantage and desire, which, if considered at all, must be looked to as the desired result, not the first condition, of a good and just order of society. He allows women no share in the administration of public affairs, basing this exclusion upon their manifest intellectual inferiority. Passive representation is secured for all interests; but efficient representation, as embodied in popular suffrage, is excluded. Uniformity of public worship is insisted on as essential to the quiet and dignity of the State: while the utmost liberty of private interpretation is allowed; the coercion of personal opinion in religious matters being, as he says, an impossibility, and therefore not properly a function of government, ecclesiastical or civil.

Spinoza's views of the State are philosophical rather than poetical. He quotes some pregnant sayings of Machiavel, who is for him a master of political science. His constructions are chiefly remarkable,—first, for their resolute maintenance throughout of the authority of the natural rights of man, which perhaps corresponds in result, though not in method, with Kant's clear statements of ideal freedom and moral individuality; secondly, for the curious and elaborate subdivision of functions and offices by which he seeks to guard every entrance against the inroads of personal ambition, and of civil or military despotism. His view of the State has this modern feature,—that it considers the body corporate less as a stereotyped machine than as an animate existence, whose functions, all of them indispensable to its life, can only be kept up and regulated by the incessant efforts of watchful energy, wise thought, and virtuous resolve. His State retains possession of its whole landed territory, which is not sold, but hired to individuals. Public servants are compensated by honorary titles and moderate salaries, not by grants of land.

We must here leave these presentments of the past, and come to the ideal State in its nearest embodiment, and in its most intrinsic aspect. The devisers of the Federal Constitution under which we live made the most grandiose attempt

in history at the foundation of an ideal State. They desired to present justice and freedom, not only in the abstract, but in the concrete. The truths of human right and governmental duty being self-evident, why should not a noble perpetuity of institution be based upon them? In this they appropriately followed the action of their fathers, who left the mother country to found an ideal Church, a true community of saints, on the inhospitable shores of New England. The political construction of the sons was superior to the ecclesiastical construction of the fathers. It was larger, more enlightened. It was liberalized by a culture and philosophy which entered little into the narrow zeal of the Puritans,—fugitives from a religious persecution which they in turn made haste to exercise within the sphere of their natural and theological antipathies. Both Church and State were equally failures as finalities, but successes as instruments of efficiency and influence. The Church of conviction and conscience did not, as we have seen, shut out the bitterest intolerance and uncharity, with their corresponding accompaniment of hypocrisy. The state of entire liberty and faultless justice left an unfinished corner upon which unequal representation, aristocratic despotism, and injustice, hung high their deformed scutcheons, and planted the stanchions from which should wave hereafter their false signals and bloody flag. Clearly, the ideal State was no nearer attainment than the ideal Church. And yet a mighty step had been taken in the direction of both.

How could they have done better? The zeal of the one, the justice of the other, was perfect—on paper. But the perversity of human nature kept bringing in ingredients most inconvenient to be dealt with, which would neither yield to control, nor betake themselves elsewhere. The sense of the period allowed no Platonic limitation, no exclusion of the unmoralized, unlettered multitude from participation in the rights and offices appropriate to the virtuous and intelligent. No educational fiction accorded inherent superiority to one class of men,—divine authority to one class of opinions. The new State, in the conceptions of its founders, was an

embodiment of faith in divine things, and of hope in human powers. And the picture of what its founders considered as attained hangs still unattained before us, not through their individual fault nor ours, but because the picture was an ideal, the inspiration and justification of the real, but no more coincident with the real "than I to Hercules."

Yet this view of the ideal, towards which they work, and towards which we work, leaves, like every prophetic vision, a new interpretation of duty and of possibility. Prejudices quite excusable in a European are inexcusable in an American. His faults and meannesses he will have; but some meannesses, as an American, he should not share. Among these is the undue recognition of the subdivisions of the social order, which, symbolically useful and economically necessary, are not substantial in nature. To this we may add undue belief in the absolute desert and supremacy of one race. All dominant races include the traits and types of the races which their conquests absorb. And the American, more than any other, will have to thank the whole human family for his prominent traits and characteristics. America presents a vast synthesis, the complement of the analytical segregations of Europe. A freer step, a wider philanthropy, a more hopeful and charitable heart, and a simpler scale of relations,—these are traits by which the American should be recognized abroad.

A more recent attempt to embody the ideal State in the real is presented by the French Revolution of 1848. The incompatibilities which this action endeavored to reconcile proved indomitable. The upholders of the ideal bond were too few, the masses too ignorant, for effective sympathy and co-operation. Idealist France was too much in advance of the hour, Realist France too far behind it, for the union of the two to stand beyond the rapturous *lune de miel*, in which, as in a solemnity of world-wide significance, all Europe and America took part. The supreme pontiff, who had performed the nuptial rite, fled in dismay as soon as the shrouded pair, unmasking, showed their real features. We have said that the Idealists were greatly ahead of the century. We

mean by this, that they looked for social changes whose moral and intellectual justification has not yet been worked out by mankind, and which must be accepted in their ethical form before they can be realized in their political embodiment. In the power of popular enlightenment and of practical application, they were not the superiors, but the inferiors, of liberals in England, America, and (as has since been proved) in Italy. Yet the forty men of the Provisional Government have a noble position in history. In their Olympus, they towered as gods above the selfishness of the middle classes, the stupidity of the lower. For one short *trimestre* they kept the pass between popular passion and foreign interference. They died politically, as the three hundred died physically, before the new tide of luxury swept in to carry all before it. For despotism is luxury,—active in the despot, passive in those who willingly obey him, who stand absolved from the labors of thought and the efforts of conscience, bribed by the indulgence of human passion to the abdication of human rights and offices. Before the coalition of these two elements, the true people and their true friends went down. And France is as far from the ideal State as is the rest of the world.

Yet the world's progress in this direction, for being slow, is not the less sure. Like the constant growth of nature, it is imperceptible in moments, appreciable only at intervals. Our own late struggle, both in its civil, religious, and military aspects, has brought the "Civitas Dei" nearer to the hope and perception of men. We blunder in the application of the new truth, but we shall never forget it. We have witnessed the triumph of faith and sincerity over greed, cunning, and violence. We have seen the heart of the people respond to the divine call of duty and humanity as it could never respond to the demands of a false sentimentalism, or the suggestions of unprincipled selfishness. The ideal State is still before us, but we have learned that the simple as well as the wise can walk in its true direction; and they and we now form a peaceful army which will not be led elsewhere.

For the ideal State is ethical before it is political. It brings duty before privilege, service before honor, desert

before desire. It is, in the technical language of philosophy, not sensible, but intelligible. But this does not absolve from one of its divine prescriptions, which are not the less, but the more, binding because the fulfilment of their measure requires the whole scope and destiny of the human race. Honor to the ideal statesmen who have carried the white flag of the future through fields of soot,—itself and they unspotted! Honor to the ideal priesthood who pronounced their interdict on treason, their blessing on good faith, before the guns of Charleston unloosed the civil machinery and the military weapon! Honor to the poets who have forsaken the lyre of joy for the trump of warning! Honor to the warriors of the ideal, fair with the aureole of youthful devotion, whose bloody burial consecrates the unhappy soil of rebellion! Honor to all of these! but, more than all, honor to the ideal State for which they died, and for which alone we should be content to live!

A comparison of our last pages with our first would seem to show, that we have succeeded in disproving, rather than in proving, the proposition first advanced,—viz., that the ideal State is present in the real. We have shown, so far, where it is *not*; scarcely, where it is. Neither Greek, Gaul, nor Englishman has been able to imprison it in any artificial system of government. The Rationalist has not measured, nor the Mystic built it. Neither Cromwell's England, nor Washington's America, nor Lamartine's France, has realized it. Yet we have said that it is, and are not to unsay it.

It exists as inspiration and aspiration; as the reason by which we are, and the end to which we are. As often as its conditions are violated by ignorance, so often must the work be rectified by the best labor and intelligence of man, taking eager hold of the slow points of experience. Its perfection at once excuses our imperfect attainment, and stimulates our most conscientious effort. It protects the sleep of infant nations, measures the tasks of the mature, softens the fall of those whose term has been reached. Despotism stands only by the chance fulfilment of some one of its conditions. Democracy fails by forgetting them. Imaged in human law

and in human history, its obligations transcend all institutions, its history is beyond all record. Philosophy takes measure by it. Poetry hangs garlands in its temples. The human mind is its happy slave, bound by its harmonious enchantments; free, because its labor is delight.

ART. IV.—DOCTRINE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1. *The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost; or, Reason and Revelation.* By HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 12mo. pp. 274.
2. *The Scripture Testimony to the Holy Spirit.* By JAMES MORGAN, D.D., Belfast. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 8vo. pp. 494.
3. *Die Christliche Dogmatik vom Standpunkte des Wissens aus dargestellt.* Von Dr. DANIEL SCHENKEL. In zwei Bänden. Wiesbaden: Christian Dogmatics set forth from the Stand-point of Conscience. Two volumes. Kreidel und Wiedner. 1858, 1859. pp. 511, 1260. 8vo.

FOR obvious reasons, the old topics of dogmatic theology are winning new interest from the more thoughtful class of readers, who had become weary of the old textual and sectarian polemics. The great church organizations now claim place, and demand notice; they even defy opposition, as social and temporal powers, in such a tone as to have considerable interest in the current reading and business of the day.

Archbishop Manning will find ears open to his plea for Roman legitimacy that would be deaf to an abstract theological argument; and the greater part of inquiring men like to know how he bolsters up the pope and his priesthood, by claiming for the Papal Church the direct presence and authoritative possession of the Holy Spirit. His argument is presented with learning and power, and is so well brought to its point as to convince us of its unsoundness, by leading to conclusions wholly inadmissible, and unchurching what to us is the most hopeful part of Christendom. That the reign

of the Holy Spirit is the characteristic mark of the Church of Christ, and the fruit of his mission, we have been always ready to believe; but that the church is to be limited to the close corporation of the "Pontiffs and Councils," is too monstrous an idea to be entertained for a moment, in the face of sober history and daily observation, especially here in America where the Holy Spirit has done such blessed work from the beginning, in congregations where papacy and even prelacy have been unknown. Audacity is sometimes prudence; and certainly the Archbishop will win, by his boldness, an attention that more cautious utterance would fail of meeting.

Dr. Morgan's work is a careful and able statement of the Scriptural view of the Holy Spirit, from the evangelical point of view, and will interest greatly all devout students of the Bible, especially all those who believe in the constant power of the Spirit in the Church, and are advocates of "revivals," whether of the extreme or the moderate schools. The author is not much of a philosophical thinker, but he is an earnest and sensible man; and his fifty-four sermons are marvellous proofs of the persistency of his studies, and the patience of his congregation.

Schenkel's great work is wholly of another school; and, although nominally orthodox, it launches out into the open sea of modern Liberalism, without any of the limitations of papal authority or evangelical dogmatism. He takes his stand upon human conscience, and studies the Scriptures as the history of that kingdom of grace that aims to bring the soul of man within the salvation of God, in that true faith and righteousness which unites the sense of dependence with the sense of duty. To him there is no sufficient reason for accepting the ecclesiastical dogma of the tripersonality of God; and his trinitarianism is but one form of our unitarianism. God is to him one Being from all eternity; and, only when He comes into time, and manifests himself in the world, the application of the epithets of Father, Son, and Spirit, is just and intelligible. As the ground of all things, he is Father; as the manifested life, he is the Son; and as the end

or final cause that works to bring all to the divine likeness or true blessedness, he is the Spirit. Jesus Christ is the central, historical, and continuous manifestation of God as the Son; but, in this book of dogmatics, Schenkel does not distinguish so boldly, as in his later works, between the person of Jesus Christ and the Word or Son of God. His treatment of the Spirit is not full or adequate; and it is especially unsatisfactory from his regarding it mainly as the influence of Christ's personal life in history, and presenting it too little in its relations with the essential being and life of God.

We have these three books as fair representatives of the leading thought of our time, or of the literal, evangelical, and liberal parties. Without being limited to their teaching, we offer some thoughts upon the great subject which they treat in such various and diverse ways.

We would all be reasonable, and, at the same time, devout and believing; studious of the sober truth, and rejoicing in the abounding grace. Why take it for granted that the two dispositions are hostile to each other? They have not been hostile in the study of nature: why should they be more so in the study of religion? Science has explored the atmosphere,—that "spirit" or breath of nature,—and not lost faith in the effort. The air answers to our questioning, and gives us more healthful inspirations and soothing effluences in return. Our science, indeed, disenchants the atmosphere of the old genii or "spirits" that were thought to control the winds, but does not enchant it of the presence of the living God, whose spirit is like the wind that moveth whithersoever it listeth. We have found new truth in nature, and have not lost the old grace; but rather brought it out, and multiplied it. Why not be as hopeful of the realm above nature, and believe that God will open new blessing in answer to our reasonable thought, and give us new light upon his grace and truth in Jesus Christ?

It is very obvious that the phrase itself is figurative, as all religious language of necessity is, by its compelling us to illustrate things invisible by things visible. "Holy

"Ghost" means holy spirit, and holy spirit means holy breath ; and, as in this case the holy breath is represented as coming from God, of course it is the holy breathing of God, either within himself, or into human souls. Evidently the figurative language does not destroy, but rather magnifies, the dignity of the power that it illustrates. Breath is essential to life, and is taken sometimes for life itself. The air is the first condition of the life of nature ; and, when it is withdrawn or corrupted, life ceases, and plants and animals die at once. The air, moreover, unites all beings in one kingdom of nature, and carries out all the wonderful transformations of natural growth. How exalted, then, must that power be which corresponds spiritually to this benign and majestic element, even the Spirit of God !

Of course the figure has higher natural analogies, and is to be interpreted in the human as well as the natural plane, or by the spirit of man as well as the air of nature. The breath of natural life in man depends upon the atmosphere, and unites his bodily constitution in one economy, and keeps open communication between his bodily constitution and the universe. When we breathe, we bring nerve and muscle, heart and brain, into living unity ; and take in and give out something of the universal life. But our spirit is more than our breath : it is the breathing of our mental and moral constitution in the inward fellowship of its members, and in their communication with the mental and moral kingdom. The spirit of man is our highest human interpretation of the Spirit of God. "For," says Paul, "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him ? Even so, the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God." What the spirit of man is, we know well enough to enable us in some measure to interpret by it the spirit of God. The spirit of man is the vital energy, the living power of his whole being, character, and thought,—the life that unites all his faculties together, and expresses them in action. It is the man himself in full consciousness and fellowship, the breath of his whole being and intelligence. It marks not so much his essence and mental constitution, however, as their working ;

his inward and outward life, rather than his organization. As man is made in God's image, and human faculties illustrate the divine attributes, we are warranted in arguing from man's spirit to God's spirit, and to regard God's spirit as his inward and outward life; the vital fellowship of all his powers and perfections with each other and with his kingdom, especially with his rational children on earth and in heaven. If we look into the Scriptures, we find this ready suggestion of analogy and of reason confirmed. The Scriptures represent the Spirit of God as his harmonized and communicating life, his proceeding love and active power, the executive function of his majestic economy. God reveals himself by his word and his spirit; his "word" being essentially his wisdom, or that perfect reason of God which is the image and expression of his mind; and the "spirit," that active love or proceeding energy which does his holy and blessed will. The old schoolman Aquinas was not much out of the way when he said that the Father was the parent *mens* or mind, and the Word and Spirit were the *notitia* and *amor*, or the wisdom and love. The Bible begins with affirming this working and loving power of the Spirit. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;" and the psalmist repeats the lesson of Genesis when he says, "Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth." The Spirit was at work in giving life to man. "The Lord breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul;" and the inspired bard of the Book of Job repeats the thought, "The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." Throughout the whole of the Old Testament, the Spirit is spoken of thus as the executive agency of God, and as engaged in all manner of service, whether to prepare a king for his throne, a hero for his conflict, or a workman for his skill. It is said of Othniel, "The spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he judged Israel." "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord: as the rivers of water, he turneth it whithersoever he will." Of Samson it is said, "The spirit of the Lord began to move him in the camp of

Dan;" and of Bezaleel the artificer, "I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom and in understanding and in knowledge and in all manner of workmanship." Everywhere this mighty agency is represented as exercising its power, in all regions of space, and all elements and forces of creation. David asks, "Whither shall I go from thy spirit?" with a devout awe that makes his question the strongest affirmation of the Spirit's omnipresence. Ezekiel in his grand vision of God in nature, that anticipates the cycles of our modern astronomy, exclaimed, "Whithersoever the Spirit was to go, they went; for the spirit of God was in the wheels."

Turn to the New Testament, and we find the same idea of the Spirit of God exhibited, although with greater fulness. It announces the birth and presides at the baptism of Christ. It is with him in his temptation; with him in the beginning of his ministry, when he said in the synagogue, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me;" in casting out evil spirits; in promising answer to prayer; in declaring the new birth of souls into the kingdom of heaven; in bearing witness of his divine Sonship; in glorifying his person; and in founding his church, and perpetuating his word. What is more memorable than the fidelity of the Spirit to all the pledges given by Jesus Christ, and the fact that after his death the heavenly witness took his place, and still redeems his promise, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"?

It is essential to observe one change in the designation of the Spirit in the New Testament, as compared with the general usage of the Old. The New Testament generally adds the term "Holy" to the Hebrew name "the Spirit," and adds it with an emphasis and persistency that have high significance. Can we doubt the reason or motive? In all ages, the spirit of God is of course the same essential agency; but, in the fulness of time, its nature is fully developed, and what was always implied was expressed, and the implicit became explicit. The Holy Spirit is the full and fulfilling, the perfect and perfecting the whole and making whole, the healed and healing spirit. The change in the

designation of the Spirit answers to the change in the designation of the Word. Instead of the word in general, as in the Old Testament, we have the word humanized, "made flesh,"—Jesus Christ, the Son of man, and Son of God. All becomes luminous in this light; God is now manifested as the Father in heaven; his word is in Jesus Christ, and his spirit is the Holy Spirit,—the Comforter, breathing the love of the Father and the Son, in a blessed interior fellowship, and unstinted and abounding and gracious communion. Christ is the head that manifests the eternal image of God; and the Holy Spirit is the power that carries out the image, and brings human souls to its blessed likeness in godly sonship. The fulness of the Spirit answers to the fulness of the Christian word; and, whilst the breath is the same, it is more fully and blessedly communicated through the union of the Divine with the human in Christ,—even as the air, purified by winter, comes to us more fully and powerfully when the snows and ices are melted, and the breeze is borne to us through spice islands, and through clover-scented meadows, throwing fragrance and bloom on every side. The type of religion is now changed, and the promise of the Old Testament is fulfilled in the New. The type of accepted character is not that of slave, servant, or even subject, but son. Jesus Christ heads the predestined kingdom of the sons of God, manifests the sonship which images the Father, and from him sends forth the fatherly and filial spirit that unites God with his children, and his children with each other in glorious communion.

Nothing can be more consistent and reasonable than this view of the Holy Spirit, as the perfect agency of the Divine will. The Spirit, that was the breath of God in nature, and then the breath of God in man, now is sent to a higher work, answering to the higher stage of the divine providence, in its progressive evolution,—the stage of the divine human order, or of divine Fatherhood and human Sonship. In Christ, the word or idea of the divine human is given, and the Holy Spirit carries it out. The word or idea is fixed like a stamp or die; the spirit is the moving power that stamps it

upon the proper material, as the press stamps the metal of the mint. The word is the type, and the spirit is the press that seals the paper with the imprint. So the Apostle Paul implies, when he says, "In whom, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession unto the praise of his glory."

In order to a rational understanding of the New Testament, we must learn to discriminate wisely between the word, or divine principle in Christ, and the spirit which goes with the word. We cannot use the common language of the popular theology which calls them the second and third persons in the Trinity; for to use the word "persons" in reference to the one Godhead, in any fair or usual sense of the term, is to depart from the first idea of the Divine Unity, and border upon Tritheism. Athanasius himself, the great thinker, who sought to save the Church alike from Arian and Pantheistic errors, would neither know nor own the virtual tritheism that so generally passes under his name.*

We are content with New-Testament language, and are more ready to accept the practical offices of the word and the Spirit than to coin new terminology, or try to force upon our neighbors a new dogmatism. To us there is one God, and Christ is his manifest Word, and the Spirit is his active Love. His word stands, his spirit moves,—the one being unchanging truth, the other unceasing, loving power; the one the rock of faith, the other the dove of motion; the one the fixed fountain, the other the flowing water; the one the unchanging law, the perfect wisdom, the other the lawgiver and functionary, who applies the law to men, and writes it upon the tables of the heart, not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God.†

* Even Thomas Aquinas said that God could be called *trinus*, not *triplex*, tri-nal, not triple; and Athanasius, the great father of ancient orthodoxy, never presumed to affirm that there was more than one *being* in the Godhead, and of course, therefore, never meant to say that the three *hypostases* or *subsistences* in God were three persons in our sense of the term.

† We are aware that some of our brethren ignore or deny that distinctive power or manifestation of God which we call the Word, and prefer to make the

Does any one ask whether we deny the personality of the Holy Spirit? We reply, Surely not. We rather affirm it with all our souls, by uniting it with the personality of God. To us it is neither a merely human affection, nor a theological abstraction; neither merely a holy spirit, nor an impersonal influence, as of mysterious ether, pervading the kingdom of God. It is the Spirit of God, and therefore intensely personal. It is God himself in his inmost life and proceeding activity. We cannot agree with those, who, like the old Socinians, limit the action of the Spirit to the early age of miracles, for we believe that it is in all goodness; nor can we join the author of "Ecce Homo" in designating it as the "enthusiasm of humanity," for "enthusiasm of humanity" was its consequence, not its cause; and the disciples were enthusiasts for humanity, not merely from philanthropic zeal, but from love of God, and because they believed that God's love was moving them both to will and do. Of course we cannot agree with the high-church party, Catholic or Episcopalian, who limit the Holy Spirit to the sphere of an exclusive priesthood; or, like Archbishop Manning, confine the temporal or ministerial mission of the Holy Ghost to the Roman-Catholic Church: for when the spirit came in its power, it came to the Church of Jerusalem, not of Rome; and, in ages since, it has shown no exclusive love for Roman Catholics, but has been quite as free with its gifts in other quarters, not excepting the freer orders of Christians, our fathers and brothers among them.

In our hymns and prayers and meditations, we invoke the Holy Spirit as our living Advocate; the perpetual Witness;

term "spirit" cover the whole of his manifestation. But the Scriptures are plainly for our position, and all science confirms it, whether the science of Mind, with its faculties of will, reason, and affection, or mind, idea, and force; or the science of Nature, with its principles of substance, constitution, and function; or essence, law, and operation. Even the Positivist Herbert Spencer favors our thinking, when he reasons of all known substance differentiating and integrating itself by constitution and function; and a leading recent theologian virtually adopts and adapts this language, by saying that the word differentiates, and the spirit integrates the divine being.—See Article on the Trinity in Herzog's Cyclo-pedia of Theology.

the heavenly Comforter ; and with increasing love we repeat the faith of the Church and the gospel, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." To us, this is the perfect action of the perfect God, and gives us communion with Him in whom all perfection has its source and fulness, whether of fatherhood, sonship, or fellowship. To deny the Holy Spirit is the sin above all sins, because it denies and shuts out the very message of forgiveness, the witness of God, and the bringer of salvation. As compared with other sins, it is "the unpardonable sin," and is such by its own act, not by God's vengeance, and its doom continues as long as the act and its fruits remain, but not for ever, necessarily ; for God will not hold his anger for ever, and His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting.

Holding these views of the nature of the Holy Spirit as the living agency of God in creation and providence, and in his kingdom of grace and truth through Christ, we are in a condition to consider its office under the Christian dispensation. Who shall presume to do justice to this subject, even to its general outlines,—least of all to exhaust its fulness ? The whole New Testament seems to cry out to us to allow its calm truths and glowing affections to speak of the Spirit's peace and power. The prayers and hymns and meditations of the Church in all ages are the ready and ever-rising commentary upon the Sacred Word.

The first and essential office of the Holy Spirit, is to quicken the divine seed in man, to convince of sin, to awaken the true life, and bring about the new birth or regeneration,—a state in which man is no longer subject merely to material nature and finite powers, but is introduced to the divine kingdom, and made conscious of spiritual citizenship. The word indeed calls to this life : but the spirit, the living and loving breath of God, is needed to give it power ; and it is the air in which his children awaken to their true estate, and live and move and have their being in the kingdom of heaven. Of old, the Spirit awoke men to a certain sense of God and his kingdom ; but it is the fulness of the Holy Spirit that shows the Father, and quickens in man the filial heart

according sonship in Christ. "No man calls Jesus Lord but by the holy spirit." Nor is this work wholly marvellous or exceptional. Christ himself bids us not marvel at it, but compares it to the processes of God in nature, to the atmosphere about us, that corresponds to the atmosphere of the divine kingdom, that quickens life within the soul. Why not carry out the analogy, and say, that as the natural air is more quickening when the sun shines with nearer or more direct ray, and it is bright and warm and vernal, so the Spirit has new power in the nearer and more direct shining of God into humanity, in Jesus Christ, and the divinely human Word gives light and warmth to the vital air which it pervades?

The Spirit thus awakens the soul to the reality of God's kingdom, and leads us to God in true sonship with its loving and stirring breath; and so begins the religious life, in the faith that rests upon the true foundation: so, too, it nurtures the religious life in true wisdom and power, and builds up positive righteousness. Practically, it convinces of righteousness. The Divine Advocate loves perfection, and strives to conform our characters to the true standard or ideal, which is sonship of the Father in heaven. It calls us to the glorious liberty of his children. It bids us behold "with what manner of love the Father hath loved us, that we should be called the sons of God." Every sphere of being feels the auspicious influence. The affections become more genial and earnest, more receptive and responsive to the Divine Love; the reason opens to the light of the eternal Mind, and the will rises into new fellowship with the divine Will, and dares to do all things through Him that makes strength perfect in weakness. What examples the disciples and their associates were of the power of the Spirit! How genial and kindly, how earnest and zealous, how wise and strong they were! We do not know half of their blessed life, and of their unspeakable joy in their unseen but ever-present companion. We know better the brave, heroic side of their life, than its tender, gentle side; we know better how they bore their Master's cross than how they entered into his beatitudes, and were peace-making, pure, meek, com-

forting, taking little children in their arms to bless them, and speaking joy to the desolate, and life to the dying.

The crowning office of the Spirit, as the source of all true union, is its social mission. The Comforter is in essence companionable, expressing the glorious fellowship within the Divine being, and calling all souls to the blessed family of God. He made the Church, and was and is the witness of God and Christ with Christian people. His breath unites them together, as the air makes the branches of the vine grow together from the parent root. He is the master-builder of all good institutions and loyal unions, nay, of the temple of Humanity itself; and, whilst there were men and nations before, only after the Holy Spirit came was mankind known as one Humanity. "Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye are also builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

We may well delight to trace the power of the Spirit of God in all true fellowship, his love for all good companionship, for the home in its genial affections, the nation in its civic loyalty, letters and education in their generous associations and arts, the Church in its blessed communion. We are not to shrink from recognizing his presence in innocent mirth, in the pure humor as well as pathos of literature, and in the gladness as in the solemnity of human life. Old Hildebert was sounder than the popular theology and its tracts, when he addressed the Spirit as —

"Benignitas, suavitas, jocunditas
Vinculum nectens Deum homini, virtus adunans hominem numini :
Tu, mitis et hilaris, amabilis, laudabilis,
Vox suavis exulum moerentium, melodia civium gaudentium."

The Spirit of God brings Christ's blessing anew to laughing children, and speaks peace to the sick and dying bed.

He rejoices in every honest compact between man and man, and stamps every true treaty with his holy seal, and blesses every loyal marriage with his peace. He delights most in the great covenant that binds man to God, and breathes ever the Master's prayer for his own, "that they all may be one." Mere uniformity, mechanical uniformity, he does not like; and he is grieved away when formalities supplant living affections, and monotonous repetition takes the place of the fresh and free diversity of gifts and graces. But unity he loves, and rejoices to bring the greatest variety of temperaments and talents into oneness of love. He made the old Church out of so many kindreds, tongues, and nations; and is making the old Church new out of the rich and divine materials of the new age opening upon us. He is still surprising us by new combinations; and the cry still is, "Hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

For ourselves personally, the Spirit is our great and only sufficient helper, ever leading us to the ground of our rest, and the spring of our energy. The Comforter will come to us in the pit of our degradation, and not refuse mercy and aid; nor can we leave him behind us in our ambitious flights into what may seem to us the heaven of our fond aspiration. "If I ascend to heaven, Thou art there." Where has there been a brave and illuminated soul, nay, a pure and beautiful life, that has dared to draw from itself, and live without the Spirit of God in the world? The old Gentile sages had a presentiment of its mission; and lived and died, not wholly strangers to its peace. All the children of God in Christ have been wise and strong by its help, and the most fervent devotee and the calmest theosophist agree in this, that the best gifts of God come to our waiting faith; and we are greatest when we act in childlike trust, and so receive the inflow of the heavenly Comforter. All our perplexities and problems, the antagonism of our nature, antinomies of our thought and condition, are settled under this influence; and the holy breath unites our souls, as our natural breath unites our sometimes warring members.

The Divine Helper stands in the front rank of all our civil,
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social, moral, and theological conflicts and interests; and is always calling us from difference to unity, from antagonism to fellowship. It is, with man's co-operation, the builder of civilization, and master of history. A mere glance must suffice to indicate the direction of the influence. Look to any of the great strifes of thought, and note the greater power of the true spirit than of keen understanding or large learning,—as, for example, the issue between naturalism and supernaturalism. "Religion is nothing but superstition, unless wholly natural," says the naturalist. "Religion is nothing but human opinion, unless it is wholly supernatural," says the supernaturalist. The Holy Spirit draws near, and claims nature and supernature as two different planes of the same divine kingdom; and points to the atmosphere of nature, with all its quickening powers, as type of the breath of God,—the air of supernature, with all its healing and transforming ministry. Vital religion knows nothing of any antagonism between the two. So the Holy Spirit makes naturalists and supernaturalists of us all. The law of the Spirit is our law, and makes us free from the law of sin and death.

Again there is a strife between spiritualism and literalism, between the party of the spirit and the party of the letter. Everywhere this strife appears, and not only troubles us Liberal Christians, but is likely to split the calm conservative Church of England in feeling, if not in fact. Archbishop Manning's book is a desperate remedy for the wound. How to judge between the two is not easy; and biblical critics are sorely troubled how to decide between the transient and permanent elements in the Scriptures. Let them study, and throw all the light in their power on the subject: but their power is limited. Criticism did not make the Scriptures, and cannot read them thoroughly. The Spirit wrote the truth of the word in them, and alone can render it wisely. The Spirit must find and teach the word within all those words, and distinguish between the living seed, and the dusty soil, and the decayed stumps and dry leaves. The Spirit is the life of the word, and the word is the light of the Spirit. The two are coming together now in a memorable way; and

our best leaders are those who encourage us to study the word by the spirit that quickeneth, and not wholly by the letter that killeth. The Spirit has thus saved us from the gross superstition, parent of so much of the gross infidelity of our age,—the superstition that has made the words of the book, not the word of God in Christ, the basis of faith; and consigned all thoughtful minds to perdition who cannot give traditions of ravenous she-bears and rapacious whales the same authority as the eternal word of truth, and gospel of grace. So the Spirit does not destroy the Bible, but saves it; and the Heavenly Dove, in his flight and in his rest, owns the rock of ages, the eternal word, and repeats the assurance, “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.”

So also does the Spirit intervene between the sects, and draw them towards interior fellowship; not allowing the extremest dissent to be without Catholic sympathy, nor the most established priesthood to be without startling personal experiences and individual convictions. The evangelicals are forced by the Divine Comforter to own that nurture, as well as conversion, is essential to religion; and the most stubborn literalists are compelled to confess, that conversion must combine with nurture; and a certain degree of revivalism is needed under the calmest discipline, and is taught by the break of every day, and the breath of every gale.

All great questions of theology need the same divine advocate, as the question between faith and works, prayer and obedience, devotion and duty, law and grace, necessity and liberty, retribution and forgiveness. The key-note of the interpretation has been struck: when will the full symphony be heard? The great question between liberty and authority, the rule of the one and the freedom of the many, is to be settled by this umpire, and that catholicity of God and humanity is to be vindicated which makes all men one in the subjection that is perfect freedom. Archbishop Manning is right, if he identifies the temporal mission of the Holy Ghost with the Church Catholic, if he means by Church Catholic the whole kingdom of God; but utterly wrong in

limiting it to the Church of Rome. The true catholicity is not territorial, but internal; not a quantity, but a quality; and that man, and he only, is a true Catholic whose private will is so animated by the divine will, that it moves within the divine kingdom, and keeps the harmony of God's own heaven on earth and in all sphères. The Holy Spirit is catholic, because the universal love; and gives every true man its letters of communion, although all popes and councils may doom him to perdition.

What is coming, who can tell? But great things enough have been done in our day and generation to make it the part of wisdom, as well as faith, to expect still greater things. What a marvellous awakening of life, and array of mighty and often conflicting ideas and powers, within a century! What a centennial of humanity with its arts, science, and associations within the hundred years of which the Centennial of Methodism is but a single chapter! We Americans are not the least part of the wonder; and the century has brought us out of the old woods, from being an obscure colony in an unexplored hemisphere, to a great nation,—the peer of any nation on the globe. What astounding differences we have had, and have still! Yet we are one nation, and cannot be other. What is keeping us together? Territory, interest, pride, fear of foreign aggression, common language? These indeed, but something more. A diviner power is brooding over the land, and calling order from the chaos. "God hath made us, and not we ourselves;" and he will unite us as never before, if we will yield to his pacifying and reconciling Spirit. The true fellowship of souls in God will go down and forth from its high plane into all spheres of welfare, and harmonize sections, parties, industries, races, together as never before under the sun. Never before, indeed, has so vast a diversity been won to so strong a unity of law and of language and co-operation within the same time. Man has not done it all, but God has done the best of it; and he is asking us to follow him to the end, and build up the higher life of the nation within his own kingdom. Our Constitution brings his word to us in the civic

sphere, and our national life is his Spirit in the civic line. Why not receive his supreme Word and Spirit in the highest sense, and be his people in faith and love for evermore? We will not deride the Positivist philosophers, like Buckle, for making much of science and industrial art as factors of history; but we claim for the Holy Spirit the chief place in civilization. We will not deny that material laws and elements are conditions, but we do deny that they are all or chief conditions. The Spirit is as much a fact as nature, and as truly a fact of history. Leave out the record of its power, its thought and action, its love and heroism, its examples and institutions, and the light and glory of history are gone. We Americans own a lawgiver, diviner than human legislators; and, when our fathers crossed the seas for this wilderness, the Dove of God was with them, and the eternal Comforter gave them a sense of home in his kingdom, and of companionship with his heavenly family. We need the influence still. The Spirit requires in all our diversities to make their many into one, and our national motto is almost literally one of its own great sentences. When shall it be interpreted by a broad, generous, enlightened, earnest, brave, American Church, that shall accept and consecrate all honest differences, and call us all to the one fold of the one shepherd? Differences will but make the richer and larger unity; and an American Humanity shall flash along every wire, and roll upon every road, and glide on every water, from the rising to the setting sun, in the name of God and his Christ.

AET. V.—THE GERMAN WAR FOR THE UNION.

AUSTRIA, the baneful shadow of the defunct "Holy Roman Empire," has at last been rendered powerless for evil. What an astonishing league the avenging logic of events has brought about against her!

On the north, Austria has been assailed by Protestant but aristocratico-monarchical Prussia, on the south by Italy, under whose banner a king fights side by side with a glorious revolutionary chieftain, while the scions of the oldest nobility fill the ranks together with the most radical democrats, and faithful Catholics unite with the enemies of papacy for the liberation of their common country.

When, in 1859, the Emperor of France, after the battle of Solferino, crossed the Mincio, and threatened to add Venetia to the possessions of Victor Emanuel, the King of Prussia prepared for war, and said the safety and independence of Germany must be defended on the banks of the Mincio. When Garibaldi drove the Bourbon king from Naples, the Prussian nobles called him a chief of brigands, and presented the defeated and exiled monarch with an allegorical buckler as a testimony of their homage and devotedness. "Had we not been bound by our duties to our king," said they to him, "we should have fought under your banner for the cause of legitimacy against revolution."

To-day, Prussia, ruled by a sovereign and a minister who are the representatives of monarchical despotism and feudal aristocracy, is the ally of the "robber-king," Victor Emanuel, and the volunteers of Garibaldi are brothers in arms of the Prussian nobles; and the victory of Sadowa gives Venetia to Italy!

What a lesson for the rulers of all nations is the difference between the feelings with which the war-cry of the Prussian king was received by his people, and those which were roused in the hearts of the Italians by the appeal of Victor Emanuel! In Prussia, nearly the whole people protested, with wrathful energy, against the beginning of the war. The militia almost revolted when it was ordered to take the field. Italy shouted with burning enthusiasm, "Victory or death!" and the whole population rushed to arms.

And how differently the world judged the undertaking of the Prussian king and that of the royal champion of the Italian independence! How bitter, how violent, were the accusations against the first! how warm, how enthusiastic,

the sympathies with the cause of the latter! The King of Prussia leading his army against Austria did not, like Victor Emanuel, present himself in a glorious halo. He was received with the condemning outcry, "Down with the unscrupulous conqueror!" and that, not alone in foreign countries, but in Germany itself, the majority of whose population ranged itself on the side of Austria. Even the German republicans, hitherto the most relentless enemies of that power, declared Prussia to be the most dangerous foe of German liberty and unity, and wished for the defeat of her armies.

Yet, in spite of all this, Prussia, not less than Italy, is to-day the champion of liberty and human progress, and fights for the regeneration of a great nation, torn asunder, like that of the classic peninsula, by the long reign of injustice and violence, of political and religious despotism. Prussia and Italy, however different hitherto in their interior policy, appear to-day on the stage of history as twin-sisters, as the daughters of the new Era, claiming for their people the rights so long withheld by Austria,—the defender of all iniquities of the past.

To prove this, as far as Italy is concerned, would be a waste of time and words; but the cause of Prussia needs to be unveiled, in order to make its true features visible. Behind the black and white banner of the Prussian royalty, that throws, to the dismay of so many ardent friends of liberty, its repulsive shadow on the scene of the great drama, we shall show the black, red, and golden standard of German unity and liberty, which will soon be unfurled over a regenerated country. A great nation, for centuries dissevered, powerless and almost despised in its calamity, is about to present itself in renewed manhood. This is an event worthy of the deepest interest of all people, but especially of the republican people of the Union, who have just learned to appreciate the value of heartfelt sympathy with the struggle for the salvation of national existence, right, and justice. But sympathy is the daughter of knowledge and esteem. Let us therefore cast an earnest glance on the past of the German people.

Since the American War of Independence and the great

Revolution of France have awakened all nations to the consciousness of their rights, and inspired them with the resolution of vindicating them against the despotism of their rulers or the sway of foreign masters, there exists a family feeling among the people of the civilized world. The rising of Greece, Italy, Poland, and Hungary against their oppressors, kindled in the hearts of all nations an enthusiasm almost equal to the ardent feelings for the welfare and liberty of their own countries.

Germany alone, in her struggle for liberty and national unity, stands almost entirely forsaken in the midst of the family of the civilized nations. She undoubtedly has the sympathy of those few men whose penetrating thoughts go to the depth of her past, whose clear eyes can see the laborious efforts of the present, and can reach the brilliant goal in the future of Germany. But the foreign populations, in general, are incredulous, indifferent; nay, scoffing, even hostile to the regeneration of that great country, the heart of Europe. We do not intend to speak now of the disposition of the different Governments towards Germany. Their hostility against her, their opposition to her march towards unity and power, will be the subject of an earnest examination, when we shall try to prove that the constitution of Germany, as the central power of Europe, is the necessary keystone of the future harmonious edifice of liberty and independence of all nations of that old, so-long-tormented continent. Let us first search the answer to the sad question, Why is struggling Germany alone deprived of the popular sympathy so ardently bestowed upon all other nations fighting for their rights? A satisfactory explanation of that abnormal fact will be, as we believe, the first link of the chain of right perceptions and enlightened judgments by which surely the hearts of all liberty-loving men will be finally drawn to the German nation; for it will be seen that her misfortunes appear to superficial observers to be faults and crimes, and that she is despised or hated for what she suffers, and what she struggles against. The Italians already begin to understand that they were wrong in crying, *Morte ai Tedeschi*.

The Germans labor under the greatest disadvantage that can befall a people. They are not a united nation, whose power fills the world with such respect and fear, that even her deeds of injustice and violence contribute to exalt the consideration in which she is held. Has England, for instance, lost in the opinion of the world by imposing a heavy yoke upon a part of Asia, and by holding it upon the neck of a proud race through bloody deeds of relentless wars? Does not the world say, England has a right to maintain her position by preserving, by all means, her possessions in the East Indies? Is it different with the judgment pronounced on France,—on Russia? Let these mighty empires by revolutions or wars fill the pages of history with the most horrid deeds, their names will nevertheless sound gloriously through an admiring, often worshipping, universe. But let Germany wrestle at home with the evil consequences of her past, or let her stretch out one of her hands to keep what, by positive right, belongs to her, or to seize what nature and necessity make absolutely her own, at once there will be a general outcry against the foolish turbulence of German revolutionists, or the grasping covetousness of her phantastical nationality.

The Germans are hated by their neighbors for the follies and crimes of their rulers. The Italians, Poles, and Hungarians have made resound their curses against them all over the world; and the nations of both hemispheres have repeated these imprecations, without asking whether or not the German people deserve them for having been willing accomplices of their princes.

Italy's grievances against Germany, or rather against her rulers, are as old as just. The German emperors of the Middle Age, especially those of the House of Hohenstaufen (1138–1254), pursuing the realization of that fatal dream of the Holy Roman Empire, inherited from Charles the Great, often crushed under their iron feet the liberty and independence of the glorious cities of Italy, where, in the midst of a world ruled by feudalism, the republican spirit of ancient Greece and Rome had risen from the grave of centuries.

But it is not generally known that these usurping expeditions of the German emperors were not less pernicious to the Germans than to the Italians. These long, and finally disastrous, wars for the subjugation of Italy gave the German feudal lords welcome opportunities of increasing their power. They entered into alliances with the popes, striving for absolute sway over the whole Christian world, and defending at the same time the Italian independence. The German emperors wasted abroad the forces of the nation for an unjust and visionary purpose, instead of using them at home as the representatives of the national unity,—for the distinction of an ambitious territorial nobility. From that period dates the ruin of the German people as a nation. While England, France, Spain, and even the still Asiatic Russia, were successfully pursuing the work of constituting themselves as concentrated empires, the Holy German Empire crumbled to pieces. The popes and the feudal lords made of Germany the arena of their ambition. The emperors were mere shadows as chiefs of Germany; and when, after a long anarchy, in 1273, Rudolph of Hapsburg became the founder of a dynasty which henceforth, with a few exceptions, gave emperors to Germany, the highest aim of that house was not to re-unite the dissevered country, but to take private possession of as much land as possible, in order to create a powerful Austrian dominion.

The enlightened patriots of the past deplored, all Germans of the present time curse, the folly of those emperors who ruined, on the fields of Italy, the unity of Germany. And where is the guilt of the German nation in the modern subjugation of Italy by Austria? Who tore away Venetia, and threw it into the grasping hands of Austria? History answers, General Bonaparte, by the peace of Campo Formio (October 17, 1797). Austria again lost it in 1805; but, when the sovereigns of Europe, in the Congress of Vienna, parcelled out lands and people, the Austrian emperor brought forth that short possession as a claim for uniting Venetia to his older possession of Milan. Austria was installed the jailor of the Italian people, while in Germany she assumed this

function as her hereditary attribute. Germans and Italians were bound with the same chain; but the first had, moreover, the misfortune of being considered the prison-keepers, because the Emperor of Austria still passed for the representative of Germany. The desire for the regeneration of Italy may be expressed with more outward demonstrations by other countries: it is nowhere warmer and sincerer than in Germany.

The dismembering of Poland — that great national crime of the last century — was the deed of sovereigns who had not to ask the consent of their people. Germany, represented by Austria and Prussia, received a part of the shameful booty; and, if ever an unrighteous acquisition carried with it the full punishment of the crime, it was in this case. The bribes which Russia threw to Austria and Prussia, in the shape of some pieces of the dissected body of Poland, were a dangerous poison to both of them, but especially to Prussia. Maria Theresa of Austria wept, when, after a long struggle with her heart, and perhaps also with her intellect, she signed the act of complicity in the spoliation of Poland. Frederic the Great, without heart, acted in that emergency also without the intellect of a sovereign knowing the real mission of his state. Prussia, by her religion and by her political antagonism with Austria, was the predestined check upon the policy of the House of Hapsburg, which consisted in using the German forces for conquering and subjugating foreign nations. Frederic the Great, by adding that piece of Polish land to his kingdom, had thrown a fatal stumbling-block on the path of Prussia. She ceased to be a purely German power, and was tied to the policy of Russia and Austria. The Government of Prussia has perhaps been long ago aware of this fault of Frederic the Great. Pride and prejudices may for ever prevent the Hohenzollern from helping to restore Poland; but certain it is that the future government of free and united Germany will do it. Long ago the German people have unanimously pronounced the severest condemnation on the connivance of their rulers at the destruction of Poland: if by their wishes this criminal deed could have been undone, it would have been to the heartfelt satisfaction of every Ger-

man. Nowhere did the repeated heroic efforts of the Polish people for the liberation of their country receive a warmer, a more enthusiastic assent than in Germany. Hundreds of Germans joined the Polish army that fought in 1831 for the restoration of Poland. The day on which the sad news of the fall of Warsaw, and of the fatal end of that heroic epoch of a feeble nation vindicating its liberty from a colossal tyrant, spread over Germany, was a day of gloom, of bitter grief. The Germans deplored the misfortune of the Poles as if it were their own. When, a few months afterwards, the heroic survivors of the Polish army passed through Germany as exiles, every one of them found a home at the hearths of the Germans; the poorest peasant thought his hut blessed, if he could, for a night only, receive in it one of the heroes of this holy war. The popular emotion was so ardent, that the sovereigns feared it might lead to a revolutionary explosion against their own thrones. In the month of March, 1848, the people of Berlin, victorious after a bloody combat with the royal troops, conducted in triumph some liberated leaders of a late Polish insurrection before the royal palace: the king was forced to salute the representatives of Poland, who, a short time before, had been, as citizens of the Polish-Prussian province, found guilty of high treason. The popular voice, all-powerful in those days, imposed upon the Government the duty to restore the Polish nationality in the province which Prussia had obtained as her part of the booty. In the midst of their efforts to re-organize their own country, the German people did not, in 1848, forget Poland. The restoration of that country was one article of the programme of the liberal party; and in the German Parliament at Frankfort, as well as in the Prussian Assembly at Berlin, the Polish question was treated with the most earnest sympathy.

For the independence of Hungary, not less than for the regeneration of Italy and Poland, the heart of the German people beats warmly. The democrats of Vienna were, in 1848, brothers in arms of the Magyars, fighting against the House of Hapsburg. The German-Austrian patriots besieged in Vienna, in the month of October, 1848, by the Slaves and

Croats forming the imperial army, waited in vain for the promised arrival of the Hungarian host. Had the Magyars thrown themselves upon the army of the Hapsburg while the German patriots of Vienna kept it at bay, the destinies of Hungary and Germany might have been different from what they became. Both people might then have conquered their liberty. The independence of Hungary is an essential element of the unity of Germany. Hungary, separated from the Austrian empire, either drags the Hapsburg dynasty with her, and leaves to the eight millions of Austrian-Germans no other choice than to join the German stock; or gives the impulse to the complete dissolution of the Austrian dominion, and, with it, to the disappearance of that house as one of the great dynasties of Europe. This is well understood, and ardently wished for, by all Germans who labor for the regeneration of their country. The Germans, therefore, are not enemies, but allies, of the Magyars. It is true, that, in the confusion which momentarily reigns in the opinions and tendencies of the different German tribes and political parties, many are now opposed to a Hungarian revolution who formerly fervently wished for it: but, when the course of events, as inevitably it must happen, shall have cleared away the mist that now dims the eyes of so many patriotic Germans, they will see again that Austria is the only real obstacle to German unity; and then they will once more strike hands with Austria's enemies,—with the Italians, Poles, and Magyars.

Such are the feelings, convictions, and tendencies of the German people concerning those nationalities which have suffered through the sway of the same despotic policy by which they themselves have been reduced to be nothing but powerless atoms of what ought to be a great nation. No people understands better than the Germans, that the old monarchial policy of *divide et impera* must be done away.

By many, perhaps by the majority of the best friends of national independence, the German unity is still considered a poetic ideal of that dreaming, impractical people. True, they have not done all they ought to have done for the regeneration of their country. But a glance at their history will

show the causes which have hitherto hindered the development of their energy.

The Reformation dissolved, in Germany, one of the chief elements of national strength, the identity of religion; and left the Germans divided in two equal and hostile camps. The Thirty-years' War — the crisis through which the rest of the Middle Age disappeared, to make room for the modern monarchical world — had its battlefield in Germany, destroyed its wealth, almost its civilization. It left the people in the hands of princes who had become their absolute masters, and who made themselves independent of the central power of the empire. When, after a century of material and intellectual prostration, the Germans awoke to new activity, it was almost exclusively in the world of abstraction. They had no more a common country in which and for which they could feel and act. The men of thought devoted themselves to learning. Poetry, arts, sciences, and above all philosophy, were the aims of their life. Having no country in the real world, they created for themselves a home in the realm of the ideal; not belonging to a great and powerful nation, they made themselves citizens of the universe. The moral disease of cosmopolitanism invaded Germany. Goethe, in his time, still said, "Germans, you are not destined to be a nation. Be, then, an intellectual complex of all nations." Germany was divided between two rival sovereigns, — the emperor, a relic of the Middle Age; and the Prussian king, the unconscious, and therefore unpropitious, representative of the destruction of the past. But, when the time came in which the Germans showed the reviving spirit of freedom and nationality, the two hostile sovereigns united their power against the people. The soldiery, drilled to blind obedience, put its iron foot on the reviving body of the nation. Besides, modern Germany, notwithstanding the great development of the scientific spirit, is still weakened by the excess of book-learning, of abstract thinking, of enervating criticism. The faculties of the head have been developed beyond measure; the genuine vigor of a primitive nature has been sapped. The Germans want passion. And to all these elements of national rankness must be added the influence of

the modern industrialism. For the last twenty years, Germany has thrown herself ardently and successfully into industrial and mercantile life: she has become prosperous, and therefore averse to actions which would disturb her in her new, remunerating career.

Yet, in spite of the difficulties of their situation, notwithstanding their own shortcomings, the Germans already have made earnest efforts for the liberty and unity of their country. The regeneration of Germany has been, for years, the object of ardent devotion. It has been nobly professed in the horrors of dungeons, maintained on battlefields, and kept as a sacred palladium in the hearts of thousands of exiles scattered all over the world. To foreign nations this patriotic struggle does not appear in its totality. It does not strike the imagination and feelings with the same admiration created by the great acts of the revolutionary drama performed on other stages. A revolution in France, in Italy, in Poland, or Hungary, flashes through the world like the concentrated electricity of a mighty stroke of lightning: a revolutionary movement in Germany resembles the faint, isolated explosions of dispersed and far-distant thunder-clouds. Scattered insurrections at Frankfort, Cassel, Dresden, even at Berlin and Vienna, will not present themselves to the mind of the distant observer as a great battle for the liberty and unity of Germany. When defeated, they will not exhibit the awful majesty of a great national disaster, or increase the sympathies of the world. Yet the courage, the sacrifices of these champions of liberty, divided in small bands, are surely not less great and noble than those of the Poles, Hungarians, or Italians.

And, again, it is to be considered that these nations fight against foreign oppressors, whose rule is not only a political despotism, but too often a cruel tyranny violating all human rights, wounding men in their feelings as fathers, brothers, husbands. Is it surprising that they rush, almost like one man, to the battlefield, where they hope to free their countries, their own hearths, from the foreign oppressors? Such is not the case in Germany. Despots as they are, the

rulers of that country exercise no barbarous tyranny: some of them even yield a little to the spirit of the age; several are esteemed and beloved as men. Almost all are the scions of the old princely families, to which, by the habits of centuries, the dissevered members of the German nation had become deeply attached. That attachment has not yet entirely died away.*

Whoever will pronounce a just judgment on the abortive Revolution of 1848 must give due weight to the following historical fact: Germany was at that crisis suddenly called upon to do, in a few short months, what had required centuries in other nations. The Germans had to conquer, at the same time, the unity of their country and their own political liberty. Into the midst of this difficult complication, the ominous social problem threw its distracting and dissolving influence. There was not, on the German soil, an undivided army for the conquest of the unity of the country. Those who were fighting for it were also fighting among themselves as monarchists, republicans, and socialists. This not only paralyzed the combatants of the popular cause, but gave to the monarchs the welcome opportunity to frighten thousands from it, by pointing out to them a future of anarchy, of communism. Let us add, that the greatest fault of the moderate Liberals was, not to have profited by the universal enthusiasm of the German people for the cause of Schleswig-Holstein, in order to give to the revolution a national war-cry.

* The historian Dahlmann related in the Frankfort Parliament the following anecdote: "When, at the downfall of Napoleon, the Kingdom of Westphalia disappeared, and the old elector came back to his throne, occupied for a while by the brother of the Roman conqueror, a Hessian peasant said, 'Well now, there we have him back, that old ass; but after all—it is our own ass.'" A revolution against the German rulers for the establishment of the German unity is not therefore, as in Italy, Poland, or Hungary, an enterprise to which the whole people is urged by the most powerful human feelings, by the burning passions of personal hatred and revenge. The revolutionary efforts in Germany are more the offspring of reflection, of ideal conceptions and longings. The amount of strength derived from the calculation of material gain, to be obtained by the reconstruction of Germany, is largely counterbalanced by the apprehensions and the opposition of the vast number of those who are unwilling to sacrifice their present gain to future risk.

When in August, 1848, the King of Prussia, betraying the cause of Germany, and usurping power which then belonged to the Central Government, concluded an armistice with Denmark, the whole nation uttered a cry of indignation, and demanded vigorous action from the parliament. If the parliament had called the nation to arms for the continuation of the war against Denmark, in spite of the King of Prussia, Germany would have entered upon the road of an irresistible revolution. All party differences would have disappeared; for the feelings of nationality, and the aspirations towards unity, would have overpowered all others. As the Schleswig-Holstein question, the very embodiment of the national feelings of Germany, has this year kindled the hereditary and inevitable war between Prussia and Austria, so it might have been in 1848 the most powerful weapon for the realization of the German unity.

The knowledge of the inner life alone gives a right understanding of its outward manifestations. The monarchs had slain the idea of German unity, which the people had conceived, and struggled to realize; but, like Banquo's ghost, that spirit would not be laid. It reappeared among the victors to confuse, trouble, and frighten them,—none more than the King of Prussia who ordered, and his brother and successor who committed, the fatal deed. The petty princes of Germany knew that their days were numbered, whatever might be the future destiny of the more powerful States. Austria foresaw that the national idea of unity might become a deadly weapon, in the hands of Prussia, against her power, even against her very existence in Germany. The King of Prussia, with a mind tortured by the most contradictory thoughts and feelings, did not know how to reconcile the hereditary aspirations of his house for the supremacy in Germany with the offended genius of the new era. His position was the most perplexed, the most tormented. The House of Hapsburg, true to its nature, and believing only in brute force, tried the old system of military despotism. The puny tyrants of Germany sought protection under the wings of the Austrian double-eagle; but the royal Hohenzollern was well

aware, that either he must renounce the ambitious views of his ancestors, and re-descend to the humble station of a crowned vassal of the Emperor of Austria, or throw himself into the arms of the hated and dreaded spectre of German unity, behind which, at no great distance, he perceived the sovereignty of the nation.

The old dynastic policy, with its diplomatic ruses and artifices, by which the Houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern had continued their family feud in the German diet and at the courts, was no longer of avail: the war had to be fought on national ground. This is the clew to all the events which have taken place in Germany since 1849 to this hour. The present war of Prussia against Austria is nothing else than the inevitable historical junction of the hereditary ambition of the Hohenzollern with the power of the national idea. Therefore, let no one be astonished or shocked, if to-day he sees the same man, who in 1849 was the executioner of the German unity, proclaim it as the highest aim of his policy; if he hears him promulgate the law of universal suffrage enacted by the dispersed parliament, or call for a new national assembly which shall invest him with the dignity of the supreme chief of a united Germany. There is a great and significant lesson, a most auspicious omen for the future of Germany, in this final submission of the proud, royal House of Hohenzollern—represented by the most stubborn, the most monarchical, of its scions—to the national idea. It is revolution; and indeed the present King of Prussia did not throw himself into the arms of the hated genius of the new era, without having been fully convinced that it was an absolute necessity. Let us rapidly glance at the intervening events.

Frederic William IV., the brother of the ruling monarch, had refused the imperial crown principally because his deeply offended romantic royalism could not brook the idea of becoming an emperor by the grace of the people. A member of the German Parliament and representative of the Austrian interest knew him well, when, speaking of the German constitution, he said, "I shall try to have it so strongly salted with democracy that he never will swallow it." But the

king, having refused the imperial title, longed for the power; and tried to get, at least, a part of it, with the assistance of some of his royal brethren. On the 26th of May, 1849, he formed with Saxony and Hanover a league, of which he should be chief. The sovereigns of the lesser States joined that league because they were still afraid of their people, and saw no other protector than the King of Prussia, who had just ordered his troops to march against the republicans of Baden. But the larger States refused to accede; and, as soon as Austria was seen to emerge victorious from her struggle with Hungary, the petty princes also became less devoted to the Prussian scheme. An assembly of representatives of that partial union in 1850, and soon afterwards a congress of the rulers of the States composing it, failed to give life to an organization which had neither the sanction of the people, nor the real sympathies of the princes, who now again could rely on their old protector.

The Emperor of Austria was restored to his power by the victory of the Prussians over the Hungarians; and now came the hour of a terrible punishment for the House of Hohenzollern. Hated by the German people, abandoned by the most powerful princes, it stood alone in presence of its old enemy. Austria called a congress of the German sovereigns to meet at Frankfort. All the kings, and several of the minor States, rallied round Austria: Prussia had on her side but a few small States. The German Diet, the tool of Austria in Germany, was re-established: a conflict between this and Prussia arose about the affairs in Electoral Hesse. Bavarians and Austrians marched against the Prussians who had occupied a part of that State. War seems imminent between Prussia and Austria, when at the command of the Emperor of Russia, Prussia submits. On the 28th of November, 1850, the representatives of the King of Prussia receive the orders of the Czar, and the Hohenzollern king lies prostrate at the feet of the Hapsburg emperor. The humiliation was so great that the Count of Brandenburg, an illegitimate offspring of the royal house of Hohenzollern, died of a broken heart.

In the following year, the downfall of Prussia and the tri-

umph of Austria were shown to the world by another event. Prussia was obliged to march with an Austrian army to the subjugation of Schleswig-Holstein, which was surrendered to Denmark. Since the Thirty-years' War, no Austrian army had been seen in Northern Germany, which, especially since the creation of the Kingdom of Prussia, was considered a kind of domain of that power. Such were the humiliation and the punishment of the House of Hohenzollern in 1857, for having refused to unite its destiny with the regenerated Germany. The world knows that the guilty king died an idiot.

When he had become incapable of holding the reins of the government, his brother, the present king, then regent, found Prussia hated in Germany, despised abroad, and ruled by a faction composed of narrow-minded nobles and fanatical bigots,—a kind of Protestant Jesuits. The immense majority of the Prussian people were disgusted with that meanest of all despotisms. As Prince of Prussia, as heir apparent, the present king had been himself an object of hatred and fear to the ruling faction. For several years he had been living in a kind of exile. Cursed by the people in 1848 as the up-holder of absolutism, and the instigator of the massacres at Berlin in the month of March of that year, he was for a while obliged to seek an asylum in England. Now his assumption of the government and his first acts were hailed as the opening of a new era. This jubilation was the fruit of a half-conscious delusion, which filled the minds of both leaders and people. The regent, now King William I., would have liked to be a gracious master to his people, but would not condescend to become a constitutional king, accepting the law from the representatives of the nation. He was willing to rule according to the constitution, if his interpretation of it were acknowledged as the supreme law of the land. At his coronation, he solemnly declared that he had received his crown from God, and that he would maintain the royal power intact. His convictions are military, aristocratic, and monarchical; his character is marked by an obstinate will and a narrow understanding. The Liberals hoped to coax, to cheat him into the passive rule of a constitutional monarch.

During the Italian war of 1859, the flame of discontent, and political and national aspirations, blazed up with new violence in Prussia and in the whole of Germany. All over the country a national association was formed for the realization of German unity. That association represented especially the intelligent and wealthy middle classes: the masses approved of its aim, but desired more energy of action and fuller profession of democratic principles. The government of Prussia, then in the hands of the moderate Liberals, favored the general tendency of the National Association, whose majority sought a united Germany with the King of Prussia as emperor, and with the exclusion of Austria; while the radical party, principally consisting of representatives of the Southwest, were more or less opposed to the predominance of Prussia. Austria, trying to recover herself after the disastrous campaign in Italy, and finding that the idea of German unity was the most powerful means of success, endeavored to snatch it from the outstretched hands of Prussia. The emperor Francis Joseph called on the German sovereigns to convene at Frankfort, where he submitted to them a plan for the reconstruction of Germany. The King of Prussia refused to take part in the proceedings; declaring that the regeneration of Germany could not be undertaken by the sovereigns alone, but ought to be the common work of the princes, together with a National Parliament. Although this important declaration was made by the advice of the Liberal ministry, and scarcely expressed the convictions and real intentions of the king, it nevertheless proved that the Prussian monarch had learned to know the spirit and the controlling exigencies of the time. The chief of the Hohenzollern understood, that, to defeat the Hapsburg, he now needed more than diplomacy or his army; that he had to ally himself with the national idea of unity.

But, in 1860, things had not yet come to their maturity. The king's personal feelings were too much engaged in the defence of his absolute monarchical power, against the efforts of the people and their leaders, to enact positive constitutional rights. To accept the lead of the regeneration of Ger-

many from the hands of the Liberals, would have obliged him to accept also their principles in the government of Prussia; to become a constitutional ruler at home, in order to become Emperor of Germany by the will of the people. Against this idea, his Hohenzollern pride and his monarchical nature revolted. The conflict between him and his Liberal ministers grew more serious, although these men, in their condescension, had almost entirely divested themselves of their political principles. The Liberals in the House of Representatives became impatient; the people bolder, more pressing, more radical. A crisis was inevitable. The king dismissed the ministry, composed of moderate liberals, and — took **BISMARCK**.

And now began a long and violent struggle between the royal power and the popular claims. To-day we should fully understand the real cause and aim of this combat, even if we had not the confessions of the bold and energetic man, whose name, admired or hated, will stand on the titlepage of a great chapter of German history.

Bismark undertook to keep the royal power, the majesty of the House of Hohenzollern, above the threatening flood of democracy: he labored to show to the world the King of Prussia surrounded with the laurels of a royal conqueror at home, before he should enter the field as a conqueror for the aggrandizement of Prussian monarchy, and by it of German unity. Bismark is the Richelieu of Germany: better would it be were he her Cavour.

Let us succinctly consider the events which preceded and prepared the present culmination of Bismark's policy. When he took the direction of affairs, he found the great majority of the Prussian people and their representatives firmly resolved not to yield to the king's pretensions. The contest raged about the right of the House of Representatives to vote, or to refuse the budget. The king interpreted the constitution so as to allow the Government to continue the collection of the existing taxes, as long as the Government and the legislature had not come to an agreement about a new budget. Besides the defence of the absolute royal power, there

lay at the bottom of this quarrel another question, whose real bearings were perhaps unknown to the king himself, until Bismark brought them in full light before his eyes. The king had in its fullest measure the Hohenzollern passion for a strong, well-disciplined, and brilliant army : he believed that its efficiency would be increased by keeping the men three years, instead of two, in the regular army ; and by modifying the system of the militia, the essentially democratic part of the Prussian military system. He had put his plan into execution ; and used, without a law, the public treasure to carry it out, and to maintain it. Bismark wanted the largest army possible for the execution of his plans. The nation and her representatives protested against the violation of the constitution, and fought against the new organization of the army, both on political and economical grounds. Bismark treated the representatives of the people with the most insulting, aristocratic contempt. The House was repeatedly dissolved ; and each time the people sent back an increased and more incensed majority against the Government. A crisis was imminent. A popular revolution was considered impossible by the leaders of the Liberal party, who were too timid to think of a revolution. The complete abolition of the constitution, or at least its radical modification, was quite generally expected. The Prussian people groaned under the most brutal *régime* of ministerial tyranny and arrogance.

The Germans outside of Prussia looked with hatred and abomination on her Government ; and the idea of accepting Prussia as the head of re-organized Germany became loathsome to thousands who formerly cherished it, or at least accepted it as a rational necessity.

Such was the situation of Prussia just before the present war broke out. Bismark had again dissolved the Chamber, and the immense majority of the people pronounced violently against him. During all that time, the patriotic speeches of the Prussian Liberals in the House of Representatives about the unity of Germany were sneered at by Bismark. Once only he threw at them these words, "Such questions are not solved by speeches, but by steel and blood." Ridic-

culed at that time as the grandiloquent boasting of an unscrupulous and ambitious man, they are known to-day as having been the portentous prophecy of future events.

But the question of German unity entered again the political arena, not as an abstraction, or the theme of eloquent speeches, but as the all-overruling fact of the moment; and, again, it was in the garb of the Schleswig-Holstein question that it made its ominous re-appearance. The enthusiasm of the German people for a new war against Denmark was immense. As in 1848, so now again, the Schleswig-Holstein question rose, as the embodiment of the idea of German unity and national sovereignty. Prussia and Austria were both opposed to this movement. Prussia, especially, was not inclined to allow the minor States to play an important and independent part. But, above all, the fear of seeing the Schleswig-Holstein question lead to a successful rising of the people for the realization of the ideal of unity frightened Prussia. The king and Bismarck understood that they had to take hold of that movement, or that the monarchical policy of the Hohenzollern would be swept away. They frightened Austria into an alliance, by showing her a German revolution in the distance. Austria knew, that, by assisting Prussia in conquering Schleswig-Holstein, she would open to her the road to aggrandizement in the north: but she could not refuse; for she knew Prussia would do the deed alone, and then hold secure possession of the coveted provinces. So Austria embarked reluctantly with Prussia in the war. Bismarck's policy had taken revenge for Prussia's humiliation at Olmütz, and obtained the still greater triumph of having successfully defied England, which did not dare to give Denmark the promised aid.

But the wrath of the people against Bismarck increased in Prussia, not less than in the rest of Germany, for having taken this national question out of the nation's hand, and made of it the means of dynastic ambition. Not even victory abated the anger of the Prussians. But now came the question, What to do with the conquered provinces. The majority of the population claimed their legitimate sovereign, the

Duke of Augustenburg. The Prussian Government, not yet decided to push matters to an extreme, was willing to invest this pretendant with the ducal dignity, provided he would consent to accept a kind of Prussian sovereignty,—necessary, indeed, for giving to Prussia the advantage of the Baltic, and the possibility of strengthening her military frontiers on the north. This claim was legitimate, not only in the interest of Prussia, but also Germany. Besides, it would have been more than a fault to give to the new duke a position which would enable him to become in the north an efficient tool of Austria.

And now the quarrel between Prussia on one side, and Austria and the German Diet on the other side, began. The majority of the German people, hostile to Bismark's whole policy, and defending the right of the population of Schleswig-Holstein to decide upon their own destiny, pronounced in favor of Austria and the Diet. An agreement concluded at Gastein in 1864, between Austria and Prussia, postponed the explosion of the armed quarrel. The two powers provisionally divided the booty, Austria taking temporary possession of Holstein, and Prussia of Schleewig. But Austria, profiting by the hatred of the German people against Bismark, especially engendered by his despotism in Prussia, played upon the national feelings and democratic convictions: she proclaimed that the population of the duchies should have the right to choose their own sovereign; that she wanted nothing, only opposed the ambitious designs of Prussia; and left the decision of the whole question with the German Diet.

This time, war had become inevitable. The old feud between the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg had to be fought out. Bismark had long before prepared for this expected crisis. He had succeeded in inspiring the old king with his own resolute daring; but he and his master now saw Austria supported, not only by almost all the German princes, but also by the majority of the people. However fully they both may have trusted in the bravery and devotedness of their army, they knew that a complete victory, a lasting triumph, could

only be attained by the assent of the nation ; and they boldly pushed aside the resolutions of the Diet by saying, " We no more recognize the authority of an assembly that never was any thing else but the baneful representation and perpetuation of the disruption of Germany." King William I. and his minister Bismark appealed to the nation, and raised the banner of German unity, seeing emblazoned on it the magical words, *In hoc signo vinces*.

Our readers have full knowledge of the short and decisive war, and of the complete victory of Prussia. The king now declares, in his triumph, that he has not conquered for Prussia, but for Germany ; that he does not intend to impose his will upon the German people, but that he shall call on them to send representatives to a national assembly whose mission it shall be to regenerate Germany.

And what has the Emperor of Austria done ? He has spoken of maintaining the glory and power of his empire ; he has called upon his own people to come forward for its defence ; he even throws himself into the arms of the often betrayed Hungarians.

To the German nation, the Hapsburg has said nothing ; for he can and will not provide her what she needs, what she claims : but to the Emperor of France he has shown his willingness to consent to a more dangerous division, to a still greater weakening of Germany.

Let, therefore, the King of Prussia and Bismark keep their word ; let them throw Austria, that incubus of Germany, out of her boundaries ; let them honestly convene a national assembly,—and the unity and liberty of Germany will have made an immense step towards their realization, which will, in the course of time, find its true form in a democratic republic. To give to Germany this form will be the task of the nation, strengthened and developed by a larger, a more vigorous public life in a united country.

Germany has to-day to achieve what the Reformation prevented her from doing. The gap of three centuries must be filled : the unity and power of a long-divided and weakened nation must be restored. If that is done, all the rest will follow in due time.

ART. VI.—THE CONDITIONS OF THEOLOGICAL PROGRESS.

DURING the last quarter of a century, dogmatic controversy has almost wholly ceased in America. The questions of Unity or Trinity, of the essential depravity or rectitude of human nature, of salvation by vicarious atonement or moral reconciliation, which for the previous five and twenty years had occupied the thoughts and pens of our best divines, and agitated the whole religious public, have subsided under the pressure of more serious and fundamental inquiries,—questions touching the authenticity and genuineness of the Scriptures, the reality of the supernatural claims of Christianity, the possibility of miracles, or of a revelation itself, in any ordinary sense of that term. These are not sectarian questions, and hardly biblical ones. They fall under the heads of historical inquiry, literary criticism, and philosophical speculation; and have found in most churches, and among all scholars and thinkers, an earnest and anxious consideration. In the presence of such radical investigations, all purely dogmatic disputes have lost consequence, and ceased to command discussion, except in very inferior quarters.

Even before faith in the verbal and plenary inspiration of the Scriptures had been seriously shaken, the textual form of controversy which prevailed was a delusive expression of the actual grounds on which theological opinions rested. Men's doubts of the Trinity, of the corruption of human nature, of a vicarious atonement, of the eternity of future punishment, did not arise from a study of the New Testament; nor were they to be removed by any amount of Scriptural evidence in their favor. Faith in these dogmas had not originated in the letter of Scripture. Schemes of divinity, shaped by ingenious and powerful ecclesiastics and doctors of the church in times when faith was deemed a

matter of assent to verbal propositions, and when the Church claimed and was allowed the right to settle and enforce its own creed, had established the theology of Christendom before the Scriptures were in the hands of the people, and when the Bible had little influence compared with the authority of the Church, even with the theologians and doctors of the day. It was not false doctrine, but abuse of ecclesiastical power and corruption of morals, that drove the early reformers out of the Catholic Church; and they had no weapon, in their apostasy, with which to combat the infallibility of the Church, but the assumed infallibility of the Scriptures. The new opinions they asserted were not derived from the Scriptures, but from the rising spirit of the age. But they dared not acknowledge the source of their illumination, even if they knew it. They must needs find authority, both for what portion of the old creed they brought over, and the new glosses they put upon it, in the only testimony which their enemies dared not to disparage, — the Sacred Scriptures. And so they founded the Bibliolatry which for ages narrowed Protestantism, and handed down to their descendants a wretched literalism and habit of textual argumentation, which had not even the merit of being the source of the opinions which it was called on to defend and maintain. In the new reformation of the nineteenth century, the same process was repeated. The progressive party caught its spirit and new views from the common light of day, from the increasing intelligence and freedom, the scientific and literary culture of the age. But its champions justified their innovations out of the Scriptures, not because they learned them there, or held them by leave of the Bible, but because their enemies acknowledged this authority, and it was the only ground common to them both.

The effect of the graver and more radical religious discussions of the last quarter of a century has been to leave the disputed topics of the previous generation to the settlement of time, experience, and moral gravitation. All that scriptural argumentation could do for or against the theology of the last three centuries, was done by the last generation;

all that could be done by general reasoning from the philosophy of the human mind, the light of science, and the analogies of nature, or from the testimonies of reason and natural conscience, has been done by the present generation. It remained only to wait, after the exhaustion of ammunition on both sides, until the smoke of the battle had blown away, and the night of common weariness of the conflict had passed, to see what the effect of the struggle had been, how the fight had gone, and which of the combatants was left in a position of strength and triumph.

Meanwhile, the honest fear of the effect of free inquiry upon practical piety has been slowly abating under the light of experience. The natural apprehension that a loosening of dogmatic opinions, and a radical change of creed, could work injuriously upon the spirit of reverence, softening the sentiment of holy fear and the conscience of duty, has largely given way before the evidence of facts. The decay of an implicit faith has not been accompanied by the crumbling of morals, or the downfall of religious institutions. The influence of the ministry has changed its form, but not lessened its sum. Religious manifestations have altered, but the religious spirit has continued equally operative. Relative to population and wealth, more money is expended in the support of public worship now, in communities where the freest inquiry prevails, than was spent there in the palmiest days of an undoubting uniformity of creed; and none but the prejudiced will deny, that, in a truly reverent spirit and a righteous behavior, those neighborhoods furthest removed in their opinions from the orthodoxy of the Reformation are at least as exemplary as those communities where the old creeds still have undivided sway. It begins to appear to all clear-sighted men, that Christianity owes its power and its value to something which cannot be expressed in verbal propositions, which is not contained in any credal statement, or denied in any intellectual dissent; that its life is not identified with the formularies which successive ages have made concerning it; and that the hereditary and fixed attachment of modern civilization to it is independent of the

reasons usually given for it. Whatever critical or scholastic views of the New Testament may prevail, the book itself is more generally if not so exclusively read, and more intelligently and efficiently revered with every age. Whatever notions of Christ's nature and offices may be taken up, his practical influence over men's hearts and lives steadily grows. It increases with those who cling to the old notions; it increases with those who abandon them, and fly to new ones. In short, the state of dogmatic theology gives no idea of the state of practical religion.

But here arises a new question. If the connection between theological opinion and a vital Christian faith is so slight, if men may be good Christians with any theory of Christianity, and if the power and influence of the gospel continues secure and increasing amid all the changes of dogmatic opinion, it may fitly be asked, why any anxiety about theological progress should occupy our hearts, and employ our studies. Let us candidly consider this point.

We have assumed that the devout spirit and the practical Christian faith and life are independent of the dogmatic creed of ages and sects, that genuine piety and active philanthropy are as often associated with one creed as another, and that the spirit and influence of the gospel are separable from the articles of faith and modes of worship adopted by different ages. But it is clear that this is a very different assertion from one which should affirm that all creeds are equally in place, equally credible, equally effective at all times and under all circumstances; or that individuals, communities, or eras may interchange creeds with each other to their mutual advantage. The account which men give of religion and of Christianity is drawn from, and is in the measure of, their general intelligence and illumination; the influence of religion is not due to men's intelligence, but to their spiritual affections, and pious or moral susceptibilities. These sensibilities, it is true, affect their intelligence more directly than their intelligence affects their sensibilities; but they continually re-act upon each other, and, while emotion commonly rules reason in the individual, reason rules emotion in the

race. It is not men's *views* of religion, but religion itself, that moves their hearts and animates their lives. The theory of the power is not the power itself, any more than the tides are the consequences of our tidal philosophies. But while the sunshine of the Ptolemaic theory, and the sunshine of the Newtonian philosophy, ripens the corn in the same way, we cannot ask the farmer on the Hudson or the Thames to take back the astronomic notions of the ancient husbandman on the Nile. It would not injure his corn, but it would violate his understanding.

There is a steady and irresistible tendency to coherency of views and unity of conception in the human mind; and although religious opinions are the last to move, and the slowest to adjust themselves to the other convictions and experiences of any era or any individual, yet they are indissolubly held under the common necessity of harmonizing themselves with the general contents of the understanding. Theology may be said to have more specific gravity than any other subject of human interest. Religious convictions and usages are always furthest behind the times; older-fashioned than any other portion of the furniture of the mind. And this from the best and most dignified reasons. The most venerable person in every assembly is the last whom the company will consent to see unseated. In proportion as things are precious and sacred, we keep them out of the light, and free from rough handling. Religion, enshrined in its own holiness, resists the examination of the critical faculties, as an anointed king refuses arrest or question. The pious instincts respect the self-reverence that checks familiar approach; and it is only after a thousand apologies, that, yielding to the necessities of the case, reason finally makes bold to open the cell where faith is on her knees, to inform her that the house is on fire, that the flames are rapidly approaching her sanctuary, and that she must die or open her eyes, and change her attitude and place. Who has not watched the tender respect with which some ancient graveyard, originally suitably placed on the outskirts of a young town, but now, by the unexpected growth of the place,

brought within the very heart of a great city, is treated by a community whose business convenience and domestic comfort, nay, whose public health and prosperity, are every day vexed and impaired by its vicinity? There lie the ashes of revered founders and benefactors; there cluster sad and tender memories of early days! When some new-comer first dares to hint, that the graveyard ought to be closed against new interments, he is regarded with horror as a heartless utilitarian. When, later, some of the young men begin to suggest its removal, a cry of sacrilege goes up from the elders in every street. When, at last, the city council officially decrees, that the public health and convenience imperatively demand its early obliteration, a storm of opposition is raised, and public discussion only slowly prepares for what every student of civilization must have known from the start, was the predestined result. The tenderest and most sacred prejudices inevitably give way, in the end, to the steady pressure of reason and interest. The graveyard is moved; and the next generation wonders what short-sightedness originally placed it where it was, and what folly detained it there; the following generation forgets that it was ever there; the next disputes the tradition that assigns it such a place.

This *vis inertiae* in religion is far from being a misfortune. It is a genuine and well-founded respect for the essential stability of Christian truth, which discredits and resists easy and rapid changes, even in its external forms. It is not seemly that political constitutions should change with the seasons, or ecclesiastical creeds with the fashions. Age is as essential to the good and potent influence of opinions and usages as to the flavor of wines or the value of proverbs. There must be a very considerable incompatibility between the religious creed of an era, and its living experiences, before there is sufficient reason for disputing or abandoning the old formulas of faith, and hunting up new ones. The old, with all their defects, have charms and uses which the new, with all their improvements, will not acquire for a century. Like an ancestral house, built for other genera-

tions, inconvenient and ugly, too large in some respects and too small in others, full of dark closets and mysterious passages, but rich in associations, surrounded with majestic trees and beautiful for situation, occupying grounds which could not now be purchased for money, and covering a space it would be preposterous to monopolize for private purposes, how long must pecuniary interest, personal convenience, and public necessity protest, before any family of dignity and worth will yield up the decaying, comfortless, and expensive mansion, built by honored ancestors, for the finest and most convenient residence which modern skill can devise?

It is a wise provision of our nature, that religion, and every thing connected with it, shrinks from change and abhors novelty. Real progress is impossible without some resistance. It is the friction between the wheel and the rail that gives the locomotion its power of traction. Oil the track, and the wheels slip, and refuse to draw. Take away man's love for the customary, his respect for the established, and his veneration for the past, and you take out of his composition all the cohesive qualities that make him capable of being slowly reshaped in the image of the future. If the religious spirit were not powerful enough to secrete an enamel around the soft substance of its convictions, they would never serve to masticate the tough nutriment of life. When these convictions have decayed, and must be drawn out of the soul, let us not wonder, when we think of the service to which they were adapted, what length of root they possess, how hard their shell, nor how painful and reluctant their removal.

Theology has no provision for its own change, never moves of its own motion, nor without resistance and pain; and owes all its alterations and improvement to causes external to itself. And this is no misfortune, but a great boon. Make the religious convictions and emotions as enterprising and curious as the intellectual powers, as fond of variety as the fancy, as bold-winged as the imagination, and man would become like the water-lily broken from its root, floating in a fickle element, reflecting every change in the sky, and with its only fixture to the solid earth torn away,—itself a drift,

a noisome rotting pulp. All habit has a conservative blessing, but the religious habit is the conserving essence of society and humanity. Theology advances only by indirect yet compulsory sympathy with other sciences. It holds out against their innovations, is easily alarmed at their fresh suggestions, and does what it can to preserve the old ways of thinking on all subjects. Lethargic, and slow of motion, it instinctively dreads all agitations and changes in other departments of human experience: it would hush discovery, and postpone investigation. But this is all done in the secret consciousness, that truth is so united, and of one piece, that no real change can occur in any part of her kingdom, without not only threatening, but affecting, the condition of all the rest. Theology instinctively feels, that, when all the other feet have been lifted in the many-footed soul, her slow, reluctant foot must lift also, and move with the others; and as it is her function not to move, but to rest, she is wise in her attempted pacification of motion in the other limbs of the mind. Yet, spite of all her moderating skill, the more active and enterprising faculties in humanity are always breaking bounds, advancing their explorations, acquainting themselves with truth and discarding error, taking up new positions and abandoning old ones. Intending no disloyalty to the religious ideas in which he has been educated, the student pressing eagerly on in science, logic, and the lessons of history or philosophy, finds himself daily giving up some prejudice, correcting some false impression, dispersing some mist of ignorance. Light steadily grows sweeter and more precious. Timidly but irresistibly he admits the natural light into the outer chambers of his mind, from which, indeed, it is hard to keep it out. But into the inner rooms, lighted only by artificial light, he advances more cautiously and with greater reserve; turning on the costly illumination, not without some sense of its price. The last apartment he is disposed to enter is the sacred recess in which his heritage of religious convictions is kept, in the holy darkness that protects them from careless handling or vulgar eyes. But, when all the rest of the mansion is blazing with light, a single

dark room cannot much longer be preserved. Light will find its way in through the keyhole and chinks of the doors; and finally the door will be opened, the cobwebs and dust cleared away, and the contents examined,—perhaps, with all the more curiosity, from the long seclusion in which they have slept. Then comes a discovery, painful and reluctant, but inevitable and effective, a discovery that religious opinions are like all others, fallible and subject to change,—things over which reason and experience must exercise their influence; and when, in the heat and pain of this discovery, religious opinions and conviction are brought into the full light of the cognate truths and the general knowledge which have been long accumulating in the mind, that which hitherto refused to move at all is apt to move with violence, like a spring broken suddenly from its confinement, and, at any rate, there is pretty certain to be a complete adjustment of religious views and feelings to the other views and feelings of the inquirer. And what is thus true of individuals is true of communities and eras.

The slow but inevitable adjustment of theology to scientific, economic, philosophical, and practical experience may be compared to the final subjection of the snows in the mountain-tops to the summer's gentle sway. The first greenness of the valleys in spring brings only a new hardness to the drifts on the rocky summits. While the brown pastures put forth smiling verdure, the snows above turn into ice, and seem only more obstinately wintry. But, all the while, the snow-drifts shrink, and the plains below draw moisture and life from their spotless and resistful bosoms. Week by week, the greenness creeps higher up, and the white wreaths grow narrower and narrower in their domain. At last, some warm June rain conquers in a day their impotent yet obstinate resistance, and the summer sits triumphant on the loftiest peak of the mountain range. So, finally, reason reigns even in theology, but only after she has taken full possession of every lower province of the mind and heart.

The natural tendency to stagnation in religious opinions ought to give the world more confidence in their motion,

when, in spite of their native *vis inertiae*, they begin to stir. Be sure they have not started from their fond foundations, without urgent necessity! It is no mere love of change or restlessness of temper that impels theological revolts or ecclesiastical revolutions. When England, under the lead of Latimer and Cranmer, broke with the Roman See and the old Catholic faith, that for a thousand years had dominated the mind and usages of the civilized world, and nowhere found more devoted adherents than in the English realm, a hundred years of conscious discontent, of wounded political pride, of grievous tyranny and oppression, had failed to wean the people, as a whole, from the Papacy, and the creed which had identified themselves with all their glorious history, their ancestral pride, and the cathedrals and abbeys where their sainted dead slept in consecrated ground. Wickliffe and his brave compeers, who had nobly begun the Reformation, and the whole Lollard race, the flower of the time, had been plucked up like the tares from which they derived their name, and flung out to rot. The English Reformation had started a century before its time, and been brought seemingly to a disastrous close. The Roman See, openly threatened, and temporarily loosened in its hold on England, had recovered its grasp, and, for a time, held the impetuous Henry VIII. in its shadowy hands with a grip no iron fingers could have equalled. Who that studies the life of Sir Thomas More, and finds that perfect gentleman and elegant scholar, that lofty-minded and true-hearted man, turning from the sweet fancies and broad thoughts of the Utopia to order saintly heretics from the Roman creed to the stake, can fail to appreciate the tremendous power of long-established religious opinions over even the most enlightened and unprejudiced minds, much more over the average understanding and common feeling of the time? But nothing could stop, however seriously it might retard, the progress of religious opinion in England. What mattered it that Tyndal's Testaments were burnt by the cord in St. Paul's, in the presence of thirty bishops and mitred abbots, with Cardinal Wolsey presiding over the auto da fe? What mattered it that under royal

endorsements, the whole English Hierarchy, with all its thousand bedesmen, were ransacking the closets, and running swords and pikes through the beds, of suspected houses, in bloody search of humble students of God's Word, and the accursed pages of English translations of the Bible, now so piously scattered through all her cottages and hamlets? What mattered it that Smithfield smoked with the charred flesh of England's noblest sons, daring the fiery flame rather than the tortures of offended conscience? The morning sun of a purer truth had caught a few tall summits in England; and, painful as the effect of the rising day was on eyes accustomed only to the dim religious light of that superstitious epoch, the full noon could not be put back. The Reformation was not welcomed; but it came, unbidden and unblest, because the human mind, by its essential laws, could not refuse or deny the mission of the light, however painful its disclosures, however terrible its first effects on those who had been hugging, as living realities, what its illumination showed to be dangerous delusions and worthless idols.

The world has heard much from religious quarters—though happily it hears less and less every day—of the pride of reason and its presumptuous fruits. How much more justly might the religious pioneers, and reformers of the world and the church, complain of the terrible sacrifices which reason has driven them to endure, of the humiliations it has called them to suffer, of the martyrdoms and abnegations of self to which it has led their reluctant hearts, their rebellious blood, their instincts of safety and preferment! When has reason lent itself to human pride in matters of religious opinion? When has the vanity of new discovery, the jealous eagerness of leadership, the love of eccentricity, lured men to announce and stand by the fresh convictions which a wider vision, a deeper insight, had brought home to their hearts? What honors and rewards have waited on the heralds of new truth since Christ died on Calvary? It is not reason that is proud, but passion, prejudice, and power. The pride of reason is a misnomer. Reason, meek daughter

of God, has, since the world began, been clothed in sack-cloth, and drunk blood and tears for her familiar food. Solitary, forsaken, dreaded, feared, she has never knocked at a single door without terrifying the owner, and provoking him to drive the dangerous visitor from his threshold. To let her in has been to risk life, ease, and property; and nothing but the divine authority in her voice, the holy sadness in her eye, has overcome the instinctive terror and inhospitality that have, in all but the rarest cases, prevailed to deny her entrance and residence. Ah! let us, as we recall the noble army of confessors and martyrs, who for the sake of conscience, which is reason's baptismal name, have counted the world well lost, and ease and possessions, reputation and life, not dear to them, bless God for the humility which has clothed itself in light; and, rebuking the pride and power of the world, has exalted the knowledge and the love of truth, and the glory and grace of God, by bravely publishing the unwelcome but renewing tidings of a purer gospel.

The progress of Liberal Christianity in America has illustrated the characteristic tardiness and inertness of religious ideas. It was a half-century after Anti-Trinitarian and Arminian notions had, by their intrinsic, self-recommending character, established themselves in the minds of the leading ministers and laymen of New England, before they found distinct expression, or took ecclesiastical shape. It would be too much to say that the new views were ever welcomed. They were rather suffered than enjoyed. They came in the natural course of intellectual progress, as a consequence of advancing ideas in politics, science, and literature: but there never was a time when their profession was not a sacrifice; when ease, popularity, political station, business success, professional preferment, were not on the side of what has always remained the popular creed. At this very hour, a man shaping his religious profession to his political ambition, or his love of wealth and power, would be careful to identify himself with any theological opinions or Christian denomination sooner than with the Liberal Christianity of the time. To say that orthodoxy still means Trinitarianism in some of

its various ecclesiastical forms, is to state the whole truth in a word. It never was, it is not now, it never can be, for anybody's worldly interest, or personal ease and advancement, to be heterodox. Why should a man, in haste to get on in the world, stem the tide, when he can have it with him? What political honors, what professional constituency, what business patronage, has a religious minority to bestow? Why join the reformers in religion any more than in philanthropy and politics, with the hope of making any thing by it? Those who have had the largest experience of American society, the closest contact with all its various sections and classes, know best the social and economical difficulties with which Liberal Christian opinions have to contend in the country at large. To make Boston or Massachusetts the test of the general popularity of these views, or the practical expense of holding them, would be as great a mistake as to pronounce ice and codfish and hay the characteristic products of the United States of America. There is no great city, after Boston, where Liberal Christians possess any controlling social power; where their clergy, as such, enjoy public confidence and respect; or where any great weight of professional worth and ability hangs in their scale. It is politic anywhere out of Boston to turn a cold shoulder, to cast an averted eye, upon a Liberal Christian. It requires courage yet for women of that faith to carry their opinions openly into society. They find themselves still more or less marked for avoidance. Ambitious parents sometimes leave the liberal fold with the thought of giving their sons better chances in business, their daughters better prospects in marriage. There is little to be complained of in this state of things. It is natural, pardonable, and instructive. But it proves one thing of great importance: worldliness, selfish prudence, easy-going, indulgent time-serving, are not the cause nor the accompaniments of Liberal Christianity. It is not popularity nor custom nor profit nor contagion that makes Liberal Christians. The tide is against them; the usage is against them; the world is against them; the prejudices, religious affections, and precedents of the country, are

against them. They are a small minority, who have been forced by conscience and culture to take the ground they occupy. They believe it to be holy ground; high ground, commanding the theological territory all about; ground which is impregnable: but it is only their most unselfish and impersonal feelings and convictions that hold them to it; only the faith that God has placed them there to defend it, and to advance and stretch its lines, that in this generation keeps them firm to their unpopular, untempting, and arduous position. It has its glorious and satisfying rewards, but they are not of this world.

Meanwhile there is no more doubt of the final victory of Liberal Christianity in its characteristic ideas, over what is called orthodoxy, than of the triumph of democratic principles over the imperialism and aristocratic usages of European kingdoms. The only question about either is, when and how. Present unpopularity, or direct antagonism to prevailing sentiment, can make no permanent resistance to that which corresponds to the essential wants of human nature. Who doubts the final adoption of the decimal system, or the universal agreement of nations in a common scheme of weights and measures, because the prejudices and usages of the masses in all countries are so obstinately fixed in attachment to their present, inconvenient, local tables? Yet who is disposed to wait upon the mere gravitation of events, and allow ages of passive acquiescence in what is known to be imperfect, to pass by, in the calm confidence, that, in the fulness of time, what is perfect will come in? The generous minds and lofty hearts of this generation, when competent scholarship and mental grasp assist them, are, it might almost be said, universally in the mood, and under the dominion, of the new theology. History is being re-written in our generation under the inspiration of Liberal Christianity. The mental philosophy of the age is the most dreaded enemy of orthodoxy. Poetry, literature, politics, are all at odds with the old theology. Scholarly or philosophical efforts to defend its theory have almost ceased. The policy of the great churches, who with hereditary

prestige still hold the popular ground, is to maintain their influence by quiet strategy and address, by active earnestness and practical service, based on the great undisputed principles of Christianity, the same principles which Liberal Christianity itself employs. It is not dogmatic truth which now anywhere triumphs in the progress of sects. Methods, not principles; tactics, not ideas; activity, not dogma, carry forward the growing sects of this country. To take for granted what it is considered desirable should be believed, to trust to the prejudices which will long uphold effete opinions, if only no effort is made to prove them,—this is the wise instinct of the leaders of orthodoxy, who are content, if only their dogmatic system is not denied, without any longer aspiring to have it distinctly believed.

The Christian sect, which, more than any other, has up to this time deserved to be called the National Church of America,—the Methodist,—has owed its vast success in our country to the free channel it opened to the religious emotions of a Christian people, to its tolerant Arminianism, its essential indifference to dogma when set beside religious experience, and, finally, to its admirable administrative skill, in which breadth of plan is united with minuteness of detail; and ends and aims, thoughts and emotions, are carefully coupled with persons and rules. Adopting the experience of the Romish Church in its general and special superintendence of the people's hearts and lives, the Methodists have saturated large masses of this country with their influence. The enterprise of the boldest pioneers has not outstripped that of their missionaries. The stumps of the frontier, yet green and bleeding, have been their pulpits; and the backwoodman's axe has hushed its rhythmic blows to listen to their fervid hymns. Washed on the waves of emigration, which have at length reached the farthest West, the Methodists have been the contemporaries of the settlers, and founders of our whole Middle-State, Southern, and trans-Mississippi civilization. They are part and parcel of the communities with which they have grown up from the very root. And their influence, without being characterized by intellectual breath, has as

little been demeaned by dogmatic narrowness. It has been an influence, sweet, tender, and comforting; suited to a people for whom domestic and social joys were few, and who suffered from the monotony of steady, though hopeful toil. Social and domestic in its own spirit and methods, it has supplemented the very deficiencies of the young civilization it nursed. Emotional, ardent, imaginative, and sensuous, it has stood in place of amusements, of luxuries, of books, and of secular society to its membership. More than any American Church, it has been the Church of the first hundred years of our national life. Its centenary, proud and happy as it was, gave only a feeble indication of the gratitude, wonder, and praise with which, centuries hence, the philosopher and Christian student of American civilization will dwell on the enthusiastic, simple-hearted, and devoted services of a Church which will date its golden age far behind it, but will be honored and remembered for ever.

Methodism, from its exquisite fitness to the century to which it ministered so beautifully, has discharged its best function, and is predestined to a relative decay; not rapid and marked, but sure, and already begun. And all its remaining influence, like much of its past influence, indeed, will tell in the direction of free dogmatic thought,—hitherto only passively promoted by it, henceforth to be actively encouraged. The other Orthodox bodies, Presbyterian, Baptist, Dutch Reformed, Congregational, powerful and useful as they are, have nothing distinctive about them to hold or satisfy the tentative and seeking spirit of the time. Never more earnest, active, and devoted than now; never so ready to spend money and time upon the promotion of their own denominational growth and usefulness; perhaps never managed by abler and astuter men,—they have a hopeless conflict with the ebbing faith, the wearying interest, of a public, which, in the atmosphere of the nineteenth century, in the growth of wealth and personal liberty, in the diffusion of ideas, and the spread of scientific light, finds a secret repugnance, a growing protest to the underlying ideas on which they are built. Cautious, prudent, accommodating, as the churches that represent

historically the dogmatic orthodoxy of the last three centuries may be, and as they certainly are, they cannot escape the force and flavor of their own antecedents. They have an hereditary taint of Calvinism which breaks out in the most careful constitutions. They cannot free themselves wholly of the temper which originally was content to believe in the eternal torments of lost millions of their fellow-creatures. The rising instincts of humanity have a grudge against them,—not for what they are, but for what they have been. As they cannot punish those who burned Servetus, they will punish their heirs, let them be as mild-mannered as they may. There is, in our poor judgment, no long future for any of the now-strong and triumphant sects of dogmatic orthodoxy. They are living and flourishing from roots that have ceased to grow, and are beginning to rot; and the unchurched millions of America sufficiently exhibit the fact, that the rank intelligence and emancipated thoughts and aspirations of half our entire population, now either hostile or indifferent to all religion, needs a wholly new reading of Christianity, and a wholly fresh form of worship, if it is ever to be recalled to the altars of the Christian religion.

But there is meanwhile, it seems to us, a provisional future for one, and the rising sect, within the orthodox pale of American Churches,—the Episcopal Church. Not, indeed, among the unchurched half of our population, which has quarrelled with all Christian authority and ideas, but with the crumbling sects and disintegrating bodies of the church-going and religiously-inclined half of our American population. The English Episcopal Church was never a dogmatic body. It retained its Catholic theology and symbolism long after it abandoned its connection with the Roman See, and has always kept something of the breadth and sweetness, the pictorial and sensuous qualities, which, in spite of all its intellectual and moral defects, made the Roman Church for fifteen hundred years the most useful and the most triumphant instrument of reverence and humanity the world ever saw. A narrow form of Protestantism, sharp as a sword and as thin, was indispensably necessary to the aggressive and defensive offices of the

Reformation upon the continent of Catholic Europe. England, islanded within her four seas, and guarded by her wooden walls, had no need to beat her plough-shares into spears and pikes when she took on her reformed faith; and she became the natural heir of what was humane, genial, imaginative, and symbolic in the old Church. Dogmatic intellectualism never absorbed into itself the whole instinctive, affectional nature of merry England's burly, brave, and honest heart, as it did the heart of Germany and France. The Christian faith has therefore preserved, amid the laxities and even the ignorances of so many of the clergy and the people of England, a genial breadth and sweetness, which, while it has cordially dreaded intellectual innovations, has still more cordially resisted intellectual formulas and a propositional piety. The very sluggishness of the critical faculty in the English Church has left it free and open to the practical spirit of the successive eras of her life. A toleration, not explicit and formal, but tacit and understood, has kept within her generous pale much of the best blood and culture and enlightenment of Old England, and made her Church, at all times, the ornament and strength of the nation. There is more hope, at this moment, of a union of the freest thought and most advanced culture of the nineteenth century, with a religious culture and establishment having the fragrance and prestige of the whole Christian past, in the English Church, than in any Church in Christendom.

The Episcopal Church in America is the child of the English Church, and follows its mother's ways, *hanc passibus æquis*, but steadily and inevitably. Proud and happy in its parentage, its younger clergy see their only hope of a great future in copying the policy of their sacred mother. There has always been, therefore, an unacid, if not a sweet, savour in the American Episcopal Church, which has drawn the instinctive opposers of polemical controversy, dogmatic narrowness, and acrid piety, into its ranks. It has been the safety-valve of orthodoxy. Those who could not bear the oppressive dogmatism of the Calvinistic Churches, but who loved the old credal symbols in a quiet way, have sought the shelter of the

Episcopal Church. Those disgusted with the personal obtrusiveness and raw individuality met in the churches where not only the sermon but the prayers were at the mercy of the ministers' caprice or want of taste, have flown to the protection of the Prayer-book and Liturgy. Those disgusted with the bald and Puritanic character of the forms of worship, the ugly meeting-houses, and secular costumes, of the dogmatic sects, have sought relief in the richer and æsthetic worship of the Episcopal Church. Above all, in the decay of theologies, a church which presents a palpable, visible body, without an avowed or formal opposition to or denial of the creed of the past, has an immense advantage over all others. Pending the rise of the courage and insight which are finally to assert the distinct ideas of a new theology, matching modern experience, and in logical coherency with the opinions now entertained on all other subjects,—ideas which, when animated with the earnestness and vigor that must presently possess them, will clothe themselves with a new *cultus*, and produce an external body of their own,—pending this mighty and inevitable movement of the religious sentiment, a Church like the Episcopal holds a provisional position of great importance and of growing strength. As all roads once led to Rome, all dissatisfactions with orthodoxy, not radical and dogmatic in their character, now lead to the Episcopal Church. Moderate, respectable, dignified, orderly, having the charm of age and the habit of toleration, presenting in its forms a convenient handle for the feebleness of a debilitated public faith, concrete and compendious in its written rules and methods, serious and impersonal in its administration, with little room for the offensive play of eccentric or exceptional priests, incapable of the enthusiasm of a perilous sympathy with social or political reforms, dull and calm in the wildest storms of public agitation,—the Episcopal Church represents the sea-wall of American Orthodoxy, heavy and insensible enough to ideas to stand unmoved on the very verge of the intellectual storm of Liberalism, and sheltering behind it the barks that, weary of battling with the waves and conscious of the fragility of their timbers; are con-

tent to lie in harbor, their flags flying, and their hulls well-painted; but empty of cargo, and never again to venture into the open sea.

It is upon the Episcopal Church that the instincts of self-preservation in American Orthodoxy are now rallying. Its *vis inertiae* is its great recommendation. It furnishes a religious shelter for the homeless, whose culture, refinement, and love of peace have slowly separated them from the Puritanic sects. The growing wealth, luxury, and æsthetic tastes of the nation are all favoring its cause. The studied mediocrity of its pulpit prevents ideas from affronting or overshadowing religious sentiments. Piety of that mild sort which the prosperous and refined enjoy as the sweetest luxury of life, finds its only retreat in its graceful and quiet aisles. The restless spirit of American life re-acts in the middle-aged and the successful in favor of a religion of repose. The absence of authority, stability, and form in our social and political condition, provokes our appetite for some measure of fixity, authority, and form in religion. The same temper, which has driven bolder and less balanced hearts out of Protestantism into the Catholic Church, impels the less enterprising and less emotional into the Episcopal Church. It is the wet dock of our transitional religious era, where, laid up in ordinary, the fleets of all the orthodox sects are slowly gathering to await new orders, costly repairs, or final condemnation.

It is in no spirit of discontent, of censure, or of malice, that we see and describe the character and prospects of the American Episcopal Church. We regard with a genuine sympathy and admiration the service which this Church, once so unpopular, un-American, and unthrifty, is now performing in our country. It does not yet seem to us sufficiently awake to its own opportunities, nor duly active in the field that opens so widely before it. All its conquests are in the final interest of the coming Church. It is the predestined *locum tenens* of the future American *cultus*, and for a half century perhaps is most likely to profit and grow by the decay of other sects, and the suspended animation of theological ideas. May it have grace and strength and wisdom to render such substantial

service as is possible to a generation that for forty years erects its tabernacles in the desert, before it builds its temple in the promised land !

Despite the inactive but wide-spread infidelity of the times, these things are no longer uncertain to some thoughtful and comprehensive thinkers, having the grace of the gospel in their hearts;—that Christianity is the universal religion ; that its essential life is independent of the *cultus* and creed that in successive eras present it to the intellect and to the uses of Humanity ; that science, philosophy, and progress are not the enemies of the gospel, however destructive of human creeds and recasting of ecclesiastical forms ; that Christianity is not a spirit merely, but a spirit which will and must have a body,—not necessarily the same body, but some body ; that it is not merely a private faith, but a public religion, demanding and making for itself a visible home, and becoming a permanent Church in and with Humanity. Nor is it any less certain to candid observers of the great historic landscape, that the external churches of Christendom compose a sightly ruin,—inhabited still, carefully repaired, largely venerated, but with crumbling foundations, and cracked and trembling walls, which any convulsion of public sentiment might bring suddenly to the ground, and which without convulsion must within a few generations fall of their own weight. The spirit of Christianity has meanwhile very much escaped from its old tenement. It is abroad in the world, widely diffused, sheltering itself in secular forms, dispersed and divided, like a river sucked up by the heats of summer, and floating in mists on the mountains, or in clouds laden with rain, that are blown over deserts and forests, while its old bed is dry and repulsive. Those who in other days would have been its priests and ministers are now leading social reforms, and heading political battles for freedom ; or singing sad and dainty songs, and writing noble histories ; or pioneering iron-ways across the continent, and laying telegraphic wires beneath the great oceans. Much of the leading intellect, the shaping fancy, the humane thought, of the world, is out of the visible Church. The great politicians, poets, philanthro-

pists, the grand enthusiasts and bold hearts and weighty brains of the race, are secretly or openly out of sympathy with existing religious institutions,—alas! are not seriously engaged in looking for any others. Half of the educated life and half of the most decisive thought of the world is reasoning that Christianity as a Church is done with; as a separate institution has seen its best days, is dying, and will soon demand only decorous burial. A disembodied spirit, which would only lose power by incarnation in any form, the Christianity of to-day is with them an enthusiasm for humanity, a grand devotion to public interests at the expense of private hopes and ambitions. Their true church is Civilization itself,—every real interest of society, a column in its vast aisles; every beautiful word, an inscription on its walls; every triumph of art, a flower in its capital, or a gilded line in its overshadowing entablatures.

The glorious beauty of this conception no noble mind can deny, or feel any disposition to treat with ecclesiastical censure or derision. Yet it must appear obvious to all students of religion in any of its various schools or epochs, that religion is no better fitted than any other great and permanent interest of humanity to animate all other concerns, without any direct expression or special sphere of its own. We can appreciate the logic of men like Rousseau, arguing against civilization itself as a disease, and denouncing the State and the family, as well as the Church, as fungous growths of artifice and fate. But from men who believe in the State and the family, who think human nature fitly clothed in substantial though fluent institutions, who understand and appreciate the organic life of humanity, we are not prepared to hear with patience religion treated as a purely incorporeal and unhistoric interest of society. We expect from them a recognition of the necessity under which Christian faith has to incarnate itself in an external form, to occupy its visible position in the great public forum where law and art and public business stand the representatives and shrines of the powers and principles that rule and bless the world around them.

A religious philosophy for thinkers is a very different want

of society, from a religion for men. Important as the function of the intellect is in the race, it is a very small one compared with that of the affections, the conscience, and the will. It is by no means certain, that, relative to the mass, the ratio of pure thinkers, the class of philosophers and sages, will increase with civilization, nor is it at all probable that the wisdom of the wise is the real wisdom of humanity. To make original and independent thinkers is not even the chief function of general education,—but to develop the understanding, and the other powers and faculties, in such a harmonious way as to render human souls sensitive to and fructional of the sum of human thought already tested and recognized as positive truth. The religion of Humanity is not an intellectual function, but a spiritual affection,—the love and service and worship of God. Thought is not its inspiration, but feeling. Thought is not a priest or a prophet, but a philosopher and a critic; and a world of pure thinkers and pure thought would be like a garden in which, in place of fruits and vegetables and flowers, we had only ploughs and harrows, hoes and spades, pruning-hooks and works on horticulture and gardening.

The wealth, variety, and glory of the world is the passionate, aspiring, loving, conscience-smitten, worshipful, common humanity that occupies it. In this inheres the massive motion; the rich capacity, the hopeful prospect of civilization. The notion of breaking this passionate, instinctive, complicated, and ever freshly renewed humanity of the race to the rein of utilitarian philosophy, of feeding it with ethical and economical ideas, or directing it by mere considerations of its interest, or by any thing short of its primordial passions, expressed in those vast institutions which open channels for the tendencies that carry man towards his inexpressible destiny,—is to treat man as a finite and known quantity, and not as *aliquid immensum infinitumque*. There is no human want so passionate and instinctive as the want of religion. There is no institution so universal as religion. Worship man learns before he learns duty, before he learns domestic, social,

or political order; and as it is the first, so it will prove the last, necessity of its being.

A Church, then, as well as a Religion, we must have,—*the* Church, as well as *a* Church. And the great office of Liberal Christianity, in our day, is to claim the Church as its own, to assert its gospel origin and office, and to exercise its functions as the Church of Christ and the people. It wants only that spiritual audacity which has made all the great transfers of religious life to new vehicles, to secure its necessary victory. If what is known in the head so well were felt in the heart as fully; if what so many are confidently waiting to see accomplished by time and circumstances, were understood to be waiting only for courage and noble daring to take on a sublime and immediate victory,—it would not be one generation before as great a change were seen in the ecclesiastical and theological face of American society as the second quarter of the sixteenth century witnessed in England, when hardly a monastery or abbey out of so many hundreds that had flourished in one generation remained unsuppressed in the next; not another mass was said, where the land had so lately rung with their dronings; not a monk or friar of ten thousand privileged ecclesiastics was left to prey upon the superstition of the ignorant; when, in short, in one decade, the Church of a thousand years was revolutioned, and set in a wholly Protestant order by the courage and zeal of one determined king, one brave minister of State, and one resolute bishop.

The Liberal Christians of America, above all, the Unitarian denomination, have it in their power to effect a general reformation of opinion in the Church of this country. They need nothing but resolute determination to effect it. The thing is ripe for doing; but it will never do itself. Principles and tendencies must embody themselves in brave, devoted, uncalculating hearts, before they will command the attention or following of multitudes. So great and necessary a spiritual revolution as the nineteenth century calls for, cannot be carried by timid, doubting, self-saving leaders. Fastidiousness, fear of criticism, a fear of consequences, halfness of conviction,

or a philosophic sympathy with the thing that is to be done away, and only an intellectual aspiration for the thing that is to be set up,—these sickly moods and cowardly humors can effect nothing but disgrace. It is the regal will alone that can order grand results. Let Unitarianism find its *will*, and add it to its understanding and its conscience, and it may sweep the nation.

Indications of the rise of a courage and determination, such as the Liberal Christian cause requires for its great mission in the Church, have already appeared. The National Conference of the Unitarian Churches, established in New York in April, 1865, showed an unexpected vitality in a body which was seemingly dying of self-criticism, endless debate, and passionless, will-less intellectualism. There, a union was effected between the clergy and the laymen of our body, such as had never before been realized; a truce, if not a peace, between the extremes of the denomination; and a readiness to enter on large expenditures and bold measures, which showed how little satisfied the Unitarian body was with its past, and how willing to reverse its waiting, negative policy. The old prejudice which had assumed that unity of action, and the organization that can alone secure and promote success in a great cause, involved the surrender of mental independence and spiritual freedom, was for the time exorcised. The other absurdity, that a public religion can exist without a Church, or that any Church is possible in the nineteenth century but the Church of Christ, was rebuked and flung aside without hesitation, as a paralytic speculation. A year and a half of such activity and zeal, such success and encouragement, as the Unitarian denomination never experienced before, has proved the benignity and wisdom of the policy inaugurated, the spirit displayed, in the National Conference.

On the 8th of October, this National Conference is to meet for its second session, at Syracuse, N.Y. If the vitality shown at its first meeting was not a spasm of sympathetic zeal, the spiritual echo of the general enthusiasm which our great national triumph had just raised, then we may hope to see at Syracuse a still larger representation of the churches, a still

bolder faith, nobler and better-considered plans, and the evidences of a diviner guidance to a clearer destiny. God grant that low and destructive considerations of personal convenience and pecuniary cost, a wretched self-suspicion or lack of faith in the great mission of our Faith, a stupid return to the old issues of debate, a timid reluctance to step forth on the national platform, and fight the battle of our Liberal Christianity with all comers, may not paralyze the generous purposes that last year gave our Convention a nearly universal representation from our churches, and shook the whole body and spirit of the denomination, as with the throes of a new birth ! We call upon the West, with its earnest laborers and open field, to hold not back ; and the East with its wealth and culture, its intelligence and faith in ideas, not to desert at this supreme moment the national standard of our Liberal cause. There is an urgent, glorious, Christ-like work to be done ; and God calls our three hundred churches to lead the way. Shall we not stand shoulder to shoulder, not one member missing, in our Thermopylæ ; and, in a better cause and with a better fate than the Spartans, turn in a day the spiritual fortunes of the nineteenth century for our country and mankind ?

ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THE second course of Boyle Lectures, by Mr. Merivale,* is designed as the complement of the course which he delivered two years ago, and completes his account of the conversion of the pagan nations. That the sketch of the greatest of all religious revolutions, which he has here given, will be read with disappointment, must be conceded

* *The Conversion of the Northern Nations.*—The Boyle Lectures for the Year 1865. Delivered at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D., Rector of Lawford, Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. Small 8vo.

at the outset; and it is cause for regret that the two small volumes now published will add so little to the reputation which he acquired by his History of the Romans under the Empire. The complete mastery of his subject there evinced afforded strong presumptive evidence of his ability to narrate the history of that memorable transformation of opinion by which the Roman empire was brought out of heathenism and unbelief into the visible fold of the Christian Church; and, as the tone of subdued sadness in which his great work closes does not permit us to hope that he will resume a task thus laid down, we were inclined gratefully to accept the brief sketch which was all we had the right to look for in a short course of Sunday-afternoon lectures. Being in London during the delivery of a part of the first course, we accordingly availed ourselves of the opportunity to hear Mr. Merivale. With no peculiar charm of voice or manner, there was a manliness of utterance, and an erect and firm attitude, which gave increased weight to his clear and positive statements, and secured for him the closest attention of a miscellaneous audience, in spite of the general absence of rhetorical ornament. Every one seemed to feel that he was in the presence of a man who possessed a knowledge and a skill adequate to every demand of the subject; and that, back of every argument and inference, which were so simply and naturally expressed, there was the strength of a settled and well-grounded conviction. The same impression was produced, though in a lesser degree, by the first series of lectures, when they were printed shortly afterward. Written for delivery on the foundation of the Honorable Robert Boyle, and in general accordance with the design of the founder, they have the special characteristics of discourses designed for a popular audience. Yet they everywhere exhibit the ripe culture, the firm grasp of his subject, the ample knowledge of details, and the strong powers of generalization, of which Mr. Merivale has heretofore given such striking evidence. His style is, in some respects, even more easy and polished than it was in his History; while it has lost none of its vigor and clearness, and not seldom rises into passages of sustained eloquence.

It is only when we close his second series, that we experience that disappointment to which we have referred; and which, we suppose, will be shared by every reader of the volume. In his first course, Mr. Merivale sought to show, first, What was the religious condition of the Roman empire before the preaching of Christianity; next, What circumstances prepared the way for the reception of the new

religion ; thirdly, What attempts the heathen had made to avert the spiritual ruin which they felt was impending ; and, finally, How Christianity met the wants of the heathen, replied to their questions, and solved their doubts. His aim was clearly defined ; and his treatment of his subject was for the most part historical, with only such expository and practical remarks as seemed to be required by the circumstances under which the lectures were delivered. But, in the second series, the historical element has been subordinated to the hortatory, and the whole treatment of the subject is vitiated by a faulty method. We are no longer investigating a great historical question under the guidance of one of the first among living historians ; but we are reading a volume of sermons, not of the highest merit, in which the historical discussion of the subject fills but a small place. We regret this change of plan the more, because it would have been scarcely possible for a scholar with such ample stores of learning, so keen and vigorous an intellect, and so much practised skill as a writer, not to have spoken wisely and well on such a theme, if he had only given his powers free play, according to their natural bent. Added to this, every reader will miss the brilliant description, the sharp analysis, and the suggestiveness which marked many passages in the earlier volume.

A chief object, indeed, which Mr. Merivale had in view in his second course, as we learn from his preface, was to give "such a sketch of the progress of dogma within the Church as might correspond with the revolution without it ;" and, accordingly, the first three lectures, which naturally connect themselves with the last third of the first volume, treat respectively of the philosophical and the practical view of Christ's revelation, and of the dogmatical inferences from it ; how Christianity was regarded and taught by Justin Martyr and Clement of Alexandria, by Tertullian and Origen, and by Athanasius and Augustine. In dealing with this part of his subject, Mr. Merivale is coldly conservative ; and his treatment of it is very far from being satisfactory, though several of the most important points are clearly and soundly stated. The first lecture is by far the ablest and best ; and the third, which involves the discussion of many controverted doctrines and theories, is the most open to adverse criticism, both from its narrowness of view and from the weakness of the argument. The fourth lecture describes that relapse of Christian belief and practice of which the student early finds traces in the history of the Church, or, to quote Mr. Merivale's own expressive words, —

"How, in the age of Athanasius and Augustine themselves, in the age which immediately followed the political recognition of the Christian faith, there was a manifest decline in spiritual religion, a decay of spiritual life; how the Church became, in some respects, an open apostate; how her love grew cold, her faith languid; Christianity faded away into colorless indifference; Paganism, latent or avowed, recovered no small portion of the ground she had recently surrendered; the dreams of human ambition enticed men from the firm foundations of revealed dogma."

The picture is well and skilfully drawn; but it is a mere sketch, covering only a few pages: and here, as elsewhere, Mr. Merivale is oppressed by the supposed necessity of adhering to the conventional character of a sermon. The fifth, sixth, and seventh lectures are more directly concerned than those which precede them, with the conversion of the northern nations. In the first of the three, we have a general but too brief survey of the circumstances which prepared the Gothic nations for their complete and final conversion; the sixth lecture describes their passage from heathenism to Christianity, under the authoritative teaching of the Church, and after the fall of Rome; and the seventh lecture shows how this process was aided by that northern sense of personal relation to God which held so small a place in the popular belief of Greece and Rome. The eighth lecture, which has little apparent connection with the main subject of the course, is on "The Northern Sense of Male and Female Equality." It opens with a brief recapitulation of the chief points which Mr. Merivale has sought to establish in the two courses of lectures considered as a whole, and then proceeds to an examination of the question, "What pledge and security is there in the character of the northern nations, that they will permanently retain the impression they have received?" This pledge Mr. Merivale finds, oddly enough, in a belief in the equality of the sexes, to the consideration of which he is led by the text prefixed to his discourse, "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman." That the sexes are equal, in the sense in which Mr. Merivale understands the phrase, no one doubts; but it is by no means clear, even after reading his discourse, that a belief in this equality is the great buttress of Christian faith among the descendants of the northern nations.

Such, in a few words, are the character and contents of Mr. Merivale's new volume. Its great inferiority to his previous works is due, as we believe, to the defective plan on which it is composed, and to

the unimportant place which the sermon holds in the English Church ; but, in spite of its obvious failure to meet the demands of the subject, there are passages enough to show, that under more favorable circumstances our author would have produced a work in every respect worthy of his great reputation.

C. C. S.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

It is with something of a feeling of despair that one takes up the new (fourth) edition of the first volume of Mommsen's "Roman History,"* and finds it so materially altered, by additions and corrections, that it is in some parts hardly the same work ; and with no clew whatever to guide him in ascertaining what are the changes made. One would think that the author would have made his corrections in the form of an appendix or of notes, leaving the body of the work untouched. He has chosen, however, to incorporate them in the text; and the student has no resource but to find them for himself. Having made a careful comparison of the new edition with the old,—a very tedious and laborious job,—we have thought that we should do a service to students of ancient history by making a summary of the most important alterations made in the work : it may save somebody the necessity of doing over again what we have just done. Our references, where not otherwise stated, will be to the second edition. We will observe that the changes are chiefly in the first and second books (coming down to the Punic Wars). In these, for four hundred and fifty-three pages of the second edition, we have four hundred and eighty-six of the fourth; to say nothing of a great amount of alteration, and some omissions. We shall, of course, pass over all merely verbal changes,—many of which improve the work very much in respect to ease and perspicuity of style ; also all matter of purely antiquarian or archæological interest.

"The history of every nation" (chap. vi. of the new edition opens) — "the Italian above all — is a great *Synæcismus* ;" and, in chap. iv., we have a new theory of the *Synæcismus* in the origin of Rome. Professor Mommsen has always fought stoutly the idea that Rome owed any thing, in civilization or religion, to Etruria ; giving, on the other hand, an unusual degree of credit to Greek influence. He still

* Römische Geschichte von THEODOR MOMMSEN. Erster Band. Bis zur Schlacht von Pydna. Vierte Auflage. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1864.

holds to this view, and more firmly than ever; but, whereas he has heretofore accepted the commonly received views as to the union of a Latin and a Sabine town (the latter on the Quirinal) in the city of Rome, he now shows a disposition to give up altogether the notion of a Sabine element. In the old edition (p. 43), the *Tities* were "unquestionably" Sabine; in the new, they "may at least have been" so. In corroboration of these views, he shows, at considerable length (in chap. iv.), that Quirinus was not a specially Sabine divinity; nor were the divinities worshipped upon the Quirinal any more Sabine than Latin. His theory of the Roman *Syncretismus*, is, therefore, that of two equally Latin towns,—the Septimontium, on the Palatine; and a smaller one, on the Quirinal, of unknown name. The three original Roman tribes all existed in the Septimontium,—the *Tities* being the noblest, perhaps Sabine, and probably originally a body of invaders. When the settlement on the Quirinal was incorporated with the original city, it was by adding a new local tribe (*Collina*) to the three already existing (*Palatina*, *Suburana*, *Esquilina*); while "each *Theil* (*Tities*, *Ramnes*, *Luceres*) and each *Curia* received a quota of the new citizens."

In the new edition, all the passages are omitted (pp. 96, 97, 185, 146, 228) which assumed the correctness of Polybius's statement (iii. 23) that the first consuls, Brutus and Horatius, made a treaty of peace with Carthage, on terms which were given; and this treaty is placed (p. 386) in the year 348, B. C.; the reasons for this change of view will be found in Mommsen's "*Römische Chronologie*."

In chap. xii. we have a detailed account of a Table of Festivals, which seems to have been lately discovered, and which is here characterized as "without question the oldest of all records (*Urkunden*), out of Roman antiquity, which have come down to us." From this he deduces important facts as to the primitive religion of the Romans. "The central point, not merely of the Roman, but of the Italian, worship in general, in that epoch in which the race dwelt upon the peninsula, left as yet to itself, was, according to all indications, the god Maurs or Mars." In this calendar, we have festivals of Jupiter, Mars, Quirinus, Janus, Ceres, Vesta, Neptune, Vulcan; but none of Juno, Minerva, Mercury, or Diana: from which it would follow that the worship of these divinities was introduced later. In this edition, the Italian origin of the worship of Hercules (as derived from *hercere*) is given up (p. 165), and the old view substituted,—that the name is only a corruption of the Greek "Heracles." We have also (p. 193) a much more detailed statement of the Roman Calendar; in which the year,

at first, consisted of ten months,—the decimal system being “national Italian,” and existing “before the first contact with the Greeks.” This difficult subject has been specially treated in the “*Römische Chronologie*.” The history of the Roman alphabet (p. 196) is also considerably enlarged; but the additions here are not very material in their nature.

We proceed, now, to consider the new views upon the constitutional history of the early republic, which are far the most important and radical of all. No one, who has bestowed any attention upon this most complicated question, will expect that a theory will ever be proposed which shall avoid all difficulties, or even which shall not run directly counter to some explicit statement of the ancients,—so contradictory are these statements, and so confused the notions which the Romans, even earlier than the time of Cicero, had of the origin of their own institutions. Since the opening of this discussion by Niebuhr, the writers who have followed it up may, in general, be divided into two classes,—one (represented by Becker, Marquardt, and Schwegler) which accepts, in the main, Niebuhr's special views; the other, which—equally reverencing him as a leader, and equally pursuing his method—follows, as Rubino expresses it, “a different direction, and different traces (*Spuren*) than those of the honored man to whose high merit we owe the opening of this course of study.” Of this school, Rubino is the chief; and Mommsen, who has always leaned in this direction, may be considered now as fully belonging to it. This school has two characteristic tendencies. The first is to bring prominently forward the aristocratic character of the early institutions of Rome,—“the aristocratic element in the oldest Roman commonwealth (*Gemeinwesen*), which has been heretofore underrated by me, and, I believe, by most of my fellow inquirers,” says Mommsen. The other is to give more weight to the views held by the ancients themselves than is done by Niebuhr. We think it will appear that the new theory presented by Professor Mommsen comes nearer that held by Cicero and Livy (so far as Livy had any clear views at all) than any other which has been reached by a critical examination of the authorities. Further, while it is by no means free from difficulties, it seems, on the whole, the most natural and consistent scheme that has been proposed. Fortunately, we are not left, as heretofore, without any means of weighing Professor Mommsen's opinions. They are, to be sure, stated in the History without any references to the authorities, as is his way; but, shortly

before the publication of this last edition, appeared a separate work,* in which these questions are discussed in detail, and with full citations from ancient writers.

For the time of the monarchy, we find rather modifications than a fundamental change of opinion. In p. 68, the view is insisted on, which is hardly more than hinted at in the earlier edition, that the Senate was originally, in strictness, an assembly of the elders of the *Gentes* (*Geschlechtsältesten*). The paragraph upon the Senate is recast into four, and expanded from two pages to five. The special point made here — upon which much of the subsequent argument hinges — is the distinction between the *Powers* (*Befugnisse* or *Competenz*) of the Senate, and its merely advisory functions. The Powers are twofold, — first, in case of an interregnum, the supreme authority at once reverted to the Senate, as the possessors of the auspices and the *imperium*, and thus the source of all delegated power; second, the Senate possessed the power of declaring null any act of the assembly on constitutional or religious grounds. The Senate thus stood towards the assembly, not as an upper house, but as exercising a kind of *Nomophylakie*, as he calls it; “and could only annul in case the assembly had overstepped its powers.” Only one other point in the constitution of the monarchy needs to be mentioned. The former edition (p. 81) held to the common view, that the *Sex Suffragia* contained exclusively patricians; it is maintained now, that all eighteen centuries of *Equites* were thrown open to patricians and plebeians alike, — that is (and this is the important point), that, under the centuriate organization of Servius Tullius, there was, from the first, absolutely no distinction between the orders.

Passing now to the Second Book, — the times of the republic, — we find what we may fairly call a revolution in opinions. As to the Senate, it has heretofore been Mommsen’s view, that patricians and plebeians were admitted alike to it from the beginning of the republic, and even earlier; a view, which, although quite opposed to the accepted doctrine, succeeded in answering some perplexing questions, at the same time leaving some others, equally perplexing, unanswered. He now advances a doctrine (p. 235) which appears to satisfy all the requirements of the problem, and to agree with the statements of the ancient writers as nearly as is perhaps possible in the confused state of our information. “The previously existing College of the

* Römische Forschungen von TH. MOMMSEN. Erster Band. Zweite unveränderte Auflage. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1864.

Elders [Senate] not only remained exclusively patrician, but preserved also its essential functions,—the right of appointing an *Interrex*, and of accepting or rejecting, as constitutional or unconstitutional, the decrees passed by the assembly." But with regard to the Senate in its other capacity,—as council, with only advisory powers,—"the regulation was made, that, for such transactions, a number of non-patrician *Zugeschriebener (conscripti)* should be added to the patrician Senate (*patres*)."
These *conscripti* were not senators; they ranked only as *Equites*: they had no power of speaking, but only of voting (*pedibus in sententiam ire*, hence called *pedarii*); but it is "from this giving of counsel, rather than from the previously described special functions (*Competenz*), that the later high powers of the Senate were developed." It was this enlarged Senate, therefore, not the patrician one, that became the ruling power in the State.

In this way, the patricians maintained the ascendancy of their order; for this exclusively patrician body — the *patres* — was the fountain of all religious and political power. But, at the same time that plebeians were admitted to the advisory Senate, they were admitted also, our author maintains, to the *curiae*, and voted in the *Comitia Curiata* as well as the *Centuriata*, — a view which flies directly in the face of all received opinions, but which is quite consistent with the statements of the ancients. There was, he argues at some length in the *Forschungen*, no such thing as a patrician special assembly (*Sonderversammlung*) under the Republic. The patriciate had become a close aristocracy, small in numbers, — never enlarged under the Republic, — and represented only by its special Senate. It is, indeed, in the reduced numbers of this oligarchy that we find the motive for admitting the plebeians *en masse* to the citizenship. "An enlargement of the community (*Gemeinde*) was unavoidable; and it followed in the most comprehensive manner, inasmuch as the entire body of the plebeians — that is, all who were not citizens, but, at the same time, were neither slaves nor resident citizens of foreign communities — were received into the *Curiæ*" (p. 234).

We find nothing more in the first chapter of the second book, except the development, in detail, of the views already stated, and a fuller and more careful analysis of the nature of the constitutional change from monarchy to republic. In the second chapter, the special plebeian assemblies are discussed. The first question that arises is the much mooted one, In what assembly were the tribunes chosen before the Publilian Law? Mommsen answered, in the earlier editions,

"The consuls were necessarily patricians, chosen by the essentially plebeian centuries; the tribunes, necessarily plebeians, chosen by the patrician *curiae*;" in this holding with Cicero and Dionysius, against the majority of modern writers. Now, however, having adopted the view that the plebeians were admitted to the *curiae*, he maintains that the tribunes were chosen "by the plebeians assembled according to *curiae*;" that is, believing no longer in patrician *Comitia Curiata*, he believes in a plebeian *concilium curiatum* by the side of the regular *comitia*, which contained both orders. This plebeian *Sonderversammlung* by *curiae* was, however, short-lived: the Publilian Law of 471 transferred the election of tribunes, and all other plebeian concerns, to a new plebeian assembly, organized according to tribes.

The discussion of the Publilian Law is one of the most striking of the new portions of the work. "It was," he says, "one of the most fruitful in consequences which Roman History knows." Livy (ii. 56) says of the Publilian Law, that it "took away from the patricians the power of creating whatever tribunes they chose by the votes of their clients,"—an important statement, which has never before, we believe, received any satisfactory explanation. The object of the reform, Mommsen states as follows: "In these divisions [the local tribes], which rested throughout on the ownership of land, only the land-owners (*ansässigen Leute*) voted." The city rabble (*turba forensis*), who were wholly under the dominion of their rich patrons, were therefore excluded, and the plebs constituted as a middle-class landed aristocracy. "With the Publilian Law, the conflict of the orders acquires more intensity. . . . The plebeian opposition rested peculiarly upon the well-to-do (*besitzenden*) middle class. From the moment in which the *proletaires* (*nicht ansässigen Leute*) were removed from its assembly, it was organized, and began to develop its political power" (*Forschungen*, p. 187). Connected with this view is that of the Plebs as originally a *Collegium* or voluntary association of *individuals* (do., p. 179); and of the criminal jurisdiction exercised by its officers (tribunes and *sediles*) as "a regulated lynch law," necessary for self-preservation. This quasi-aristocratic character, however, the Assembly of the tribes preserved only until the censorship of Appius Claudius the Blind (A.D. 312), who admitted all citizens, including the freedmen, to the tribes (do., p. 154). Earlier than this, however, it was found convenient to establish new *comitia* of the tribes, for the whole body of citizens, patrician and plebeian; and these *comitia tributa*, as well as the *concilium tributum plebis*, or *Sonderversammlung* of the plebeians by

tribes, with which they are often confounded, continued in existence through the Republic. The distinction should be carefully observed (do., p. 156) between *populus* (the whole people) and *plebs*; *comitia* (an assembly of the whole people) and *concilium* (an assembly of the *plebs* or any other portion of the people); *lex* (a law passed in *comitia*) and *scitum* (one passed in a *concilium*). It may be added, in this connection, that, of the three apparently identical laws which defined the powers of the assembly by tribes, Professor Mommsen is of opinion that the Lex Valeria-Horatia (449) and the Lex Publilia (339) had reference to the *comitia tributa*; the Lex Hortensia (287), to the plebeian assembly.

Only one other point seems to require mention, — the discussion in chap. ii. of the political bearings of the decemviral legislation. In the old edition, the overthrow of the decemvirs and the restoration of the tribunate was represented as the work of the plebeian leaders (p. 259). In the new edition, the decemvirate is represented as, "after the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of the tribunate, the third great victory of the plebs; and the bitterness of the opposite party [from whose pen we have the story] against the institution, as well as against its head, Appius Claudius, is explicable enough. The plebeians had by it gained the right of being chosen to the highest office in the community, and a common law for the country (*gemeine Landrecht*); and it was not they who had reason to rise against the new magistracy, and, by the force of arms, restore the purely patrician consular rule. This object can have been pursued only by the party of the nobility."

It is impossible, in these few pages, to give more than an outline of the views presented in the new edition of the History, and the accompanying *Forschungen*. It is too much to claim that the disputed points will now be considered as settled. Many of them still appear very doubtful. They will, however, carry weight with them as a whole, not only in virtue of their own consistency with testimony and internal coherence, but also as the matured views of by far the ablest man, most thorough scholar, and profoundest thinker, that is laboring in this field of investigation.

THE volumes of Samuel Adams's Life* are an important contri-

* The Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams: being a Narrative of his Acts and Opinions and of his Agency in Producing and Forwarding the Ameri-

bution to American history. They fill one of the few remaining gaps in the precious collection of original materials through which we are brought into presence of the actors and the events of our Revolutionary struggle, and little more is now needed to complete our knowledge of that period. At home we have had well-written lives and carefully prepared editions of the writings of Washington, Hamilton, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jay, Gouverneur Morris, Otis, Gerry, Ames, and many others; and we only await the publication of the long-promised lives of Timothy Pickering and Nathanael Greene: in England, the family archives of nearly every politician of note have been laid open to public inspection; and the remaining correspondence of George III. and Lord North is announced as in press: in France, the important work of Louis de Loménie on Beaumarchais and his Time, and the instructive essay of DeWitt on Jefferson, with its appendix of documents relative to Citizen Genet, have thrown new and unexpected light on some obscure transactions. Among these numerous works, the volumes before us are not the least valuable. More than half a century ago, the late Samuel Adams Wells undertook to write the life of his distinguished ancestor; but death arrested the progress of his work when he had brought down the narrative to the year 1777. After the death of Mr. Wells, the materials which had come into his possession, together with his manuscript life, were placed at the disposal of Mr. Bancroft, who has made good use of them in his later volumes. Many of the most important papers, however, had been lost or destroyed through the carelessness of irresponsible persons; but enough still remained to form a body of original materials of the utmost importance to the historian and the biographer.

Inspired with a natural desire to complete the labor which his kinsman had left unfinished, Mr. William V. Wells applied to Mr. Bancroft for the use of the materials in his possession, and set himself to work to gather from other sources every accessible fact and document. In the volumes before us, we have the fruits of many years of conscientious study of his theme; and, in every part of the work, there is abundant evidence of his careful and diligent research. He has made a copious and judicious selection from Adams's manuscripts and printed papers, and has connected his extracts by a narrative, which, if not always polished and vigorous, is uniformly full, clear, and minute.

can Revolution. With Extracts from his Correspondence, State Papers, and Political Essays. By WILLIAM V. WELLS. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1866. 8 vols. 8vo.

His defects are the common faults of biographers. He ascribes too much to the character and services of his hero, and too little to other men; he is a partisan; he assigns to Adams's prolific pen some important documents on insufficient evidence; and he is inclined to dwell too long on trivial details. But, with the abatement implied in these remarks, his volumes merit high praise, and will doubtless hold a permanent place in our historical literature.

The story of Adams's life, so far as it is necessary for our present purpose, may be told in few words. He was born in Boston on the 16th of September, 1722, old style; was educated for the ministry at Harvard College, and graduated at the age of eighteen; studied law for a short time; entered the counting-room of his father, who was a brewer; afterward carried on business unsuccessfully on his own account; became a zealous politician, a leader in the town-meetings, and a frequent writer for the newspapers; at the age of forty-three, was chosen a member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts; served at the same time as clerk of that body and as a member of many of its most important committees, beside taking a prominent part in the debates; wrote a large part of the State Papers of that period; in 1774, was sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress; at the age of fifty-nine, resigned his seat, and withdrew from public life; in 1788, was a member of the Massachusetts Convention called to ratify the Federal Constitution; at the age of seventy-two, was chosen Governor of the Commonwealth, which office he held for three years; died, in Boston, on the 2d of October, 1803; and, after some political wrangling over his lifeless form, was buried with military honors in the Granary Burying-ground, where his remains still rest.

With the exception of Franklin, no one of the popular leaders in the struggle for American independence has been so harshly judged by English writers as Adams. Relying on the authority of Hutchinson, whose personal ill-will gave increased venom to his political animosity, they have not hesitated to describe him as a defaulter and as a demagogue,—the American counterpart of John Wilkes. Such is the portrait drawn by so candid and judicious a writer as Lord Stanhope; and a like unfavorable judgment of his character is expressed by a later and even more liberal historian, Mr. Massey. That Adams had little or no business capacity, and that he was careless or remiss in the office of collector of the town taxes, does not admit of doubt; but there is not a particle of evidence that he derived any pecuniary advantage from his neglect or his inability to enforce payment, and the

presumption is entirely in the other direction. That he was something of a demagogue is, we are inclined to think, true. No man ever swayed a Boston town-meeting as he did, and no man ever exerted such an autocratic influence over the common people of the town. While he appealed to their reason, and showed the justice of the cause which he advocated, he took care also to address their prejudices, and went to the extreme point in his opinions and in the measures which he advocated. Before the Colonies were educated up to the demand for an independent national existence, it was necessary, perhaps, for Adams to keep far in advance of his contemporaries, and to draw them after him; but, when independence was achieved, and the question was of the formation of a strong national government under the Federal Constitution, his views were of dangerous tendency, and his lukewarm support of that great charter of our liberties was perilous to his usefulness and his popularity.

He has been called "the Father of the American Revolution," and the justness of his claim to this pre-eminent distinction must be unhesitatingly conceded. With the exception of James Bowdoin, he was the oldest of the popular leaders in Massachusetts. He was twenty-one years older than the younger Quincy,—*clarum et venerabile nomen*; nineteen years older than Warren; fifteen years older than Hancock; fourteen years older than the patriot mechanic, Paul Revere; thirteen years older than his illustrious kinsman, John Adams; and three years older than Otis, Thomas Cushing, and Samuel Cooper: and these and many others were content to sit at his feet to learn the lessons of popular rights. It is in Mr. Frothingham's excellent "Life of Joseph Warren," and in other works, as well as in the pages of Mr. Wells, that we learn in how large a degree Samuel Adams was our foremost man in the eventful years which preceded the Declaration of American Independence. Through the press with untiring activity, in the town-meeting with persuasive words and the enthusiasm which comes only from thorough and settled conviction, in the social circle and the caucus, and by his unyielding firmness in the House of Representatives, he labored at all times and under all circumstances to keep the great body of the people up to the continued assertion of their just rights, to the formation of a more perfect union of all the Colonies, and at length to the assertion and the maintenance of their freedom from foreign control. To him, on the explicit testimony of the most eloquent advocate of independence, John Adams, and on a careful survey of all the known facts in the case, we must ascribe that education

of the popular mind and the popular will which after a long and uncertain conflict brought about the separation of the Colonies from the mother country. It would be idle to deny that Faneuil Hall was the cradle of American liberty : it would be equally idle to deny that in Faneuil Hall Samuel Adams was the master spirit, or that in the first two or three years of his Congressional career, before his immense local influence and popularity had begun to wane, he exerted a marked control over the acts and opinions of many of his associates.

With the Declaration of American Independence his work was substantially ended ; and, when he left Congress, in 1781, his retirement from public life was not sensibly felt. His genius was essentially aggressive and destructive ; and he had none of that magnificent organizing and administrative capacity which so largely helped to make Hamilton one of the two greatest men in all American history. Added to this, he was supposed — whether rightly or wrongly is perhaps uncertain — to have taken part in the cabals against Washington, and to have opposed some needed reforms in the management of our military affairs. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that it would have been better for Adams's reputation, if he had died when he had affixed his clear and firm signature to the Declaration ; for in that act his political life culminated. After that act was accomplished, he grew in neither fame, popularity, nor influence ; and, even if we admit that he did nothing to diminish his just claim to our veneration, he certainly added nothing to it in the last quarter of a century of his life. If he had died at the age of fifty-four, historians and biographers might have speculated about what Adams would have written, said, or done, if he had lived ; but which living he did not even attempt. As a candidate for office, he was frequently beaten by Hancock, Fisher Ames, and others, who were more in sympathy with the new order of things ; and he lost much of that local popularity which he had so long and so largely enjoyed.

As a public speaker, Adams had, we suppose, few of the graces of oratory, though he was the most effective speaker that ever addressed a popular assembly in Boston. His voice and hand were both tremulous from organic disease ; but his figure was tall and commanding, and the earnestness of his tone and his evident sincerity, as well as the simplicity and directness of his address, gave great weight to what he said. As a political writer, he must hold the foremost place among his contemporaries. Other men wrote much better, but no one wrote so much ; and even Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, was not more effective.

He had a special adaptation for addressing the common people, and for carrying on sharp controversy. It is hard work now to read many things which Mr. Wells says he wrote; but our fathers did not find it so: with their pulses beating at fever heat, they admired what we coolly criticise, and did not wince at mixed metaphors and swollen sentences. He was straightforward, earnest, and impassioned; clear and sound in his general views, if not always accurate and polished in his statement of them. In the immense mass of his published writings and his private correspondence, there is much which is admirable. His State Papers are better than his strictly personal productions: they merit the praise bestowed on them at the time by Lord Chatham, and which later generations have accepted.

It has been justly said, that Adams was the last of the Puritans. Educated, as we have remarked, for the Congregational ministry, and marrying into the family of one of the ministers of his native town, there was much in his early and his later associations to confirm his natural bent, and to give to his life and speech a somewhat ascetic character, while his narrow means prevented his mingling in general society. But his resemblance to his Puritan ancestors was not merely superficial or accidental: it was inwoven in the very texture of his mind and character, and was shown alike in the tenacity with which he adhered to his convictions, in the purity of his private life, in the incorruptible integrity of his character, in his respect for all the ordinances of religion, and his firm belief in the great truths which it teaches.

Such, as we read his life and writings, was Samuel Adams; and such, on an impartial survey of them, is the position which must be assigned to him in American history. We have not touched on disputed points, nor sought to present an exhaustive analysis of his character. We have preferred to confine ourselves to those obvious statements which will command general assent. To sum up all in a single sentence, we may say, that, down to the actual outbreak of hostilities, no man in America occupied so conspicuous a position, or exerted so large an influence; and that to him more than to any one else may be traced the early impetus given to the cause of American liberty. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the life of such a man ought to be written with the amplitude of detail and the careful research by which the memoir before us is characterized; and that his writings are a priceless legacy to the student of history. It is, perhaps, a little remarkable, that the first full and, in the main, satisfactory life of Adams should

have been published more than sixty years after his death; but, at an earlier period, such a life could scarcely have been written. The fires of controversy had not yet died out, the ashes were too thinly spread over the quarrel between Hancock and Adams, and the recollection of other grievances was too recent, to enable a biographer to preserve that impartiality which he ought to maintain.

C. C. S.

SINCE Mr. Ruskin's abdication, there had been nothing noticeable published in Great Britain relating to art, until the appearance of Mr. Hamerton's book,* which was so far noticeable that it had the power to raise its author at once from the position of an obscure young painter, to that of a popular writer who had something to say, and who knew how to say it well. We do not know whether it had also the effect of making his name more prominent in the catalogues of the exhibitions: but it is certain, that, since its publication, Mr. Hamerton has been pretty prominently before the reading public, and has supplemented his two volumes with a considerable number of papers on subjects connected with art; notably, an extended examination of the works of Gustave Doré, in the "Fine Arts Quarterly," in two elaborate articles; to which he has more recently added a third in the "Fortnightly Review," containing a pretty severe criticism of that artist's illustrations of the Bible.

Mr. Hamerton is evidently an altogether noticeable person. In coming before the public, he has the advantage, unfortunately rare among professional artists, of being an educated gentleman, and capable of expressing his thoughts in clear and correct English, nearly free from technicalities and the cant of the studios, instead of the confused and blundering rhetoric in which his brothers have for the most part seen fit to convey their ideas to their readers.

In the next place, he has character and an aim. His aim is to acquire such a knowledge of the scenery of the Highlands of Scotland, and of the way in which it is affected by the varying conditions of season and weather, as to be able to produce pictures of it which are authoritative in regard to the facts which they assert. And, to accomplish this aim, he had character and devotion enough to live for five years alone on an island in one of the most wild and desolate of the Scottish lakes, painting nature as he saw her, in summer and winter, in sun and rain and snow.

* A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. 2 vols. London, 1862.

When a man who has done this asks to be allowed to tell what he has thought and learned in such an exile, he deserves a respectful hearing, even if his book were not as interesting as this has proved, since it could hardly fail to contain something which persons less devoted had failed to perceive. As for Mr. Hamerton, he has made a book which is as unconventional as "Robinson Crusoe;" and which is straightforward, manly, frank, not offensively conceited, and written with uncommon vigor and freshness of style,—a book full of common sense. As he sat or walked or painted or rowed over these cold hills and colder waters of the Scottish Highlands, he thought many thoughts which do not come to men in cities, painting daintily in luxurious studios. What he thought and saw during these five lonely years of work, he wrote down day by day; and a portion of what he wrote down he has gathered into these two volumes, of which the first is a charming jumble of fun and philosophy, careful description and playful exaggeration, travel-talk, hard work, horse-breaking, hut-building, boat-building, romance,—all transfused with so evident and noble a devotion to a true and manly idea of the art of landscape-painting, that no one, we should think, can read it without being struck and impressed as well as interested.

In the second volume, the rambling narrative is discontinued; and we have, instead, a series of more or less disconnected essays on subjects connected with art, of unequal degrees of merit, but all very well worth reading, and all written with good aim and good feeling. There is a chapter on "The Painter in his Relations to Society," in which he quotes Thackeray, Balzac, Ponsard, Scott, Dickens, to show the contemptible estimation in which painters are held in society; treating the whole subject, not with pique, but with a manly protest against the inferiority of the place which modern society has assigned to a class of men whose calling should fit them for the highest place.

"When you wish to ascertain the social standing of occupations in any country, ascertain first which are compatible with the highest caste. Do noblemen go into the army and navy? Yes, very generally; even princes of the blood. Do they go into the church? Occasionally. Do they read for the bar? No. Do they article themselves to attorneys? Never. Do they study medicine? No. What other recognized profession do they follow? Not one. The highest caste in England can only fight or preach, it appears. The Middle-Age theory, that every gentleman who

had any profession at all must be either soldier or priest, still survives. . . . I see here the awful operation of an irresistible natural law. In our exclusiveness, it is always ourselves we exclude. And, in your narrow acorn of all human labor which does not either clothe itself with scarlet coat or white surplice, you have driven half your children into the hell of a forced idleness, and condemned them to seek in the maddening excitements of debauchery that stimulus which they might else have found in the noblest achievements of the intellect."

There is a chapter on "Painting as a Polite Amusement," in which good-humored satire is joined to grave remonstrance against the trivial pursuits of art by *dilettanti*. There is a chapter on "Word-painting and Color-painting," in which it is curious to find the author writing fifty pages to prove that natural objects are more adequately represented pictorially than by verbal description. It is interesting as a literary recreation, from its quotations, which are apt and well-selected, and from the writer's comments on them, which are intelligent and in good taste. Word-painting is, however, evidently a favorite study with him, even during his hard work at the rival art; for in the first volume he has given us twenty careful studies of Highland landscape in words. They are good examples of minute and exact description, showing a keen and well-trained faculty of seeing, and, not less, a thorough and hearty enjoyment of the effects he describes. No. 6, *A Fine Day in June*,—No. 12, *A bit of Lake Shore*,—No. 15, *Loch Awe, on an evening in March*,—No. 16, *Description of a Highland Clachan*,—are good examples of this power of descriptive writing. As an example of Mr. Hamerton's common-sense, which we desire to recommend to any of our readers who expect ever to write a book of travels, we give this extract from the first volume:—

"Staffa is a wonderful place, but the popular comparison with architecture is puerile. No doubt the Creator could have built cathedrals, if it had so pleased him, and made edifices like Rouen and Amiens grow out of the earth like trees; but he has left all that industry to us. The caves of Staffa are quite inferior, even in size and impressiveness, to the finer examples of Gothic architecture; and the cave of Fingal owes much of its power to its floor of green sea-water, rising and falling with the swell outside, and sometimes rushing to the far end of the cave, where it is shattered into foam with a shock of thunder. The columns are as various as trees in a forest. The difference between architecture and basalt is like the difference between a sonata of Beethoven, and the roaring of the wind."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

English Travellers and Italian Brigands. A Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. With a Map and several Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 355.

Inside: a Chronicle of Secession. By George F. Harrington. With Illustrations by Thomas Nast. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 223.

New Physiognomy; or, Signs of Character, as manifested through Temperament and External Forms, and especially in "the Human Face Divine." By Samuel R. Wells. With more than one thousand Illustrations. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1866. 8vo. pp. 768.

The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. London: Macmillan & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 516.

History of Julius Cæsar. Vol. II. The Wars in Gaul. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 659.

Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. Part I. To the Close of the Peninsular Campaign of 1862. New York: Harper & Brothers. Folio. pp. 380.

A Narrative of Andersonville, drawn from the Evidence elicited on the Trial of Henry Wirz, the Jailer. With the Argument of Col. N. P. Chipman, Judge Advocate. By Ambrose Spencer. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 272.

Sherbrooke. A Novel. By H. B. G. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 463.

Land at Last. A Novel. In three books. By Edmund Yates. pp. 147.

Homes without Hands; being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principle of Construction. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., &c. Illustrated. 8vo. pp. 651.

Four Years in the Saddle. By Colonel Harry Gilmor. 12mo. pp. 291.

Phemie Keller. A Novel. By F. G. Trafford.

Felix Holt, the Radical. A Novel. By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 184.

The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1865. Vol. V. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 850. (An invaluable record, containing, among its great accumulation of the raw materials of history, the statistics of about three hundred engagements in the late war, a table of the daily fluctuations in the price of gold for three years, a very full record of Congressional debates, several public documents of remarkable interest, and a well-digested index of twenty-two pages. The number of independent articles is 244.)

Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the

People. On the Basis of the latest Edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and Maps. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Nos. 104, 105, 106. Sewage—Sound. Being the completion of Vol. VIII. pp. 828.

Summer Rest. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp.

St. Martin's Summer. By Anne H. M. Brewster. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 442. (A pleasing book of travels and personal adventure in Southern Italy,—anecdotic, sentimental, and diffuse. It includes a description, full of faith and fervor, of the annual miracle at Naples of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.)

The South since the War; as shown by Fourteen Weeks of Travel and Observation in Georgia and the Carolinas. By Sidney Andrews. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 400. (The narrative of the very intelligent correspondent of the "Boston Advertiser" and "Chicago Tribune.")

Letters of Life. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. With a Portrait. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 414.

Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border; comprising Descriptions of the Indian Nomads of the Plains; Explorations of New Territory; a Trip across the Rocky Mountains in the Winter; Descriptions of the Habits of Different Animals found in the West, and the Methods of Hunting them; with Incidents in the Life of different Frontier-men, &c., &c. By Colonel R. B. Marcy, U.S.A. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. 8vo. pp. 442.

Elements of Pronunciation; containing many important Orthoëpic Discoveries. By Caleb Bates Josselyn. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. pp. 64.

The Principles of Biology. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 12mo. Cloth. pp. 475.

A Text-Book on Physiology, for the Use of Schools and Colleges; being an abridgment of the author's larger work on Human Physiology. By John William Draper. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. 12mo. pp. 371.

Life; its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena. By Leo H. Grindon, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. 12mo. pp. 578.

Asphodel. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 224.

Agnes. By Mrs. Oliphant. pp. 203.

Maxwell Drewitt. By F. G. Trafford. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. pp. 167.

Hand and Glove. A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards. pp. 122.

Royal Truths. By Henry Ward Beecher. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 324.

Spare Hours. By John Brown, M.D. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 426. (Containing the charming sketch, "Marjorie Fleming," with interesting criticisms of Thackeray and John Leech.)

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

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ART. I.—UNITARIAN VIEWS OF CHRIST.

Being the Fourth Popular Lecture in the Course given by Eight Unitarian Ministers in the Cooper Union, New York, January and February, 1866.
By the EDITOR.

My aim, on this occasion, is to unfold the Unitarian idea of Jesus Christ with all frankness and simplicity. I should relieve myself of some embarrassment, if I said simply *my own* view as a Unitarian; but that is entitled to little consideration, and many would go away, saying, "Yes; that is what one minister of the Unitarian faith thinks about Christ, but we wish to know what the body of the denomination think:" and that is a reasonable expectation. On the other hand, the Unitarian body allows and encourages such independent thinking in regard to Christian doctrine, that no man is fully authorized to speak for all the rest. And I shall not pretend to do so in any other way than by a perfectly open and frank disclosure of our varying views, endeavoring to give you as full an idea of the breadth and openness of our faith on this point as is possible.

The first half of this discourse will be occupied with a negative statement, showing what Unitarians deny about Jesus Christ; and the last half with a positive statement, showing what they affirm, and profess to believe.

There are within the Unitarian ranks all shades of opinion

about Jesus Christ, from a modal or Sabellian Semi-Trinitarianism, through High and Low Arianism, Socinianism, Priestleyism, down to pure Humanitarianism and Naturalism. I name these types of our faith for the benefit of the few theological students who may be present, and to give all my audience an idea of the diversity in our ranks. I should be glad to state as exactly as possible what those various Unitarian views are. There are no views entertained by any portion of our Unitarian ministers or people about Jesus Christ, or any other theme, which we desire to conceal or to apologize for. The Unitarian denomination is responsible for the opinions that grow up within its boundaries. It is trying to convince the world that dogmatic creeds are not necessary to the perpetuity of the Christian Faith; that differences in speculative opinion need not separate the disciples of Christ from each other; that honest, earnest, unconditioned inquiry into all questions of history or tradition, of Scripture or Church, of dogma or practice, is lawful, safe, and useful. It does not wish to deny or conceal the fruits of these principles. The world has a right to judge of Unitarian principles by the opinions and conclusions to which they lead, by the sort of men who represent them, by the diversities of views they allow, and even by the extreme breadth of the interval between what is sometimes called the right and the left wing of the body.

The Unitarian body is divided, perhaps nearly evenly, between what may be called the Old and the New School of thinkers,—persons, on the one hand, more in sympathy with Dr. Channing; and persons, on the other hand, more in sympathy with Theodore Parker: and I think I may add, that the union of the two extremes, in spite of mutual criticism, is growing every day more complete. If there ever existed a disposition to disown each other, it has nearly disappeared, and is sure to fade out entirely. Theodore Parker, from the obloquy which his bold and antagonistic utterances provoked, was, for several years, a kind of bugbear in our denomination, whom many individual Unitarians repudiated as not of the body; but he was really never cut off from his connection

with us, and I have always thought our Trinitarian brethren perfectly justified in charging us with whatever responsibility belongs to a Church that reared such a man. Although his views are not the prevalent views, yet there is no place of safety in the Unitarian body for any Christian who is afraid of fellowship with such men as Theodore Parker. We have a hundred men, I presume, in our pulpits, who look up to him as one of the best Christians, and one of the greatest spiritual forces, that Divine Providence has vouchsafed to our denomination or our generation; and, differing from him widely in many of his conclusions as I do, I feel bound to say, that I believe his influence has been good and glorious, and that, instead of a source of weakness, his name is a tower of strength to our cause. Let me add, too, that to put Dr. Channing and Theodore Parker, differ as they did in theology, into opposite categories, is a mistake in every way. In his lifetime, Dr. Channing was the friend of Theodore Parker, and was far less afraid of his opinions and influence than most conservative Unitarians were. I do not doubt, that, if both of them were alive to-day, they would not only scout any plan of distrust and separation between the two schools in the Unitarian body, but would confess that the more radical element in our denomination was as vitally necessary to its usefulness and success as the more conservative one.

Let me say, still further, that I suppose Orthodoxy has no exaggerated or mistaken idea of the absolute liberty, the critical tendencies, the diverse opinions, which prevail among us Unitarians; and that we have no disposition to apologize for them, or to have them thought any less than they really are. I hold it to be no permanent misfortune that Unitarianism has attracted the alarmed, disparaging suspicions and denunciatory attention of the Christian world; that it has been crowded out of the fellowship of the popular sects as a form of faith not to be countenanced, because violently contrasted with their fundamental idea. Only so could the great work of correction and purification of the common faith of the Church be accomplished; only so could the vast step onward and upward which the moral and spir-

itual interests of humanity wait for and sorely need, be secured. Had the fundamental Unitarian protest, denying the deity of Jesus Christ, been regarded as only a common heresy, or shade of sectarian opinion, which might be overlooked or quietly endured,—as one of those inconsiderable and merely functional disorders of the common Faith to which the Church has in all ages been compelled to show a reluctant toleration,—it would have done serious injustice to the magnitude of the reform, the radical character of the revolution, which actually lies hid in the very idea of Unitarianism. No such other step remains to be taken in Christian theology as Unitarianism took. It cannot be exaggerated in height and depth. To deny that Jesus Christ is the creator and builder of the universe; to deny that he is the actual and positive equal of the Father, uncreated, eternal, very God, the proper object of divine worship,—is to deny the fundamental idea on which the theology (I do not say the religion) of the Christian Church has rested since the fourth century; is to dig up the very corner-stone and to undermine the whole structure of the popular theology, both of the Catholic and the Protestant Church, for fifteen centuries. If that denial be made good and successfully established, the very key of the Church position and creed is taken; and it is only a question of time, when every other characteristic dogma of what has called itself Orthodoxy so long must be formally surrendered or silently abandoned as untenable.

Far be it, then, from any sincere and faithful Unitarian to complain of the obstinate and passionate zeal with which this denial has been controverted, or the Christian name and discipleship of those who have made it has been questioned. I do not doubt the sincerity or the earnestness of the hatred and dread with which this postulate of Unitarianism has been met. Nay, I hold it as an honorable recognition of the fundamental importance of the theological reform represented by the Unitarian movement, and of the vastness of that final progress, which, under this providential leading, the Church is certain to make in its ultimate conception of the real nature and scope of the Christian religion itself, and the actual character and work of its founder.

For this is precisely what all schools and all shades of Unitarianism do agree in denying,—the proper deity of Jesus Christ. And this and this alone—Christian faith and character being assumed—is what specially makes a Unitarian. We deny universally, that Jesus Christ is, in any proper sense whatever, the Supreme God; that he is an uncreated being, equal in power and glory with his God and our God; that he created the material world, or that he is the Providence over it. We deny that he ever claimed, or that he is willing to receive, the religious worship of his disciples; that he is the proper object of prayer; that he possesses a single special attribute of the One and Only God.

I do not propose, at this time, to prove that this denial is justified and required by the Scriptures, easy as that would be. True, I believe fully that it is so, and that it is impossible to prove, by any just reading of the Old or New Testaments that Jesus Christ ever asserted himself, or that his apostles ever declared him, to be God in the sense in which the Church has commonly pronounced him such. I have no faith that it ever entered into the head of those who knew him in the flesh, or those who planted Christianity, or those who cherished its early growth for the first two centuries, that Christ was God. The opinion grew up later, and was the fruit of the marriage of the gospel with the new Platonism of Alexandria. But I do not now propose to bring together the proof-texts, scattered in the greatest profusion through the New Testament, in evidence of the derived and dependent character of Jesus Christ, the Sent of God, the Mediator of the New Covenant, the Son of God, the Son of man, born of a woman, and dying a mortal death by the hands of his enemies. Whatever might be incumbent, in the way of a main reliance on proof-texts, on those who accept the fictitious and exploded dogma of the plenary and verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, this reliance would be both fraudulent and foolish for one who believes that the New Testament, sacred and precious and true as it is, is to be read by no other light than that which belongs to the interpretation of any other ancient historical work; who regards it as a record of the honest

attempt of great, good, and believing men, moved by the devoutest faith and love to communicate their own best conceptions of the events of which they were witnesses, with all the ordinary influences of human imperfection, the prejudices of the age and of their own education to bias and impair the account they gave. It does not belong to such a view of the Scriptures to enter into a textual controversy with those who assume that the Bible is not merely what Unitarians believe it to be,—the *word* of God,—but also that its very words are the literal words of God, as absolutely celestial in their independent authority and meaning as if the heavens had opened, and God had this moment spoken forth, in a voice of thunder, some explicit declaration of his will.

I fully believe, indeed, that so genuine, so honest, so true, is the record of the New Testament, so early in its origin, and so thoroughly imbued with Unitarian theology, that, if every word of it had been plenarily inspired, and if it were properly to be handled as our Orthodox friends handle it, Unitarians would lose nothing in the argument with their Trinitarian opponents, in respect of the alleged doctrine of the deity of Christ. I deny with all my understanding and with all my heart, that the Trinity is found in the Scriptures. The Roman Church, when it serves her purpose, confesses that it is not found there, and bases one of the most important of her arguments for the necessity of an inspired and infallible Church on the absence of so important a dogma from the New Testament,—a want, it maintains, providentially left to be supplemented by her own councils. I believe, that, in the textual controversies carried on between Trinitarian and Unitarian scholars, the Unitarians have had immensely the advantage. But it is not so that the deity of Christ is to be disproved. It never came from the Scriptures, and it will never be overthrown by Scriptural evidence, strong as that may be. It grew up in a state of society, when men craved in their religion what partook of mythological extravagance, and material, hyperbolic mystery, to offset the melodramatic and polytheistic notions in which they had been bred. That

same spirit, which later made the Mother of our Lord an object of Catholic idolatry, earlier made her holy Son an object of divine worship. The desire to bring God within the easier reach of human thought and definite conceptions induced the Church to construct into hard theological statement, and logical proposition, what had floated as an indefinite, mystical idea in the language of the Master himself in speaking of his oneness with the Father,—a moral and spiritual oneness which he asserted might be enjoyed by his disciples. Had Jesus Christ been born, and had he died, in the nineteenth century; had he done every act, and uttered every word, recorded of him in his own time,—there could by no possibility have entered into any human mind the suspicion that he was the Deity himself! Logic, philosophy, experience, science, common sense, would have made such an inference, not only impossible, but absurd. And are we to think that what could not be believed, if Christianity were new to-day, will long be believed because Christianity is not new, and was born into a dark and superstitious age?

No: Unitarians deny the deity of Christ as unscriptural, irrational, incredible, and injurious. In my own judgment, such a doctrine, if it were proved by fair literary criticism to be the actual doctrine of the four Gospels, proved to be Christ's own conception of himself, proved to be the idea on which he founded his Church, would be fatal to the credibility of his claims; and, if it were inseparable from his pretensions, would destroy sooner or later his religion itself. And, indeed, this mythical dogma of the Church and the schools, however much it may have done when united with the worship of the Virgin to attract the faith of the common people in superstitious times, has been the chief source of the scepticism and infidelity which have marked the more independent minds of every era. The time has come when Christian faith staggers under the load of this venerable assumption; when the gospel is hampered and hindered by its supposed responsibility for such an hypothesis. Protestantism still holds on in its creeds to what gives Roman Catholicism its power to stay, with its unmoral mysteries, the progress of human

liberty and human virtue; and it is in vain that the Protestant Church denounces transubstantiation and the worship of Mary, or the worship of images, while it maintains the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds and the worship of Christ. They are mere degrees of the same kind of superstition, and utterly opposed to the spirituality which said, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." If Protestantism expects to make head against the corruptions of the Roman Church, let her bravely adopt all the conclusions involved in her original protest in favor of the right of private judgment, and of the application of reason to religion. To assert the deity of one born of a woman, and living and dying in the ordinary condition of humanity, is to assert as essentially incredible, absurd, and self-contradictory a proposition as the human mind, in its wildest flights of religious fancy, ever imagined.

When one soberly thinks that the faith of ninety-nine hundredths of the whole Church professedly rests at this day upon this marvellous hypothesis, it is impossible not to tremble for the existence of the Christian religion itself. One asks with dismay, what is to become of the gospel, when the light of science, and the influence of popular education, the history of false religion, the record of popular delusion, the actual account of the origin and growth of this very dogma, comes to be somewhat generally known? Will there not be an alarming proclivity to general scepticism as to the whole historic character of the Christian religion? Will there not be a disposition to deny its moral and spiritual authority, just as the obstinate persistency of lovers of the Union, in the defence of that now crushed slave-system, which nestled like a worm at the heart of our national plant, induced numbers of good people to call the Constitution itself a compact with hell?

This is no vain apprehension. I seriously believe, that the confounding of real, simple Christianity with incredible systems of ecclesiastical dogma, which now claim to be identical with the gospel, and alone to represent it truly, is at the bottom of that alarming falling-off from faith, that indif-

ference to the Church, and abandonment of its worship, which characterizes our time. It is said, that, in this city, our church attendance has been stationary for a period during which our population has doubled. And it makes no difference to assert, that this new population comes largely from foreign parts. It comes from countries called "Christian," and where a theology founded on the deity of Christ prevails. And there is no concealing the fact, that Christian institutions, the Sabbath, and the Bible, are rapidly losing their hold upon the faith of the thinking classes. Christianity has no more urgent business than to prove her own absolute independence of the superstitious, humanly devised, and purely scholastic systems of dogma, which with adroit magic are forced upon the ignorant masses of the Catholic Church; and, with the weight of sacred habit, and a fear of consequences if they be let go, are pressed upon Protestants under a combination of so-called evangelical sects. It is, then, not as the assailants of any thing Christian, but as the defenders and protectors of the vital facts and truths of the gospel, that Unitarians not only avow their disbelief in the deity of Christ, but pronounce that dogma no part of the revelation, and no part of the religion, of Christ.

But how painful it is to truly Christian love and piety to be dwelling thus at length, and thus earnestly, upon what Unitarians do *not* believe about Jesus Christ, when he is so dear and exalted an object of faith and love and reverence with them; when they allow no Christians anywhere to exceed them in the practical importance they attach to his work, his character, and his gospel; when every tenderest fibre in their hearts is thrilling with sensibility for what Jesus Christ has done and been and remains; and when they know that all that the best Christians of Trinitarian folds enjoy and cherish in Christ's communion and fellowship is familiar to their own affections and thoughts, and consonant with their own faith, without the existence or need of one particle of the scholastic and incredible dogmas which repel and drive into scepticism so many thoughtful and courageous minds!

Unitarians of the school to which I belong, accept Jesus

Christ with all their hearts as the Sent of God; the divinely inspired Son of the Father, who by his miraculously proven office and his sinless and celestial life and character, was fitted to be, and was made, the revealer of the universal and permanent religion of the human race. That religion was embodied in a life and character. God raised up and inspired Jesus Christ to be, and to show himself to be, his representative here on earth, possessing affections so holy and so full, a knowledge of God's character and will so complete and exact, a sympathy with his Father so thorough and quick, that nineteen centuries have only increased the love and reverence felt for his person, his character, and his work. The Church of Christ is the natural and necessary, as well as the providential, result of such a life. To hand down the words of his lips, the recollection of his deeds, the memory of his spirit and whole career, was as inevitable as the spring verdure and the summer fruits that follow in the track of the ascending sun. If Abraham's faithfulness and venerable name still live throughout the whole East, in regions where neither Jew nor Mahometan — the sons of Israel or of Ishmael — have carried its fragrance, how indestructible was the record of a life like Christ's! He lived himself into the hearts of his disciples, and through them into imperishable history and authority, by the all-penetrating truth, beauty, and sanctity of his life and character. Nearer to God by his essential quality of spirit, by his original make, by his insight into spiritual things, and his moral and humane sympathies, than any creature of the Father had ever been, he was owned by heavenly love and truth as their own special likeness and representative.

Do you ask me, if God originally created him to be a Saviour, specially indued him with heavenly graces, and then, as a finished likeness of himself, sent him into the world to found the Christian Church, and to originate that history which for nineteen centuries has followed his appearing? All I can answer is, that my faith in Christ and his authority is *as if this were so*. To say positively that it was so, implies a knowledge of God's spiritual prescience and methods which

I do not possess. Nobody can tell whether Jesus Christ's character and qualities gave him his office, or whether his office secured him his character and qualities. It comes in either case to the same thing. How much of choice and will, how much of ordinary human struggle, preceded and accompanied the sinlessness of Christ, I cannot tell. Who can tell in any human being, of a specially lovely, spiritual cast and character, how much is nature, how much grace, — how much is original, how much acquired? I have no disposition to go behind the facts in the case. The fact of Christ's super-eminent spiritual power, moral elevation, and broad sympathy; of his surpassing spirit of self-sacrifice, and never-waning faithfulness, — is accepted of all; nay, more than accepted, — is proved by the homage of nineteen centuries. The fact that he has founded a religion, which has grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength, of the advancing civilization of the human race; that his person has been the central point of interest, the moving force, the ever-elastic spring of life and motion, in the Church and the world, — this cannot be disputed. The fact that his words and temper and spirit bear the test of the longest experience, the deepest reflection, the highest reach, so that time, which tries all things merely human, only adds force and stability to his precepts and his method; the fact that gratitude and love for his character and his work on earth have been the continued incitement, the effectual motive, and the unfailing charm, of the religious life of his best disciples, so that communion and fellowship with him, growing into a friendship dearer than Augustine had with his mother, has been the experience of millions who have given up their lives to spread the knowledge of their Saviour through the world, — all this is not inference, is not speculation, is not dogma. It is *fact*; — sober, unquestioned fact. And it is *the great fact*. It is the fact which makes Christianity the power it is; the fact which upholds and will uphold it, let science and literary criticism and philosophy do what they may or must to disturb the theological systems and fond superstitions of the popular Church. These errors owe their life and motion to

the glorious truth to which they have clung: the ship carries along the barnacles, which, had they the consciousness of theologians and ecclesiastics, would perhaps boast that they were carrying along the ship. That mighty tide of spiritual life and force, which we call the religion of Jesus Christ, carries along a thousand superstitions, false dogmas, crude speculations, and confident assertions, which would have had no chance to float on any less powerful current; which, left to themselves, would sink into the muddy bottom of the channel where they belong. What has always done the real Christian work of the world is not what gets the credit of the work: it is the essential truth, beauty, goodness, holiness of Christ's character and inflowing life, the mighty force of his glorious moral personality, inspiring the conscience and directing the will of humanity. To this, the real life of the Church and of Christian society, theologians and doctors, schoolmen and priests, have added their theories and speculations, in the shape of creeds and articles touching the nature of Christ, the constitution of the Godhead, the doctrine of the Logos; the double nature, the pre-existence of Jesus,—opinions and formulas not without their use perhaps in the time in which they originated, but all of them provisional, temporary, having no permanent or essential connection with the fundamental truth. They bear to the progress of Christ very much the relation which the stones under a conqueror's feet, which he passes over and leaves behind, bear to the advance of the conqueror himself, entering and possessing the land and the cities he has won with his name and his sword. To have these metaphysical propositions, these abstruse theories, thrust at us in place of the warm and living personality of Jesus Christ himself; to have this Jesus shut up in wooden creeds, and presented to the world only in the costume of ecclesiastical systems and theological abstractions, is a terrible hindrance to that free, affectionate intercourse, which ought to make him for all the millions of our race what he always is to his true disciples,—the understood, the welcome, the practical, the inspiring, and beloved Friend, Counsellor, and Saviour of their souls, here and for ever.

I know well how good people are accustomed to talk of the need of something besides the living Christ to convert the world; how they substitute theories about him for Christ himself; how they erect all sorts of sacred barriers between him and those they would fain make his disciples. But, for myself, it is not theology, it is faith in Christ, which is the way to the Father. The way to make Christians is to present Christ in his life and conversation and death, in his words and precepts and spirit; and leave him to make his own impression upon the hearts of the people. Nothing is done by theories about his nature. We want to see the Saviour himself, and feel the actual warmth and inspiration of his character, of his very personality; and that it is which wins, illumines, converts, and saves our souls.

If you say that views simple and rational as these want the power to give body and shape to Christianity; that they furnish religious ideas and sentiments, but not a religion; that they might supply a secret spring of life to private souls, but do not build a public fountain round which all may gather to draw and drink,—being a faith rather than a worship,—that, alas! is an infirmity they temporarily share with Protestantism itself. But it is a lesser evil than the evil which it opposes, and which has driven it into its own extreme. If you want a body for the Christian religion, go and see where it lies in state under the catafalque of St. Peter's; candles burning round the corpse, while caparisoned bishops and priests, in all the colors of the rainbow, like butterflies over the carcass of a lamb fallen in the field, weave their traditional motions and genuflexions, and shift their laced coats and aprons round the pale remains of Christ's native simplicity, and original spirit of meekness and love! We need not go far to find some meagre copy of this laying-out of the gospel in state, even in our Protestant communions. God save us from substituting forms for the spirit of practical Christianity! But, spite of all the abuses of rites, ceremonies, and vestments, a public religion must have a body and form. And, with most Unitarians, I believe in the Church as well as in the Christ,—believe in institutional Christianity,—believe tenderly and truly in

the Scriptural ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper, believe in the blessedness of the Lord's Day, in the need of public worship and the Christian ministry, the use of all "means of grace," in the efficacy of prayer, the importance of daily familiarity with the Scriptures, the necessity of a submission of the will to God, and a consecration of the heart and soul to his service. Moreover, practically, I believe that Jesus Christ furnishes—in the discipleship which he invites, and in the teaching, inspiration, and comfort which the reverence for and love of him imparts—the actual way or method by which the personal fruits of his religion are alone systematically to be produced.

And, when enough of the world have embraced these views of Christianity not to compel their few disciples to stand in an attitude of armed protest against popular errors; when Unitarian views of Christ and the Church have become widely enough spread to be atmospheric, or drawn in with the mother's milk, and to enter into the very blood and sinew of a whole generation,—what a glorious Church shall we not behold! Then only will the inherent beauty and power of primitive Christianity step forth, clothed in all that two thousand years have gathered of truth and beauty and utility. No longer will the religion of Christ and the religion of nature be antagonized and contrasted; no longer will the Church and the world be natural enemies; no longer life on earth, and immortality beyond the grave, be played off against each other. Reason will open her full-orbed eyes only to raise them in reverence to Christ, and in worship to God. Conscience will echo every word of the Master's lips, when simply and sincerely reported. Science will hasten to lay every discovery she makes in God's universe on the hospitable shrine of a fearless Christian faith. Philosophy will come to fill her lamp with the holy oil of the gospel cruise, or put it, newly trimmed and burning, down upon the altar, without one fear that the light of the world will forbid the mixing of its beams with his own effulgent rays. Art, forsaking saloons and theatres, will give her best triumphs to religion; and religion, no longer prim and sour, sanctimonious and narrow, will know how to value beauty and

grace, and to bind again to her generous bosom the ornaments she flung away, only because her followers loved them better than herself.

It is a false, mystic, scholastic, superstitious theology—behind the age, behind the lights of political, scientific, and economic experience—which supports a wasteful and inoperative Christianity. We must adjust our theology to our general and necessary ideas,—ideas which we have not sought, but which seek us, as the dawn seeks the sleeper. The light is breaking in full splendor all round the horizon. Will the Church alone close her curtains on its beams? Then she, who alone has power to interpret all other lights with her own central sun, will be deserted by the practical workers of the world, who will give themselves up to a busy worldliness and a ruinous materialism; while successful energy and intelligence will use science and art to crush down, and turn to the uses of a special class, the labor of the rest. They are doing it now. The Christianity that is doggedly conservative, and sticks by her antiquities, is inhuman; is at war with progress; is the enemy of hope for the masses, whom she stupefies, that they may sleep on her altars while she rifies their substance. We have seen those churches that are the greatest sticklers for order and stability obstructing the progress of the nation, the emancipation of the slave, the equal rights of race and class, the claim of the Government to maintain itself. Will the people of the United States long maintain, as their religion, creeds and usages which contradict all their instincts and experiences? Are we never to adjust our faith to our reason, our lives to our convictions, our religion to our hopes and endeavors as human beings, citizens, parents, and men of affairs?

Then shall the Church put on her beautiful garments, when Christ's disciples have clothed themselves in the practical graces of those who see, not so much a spiritual magician,—a doubled-natured Saviour standing between them in their imputed sins or native depravity, and a God of wrath and a blazing hell,—as a blessed model, inspirer, leader, helper, comforter, binding up human wounds, pitying and washing away

human sins, opening the sealed fountains of goodness in the heart, and giving God in his inward light and love to the souls that know not and believe not he is in them here and now. Christ came in the flesh, and lived here on the solid earth. His work is still here on the earth, in which he left his blood. Oh, how you want him in your business, in your workshops, in your tenement houses; want him to help you govern your children, and defend them from the wiles and sins about them; want him to help you bear and conquer your hard conditions of life! Do you think Jesus Christ as a practical Saviour, Jesus Christ the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, Jesus Christ your elder brother and friend, not distant as a God, not unapproachable as a throned spirit, but Jesus Christ, the man Christ Jesus, the hater of oppression, the friend of the poor sinner, and the lover and worker of miracles of healing and mercy,—do you think he could be believed on in this simple, practical way, and not work an immediate and mighty revolution in this very city? Do you think we should have half a million of people here, crowded in wretched cellars, attics, and reeking tenements,—with lust and drunkenness and sin and crime, poverty, ignorance, and folly, breaking their hearts, and brutalizing their habits, and extinguishing their souls? Would not Christians go to work, with such views, in practical ways to alleviate, and make impossible, such a state of things?

Let a simple, rational faith — such a faith as Channing and Parker taught and adorned — become for one generation the religion of this country, and it would sweep away the barriers of human progress, wash out the Augean stables of popular sin, emancipate the minds and faculties of millions, and stamp the image of Jesus Christ, the Divine Man, in living lines on millions who now worship him as God, without even thinking to do the things that he said, or to show forth the spirit he was of.

ART. II.—MORAL LIFE UNDER THE EMPIRE.

Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine. Von LUDWIG FRIEDEMÄNDER, Professor in Königsburg. 2 vols. Leipzig: Verlag von S. Hirzel. 1865.

THE political history of Rome, from its rise to its fall, has been treated in its successive stages by many writers,—rewritten by Niebuhr, and analyzed by Mommsen, and compassed in its last vast sweep of splendor and decrepitude by Gibbon; but the Roman life, as it ebbed and flowed in the Roman palaces and amphitheatres and villas and temples, furnishes a not less instructive, and altogether more fascinating, subject for illustration;—a subject which has been much overlooked, for the reason that one who is fitted to do it justice is likely to be drawn away to more ambitious topics. Professor Friedländer, however, has not yielded to the usual temptation, but has confined his exhaustive survey of the ancient life of Rome strictly to its social aspects. He has done, indeed, little more than accumulate facts; but facts well arranged are better than rhetoric, better than disquisition, better than any thing but the original grasp and the swift illumination of genius. Every page of his book brings us face to face with the multitudinous throngs that swayed to and fro through the narrow streets of Rome, throbbing out their restless life, as it were, in a ceaseless surge of greed and lust. You may hear the sounds of all languages known to men, and see the colors of all races,—fair-haired Germans of the imperial body-guard, with glittering helmets; and black slaves leading elephants from the emperor's stables; and Egyptian priests in linen robes, with smoothly shaven heads, bearing an image of Isis in slow procession; and Greek philosophers, with Hindoo boys behind them carrying their books; and Eastern princes in high caps and many-colored garments, silent and serious; while tattooed savages from Britain look on in wonder at it all.

That a great festival might be celebrated in Rome with

the splendor to which the Romans had become at last accustomed, the energies of all nations were tasked, from the Rhine to the Ganges. The Hindoo set his tame elephants in motion to hunt their wild kindred of the plains: the savage Teuton spread his nets in the swampy thickets of the Rhine where the wild boar rooted; and the Ethiopian on his swift desert-steed chased the ostrich in ever-lessening circles, or lurked in the dreary wildernesses of Atlas, around the cunning traps set there for the lion; while men of every hue and all ages were dragged from the obscurest corners of the earth to furnish victims for the bloody sports of the arena. For, though in the times of the republic the gladiators had consisted for the most part of Samnites and Thracians and Gauls, as the limits of the empire were extended, they were brought from even greater distances: tattooed savages of Britain, and blonde Germans from the Rhine and Danube, and tawny Moors of Atlas, and negroes from the interior of Africa, and nomades from the Russian steppes,— all went up to fight and die in the amphitheatres of Rome; and scaly Parthian coats of mail and British war-chariots came at last to be as familiar a sight as the small, round shield of the Thracians, or the square bucklers of the Samnites.

Yet what a mass of human misery beneath all this pomp does the occasional anecdote of the historian reveal! Seneca relates, that a gladiator whom they were carrying to the arena in a wagon, sitting between soldiers appointed to guard him, feigned himself asleep; and, nodding his head, at last let it sink down till he could bring it within the spokes of one of the wheels, and held it there till the revolution of the wheel had broken his neck. And Symmachus testifies, that a number of those adventurous Saxons who at that time were in the habit of coming down in small boats from the North Sea on expeditions of plunder to the coasts of Gaul, falling into the hands of the Romans, were condemned to appear as gladiators in the sports which Symmachus was about to institute; and, on the very first day of their imprisonment, twenty-nine of them throttled one another with their own hands.

Even in taming animals for the arena, the object seems to have been to teach them just what was most contrary to their nature. Wild bulls suffered boys to dance on their backs, and stood on their hind feet, and played tricks with horses in the water, and stood immovable as charioteers on swiftly flying chariots. Stags were taught to be obedient to the bridle, and leopards to go in a yoke, and cranes to run in circles and fight each other, and peaceful antelopes to butt each other with their horns till one or the other lay dead on the ground; while lions were made as docile as dogs, for in Domitian's games they were seen to catch hares, and hold them uninjured between their teeth, and let them go and again catch them at command; and elephants sank upon their knees at the wink of their black attendants, and performed dances for which one of the elephants themselves struck the cymbals, while others reclined at table, and four of them bore a fifth like a child in a litter, and another went upon the tight rope, and still another wrote Latin; and Pliny affirms that once, when several of them were training together, one of the elephants—who was slower to learn than the rest, and was therefore frequently threatened with blows—was found at night practising by himself, by moonlight, what he had been taught in the day.

Yet, cruel as the Romans were to animals, they were even more cruel to men. In the theatrical, especially pantomimic, representations which took place in the arena, the players were condemned malefactors, and the torments and the death they represented were not feigned, but real; for, as out of the death-bringing garments of Medea, flames would suddenly shoot up out of the costly gold-embroidered tunics and purple mantles in which they appeared, and consume them. There was indeed scarcely a species of torture or death, which was not introduced for the amusement of the people: Hercules died in the flames of Oeta; Mucius Scævola held his hand over the live coals till it was consumed; the robber Laureolus, the hero of a well-known play, was hung upon a cross, and his limbs were torn away one by one by wild beasts; while, in the same play, another malefactor represented Orpheus

ascending out of the underworld, while all nature was charmed by his music, and rocks and trees moved towards him, and birds hovered over him, and wild beasts surrounded him; and, when the play had lasted long enough, the actor was thrown to a bear to be devoured in the presence of the multitude. And in all the Roman literature there is scarcely an expression of abhorrence at such inhumanities. The deeds of the gladiators were to Martial superior to those of Hercules; while Statius compared the women who fought each other in the arena with clubs to Amazons; and found the sight of dwarfs tearing each other in pieces a joke good enough to be laughed at by Father Mars and the bloody goddess of bravery.

Professor Friedländer, however, is not merely successful in thus depicting the obvious features of this multiform life; but, with the instinct of a true philosopher, occasionally brings his army of facts to bear upon the causes which were slowly wasting the giant strength of the empire. And to one of these causes, certainly the most curious, if not most characteristic of the hypocrisy of that formalism into which the Roman civilization was gradually passing, it will be worth while to allude.

The very existence of the practice of legacy-hunting would indicate the approaching dissolution of almost any state of society; but the extent and vigor with which it was pursued in Rome are a frightful commentary upon the one-sidedness of the whole ancient civilization. In earlier times, marriage was an institution to be reverenced: to remain unmarried was alike contrary to nature and the laws. But, in the later periods of the republic, marriage was a burden; and, finally, under the empire, after the civil wars had brought their disastrous blight upon the moral and social relations, it was a restraint not to be tolerated. Augustus, indeed, attempted to create a reform; but, as might have been expected, legislation, if not wholly impotent, was but a superficial cure for an evil so deeply rooted. He found, as other reformers have found since, that you cannot legislate men into virtue. A pervading sentiment of opposition to a given practice, springing

from the universal recognition of it as a sin, must go before the law ; and in Rome there was practically little recognition of any thing but pleasure.

Now, pleasure took the form, for the most part, of banquets ; and, as they became therefore enormously expensive, it was a weighty question with the giver, of course, what guests were worth inviting to share in the extravagance which was very likely to end in his bankruptcy. Obviously, one would turn to those who might be of use in an emergency ; that is, to those who had wealth at their command to dispose of when they themselves were done with it,— to the childless rich, who, on the one hand, were swayed by personal friendships much stronger in their nature in ancient than in modern times ; and, on the other, were unrestrained by those claims of kindred to which more regard is paid now than at that period.

Thus there grew up, out of this strange blending of virtues and vices, a theory of life more desolating in its last results than was ever witnessed on so large a scale before or since. There was nothing the rich might not demand and expect in the way of personal service and sacrifice, on the part of those who waited for their death. They were overwhelmed with presents of the costliest delicacies from the remotest kingdoms : fish, game, wine of the rarest sort, poured in upon them, year in and year out. Did the house of one of their friends please them, they could not do him a greater favor than to accept it as a gift ; did their own house burn down, it was at once rebuilt by the contributions of their friends ; did they get involved in lawsuits, their friends stood ready to defend them ; did they make verses, they had at once loud admirers ; did they give readings, a numerous and attentive audience. Were they ill, their couch was surrounded by sympathizing attendants, the walls of the temples were covered with votive offerings, the soothsayers were interrogated, and the smoke of sacrifice ascended to the gods : all that art and wealth and friendship could do, was done ; while at the same time, of course, the anxious waiters for the legacies that were to fall in, employed astrologers to calculate

the hour of their friend's death, and sometimes, it is recorded, bribed his physician to hasten it.

But the arts of the rich, seeking to extract the greatest possible advantage from the inheritance they had to leave behind them, soon came to equal those of the legacy-hunters themselves. They made their wills over and over again, thirty times a year, if need be; and, as a last resort, in case the attention they had hitherto commanded began to fail, they gave themselves out as ill, and took on a shocking cough, and were altogether near their end. Pliny relates, that Julius Vindex, who with such great courage undertook to free the empire from the tyranny of Nero, did not disdain to entice the hunters after his wealth, by an artificial paleness induced by medicines. Often, indeed, it was a sharper game than this, and the rich man who attempted to enjoy the advantages of bachelordom really had no wealth at all. His great possessions in Africa, that nobody had ever seen; and his merchant-ships that were on their way from Carthage, but never came,—were but fabrications. "No one recognizes children in Rome," says Petronius; "for he who has heirs of his body is neither invited to banquets, nor admitted to parties of pleasure; but remains excluded from all social advantages, and leads an obscure life with those who are in disgrace. Those, on the contrary, who have never married, and have no near relations, attain the highest honors, and count as the best sort of fellows. Rich men invite them to their banquets; the nobility flatter, the orators applaud them without compensation. But, were a child born to them, they would be upon the instant without friends, powerless."

Thus all the tendencies of Roman society were in steady opposition to the increase of the native Roman population. Over all the long avenues that led up to Rome from every quarter of the world, there poured a constant succession of recruits for the necessities of this sumptuous and wasteful life. By degrees this foreign population took on the form of the Roman civilization, filled the Roman armies, and made conquests in the name of Rome; but the ancient spirit died out rapidly under the ceaseless pressure of this alien element,

so that, at last, what the debaucheries of Rome began, the battle-axes of Alaric might well complete. Yet then, it was not so much that Rome fell as that it first became apparent that the Romans had long ago fallen, and left only the ghost of a name to dwell above their dishonored graves. It was this gradual approach of luxury, this silent, steady inroad of personal corruption, this universal loss of private virtue, which made the republic impossible, and Cæsar a necessity; which made all good laws worthless, and all bad laws worse; which made the virtuous indignation of Cicero, and the comprehensive purpose of Cæsar, alike ineffectual; which overrode all attempts at political reform, and scoffed at despotism as it had scoffed at freedom. "You will see in Rome," said Petronius, "a city like unto a field in a time of pestilence, where there is nothing but corpses, and ravens that feed on them." Is there not a lesson in this for us? for may it not be true after all, as Comte laid down for one of his fundamental propositions, that political are subordinate to social relations?

Pliny says, man is by nature fond of travel and full of curiosity; but the travels of the ancients, though much more frequent than we imagine, exhibit nevertheless nothing of that spirit of adventure which has animated modern explorers. Though they may, perhaps, have surmised the existence of a continent between Western Europe and Asia,—for Pausanias relates, upon the testimony of a Carian navigator, that desert islands were to be found in the Atlantic Ocean, inhabited by creatures resembling satyrs,—they no more attempted to ascertain the truth of the report than they did to penetrate the vast wastes of Africa to the south, where, as it was commonly believed, the intense heat made the stones glow even at nightfall, and the sand burned the feet of men bold enough to tread it. Though in Pliny's time there were five Roman colonies in Mauritania, yet so little was really known of the country, that he relates that the mountain solitudes of Atlas, so terrible in their loneliness in the day, glittered all over at night with fires, and echoed with the shouts of satyrs. And though he seems to have put no faith in the story of a

blessed hyperborean land, where eternal spring prevailed, and the day-time lasted half a year, yet Plutarch records that the islands around Britain were inhabited by spirits, and that Cronos, asleep on one of them, was held captive by the giant Briareus; while the belief that the coasts of Britain were a part of the kingdom of the dead, the abode of departed souls, reappears in various forms in later times.

But though there was little travel to the north, for it was inconceivable that one should be willing, except upon a commercial enterprise, to leave the fair lands of Italy for the gloomy forest-country beyond the Alps; and though the travel to the south seldom extended farther than Egypt,—yet within the limits of the Roman empire, in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, there was for a long period a great deal of intercourse. For, in the first centuries of the Christian era, the empire was for long periods at peace; and with peace came order, and regularity of communication. The sea and the land were safe, the cities were prosperous, the hills and valleys were tilled. In the power of Rome, men recognized the gift of a new life, as it were, from its gods; and, praying that it might be eternal, at last believed that it would be. The conditions of travel, as to facility and security and speed, were better fulfilled, indeed, in the greater part of the Roman empire than they were in Europe before the beginning of the present century; while the occasions for change of place were very numerous, so that there was, no doubt, as much travel, on the whole, in the first century as in the nineteenth, before the introduction of railroads. At the baths of Vicarello, the ancient Aquæ Aureliæ, on the Lake of Bracciano, near Rome, three silver vases were found in 1852, made in the shape of milestones, upon which were engraved itineraries of the whole route from Cadiz to Rome, with the names of the several stations and the distances between each; a votive offering, doubtless, made by inhabitants of Cadiz, in token of the recovery of their health through the use of the waters.

With the government post, one could travel a geographical mile an hour, including rests. Cæsar traversed the distance

between Rome and the Rhone in less than eight days, about twenty geographical miles each twenty-four hours; and, in later times, they generally went from Antioch to Constantinople in less than ten days. Paul arrived at Puteoli from Rhegium, with the south wind, in a day; and, in favorable weather, one could reach Puteoli from Corinth on the fifth day. In going from Italy to the *Aegean* or *Attica*, it was usual to land at Lechæum on the Gulf of Corinth; and, crossing the isthmus, take ship again at Cenchreæ, just as until lately the Austrian Lloyd-steamers landed passengers at Lutraki, and took them up again in other steamers at Kalamki, on the opposite side of the isthmus. Or, if the sea-voyage was feared, they sometimes went by land. Though it was in winter, and he was ill, Aristides travelled through the inhospitable regions of Macedonia and Thrace, and arrived in Rome on the hundredth day after leaving Mysia. From the Sea of Azof, freight-ships reached Rhodes on the tenth day out; and, from Rhodes, it was but four days to Alexandria.

But, as in Europe before the introduction of railroads, travel was the luxury of the rich, for whose convenience, indeed, the ancient world was chiefly devised. For in nothing does the modern differ so much from the ancient civilization as in the tendency to diffuse itself among all classes. There was no place for a poor man at Rome, unless he belonged to the rabble, for whom the State provided bread and games; just as, in modern times in England, the fact that you are not rich is to be excused, as Niebuhr said, only by strenuous labor to become so. Persons of small means travelled on foot, girded, or with their little luggage on a mule; and were obliged to put up at the inns, which were for the most part bad, crowded with mule-drivers and grooms, full of noises and bad smells, the pillows stuffed with reeds, and the beds reeking with vermin. Moreover the publicans were in bad repute as a class; and cheated, and adulterated their wines, and stole the oats from the traveller's mule.

But, with the rich and mighty, life on the road was a different thing. Nero never went anywhere without a thousand

chariots, the mule-drivers in red jackets, and the mules shod with silver. Poppaea was followed by a train of five hundred asses, in order that she might enjoy daily the bath of milk by the help of which she preserved the fairness of her skin. And this luxury, of course, was imitated by the higher classes. Gaily-dressed Moors and Numidian outriders and footmen went first, in order to remove any obstacles which might cause delay to the travelling carriages, which were contrived, not only so as to read and write, but also to sleep, and decorated even with gold and silver figures worth, sometimes, more than a country estate, the hangings of silk and costly stuffs; and followed by led, ambling horses, in order that the company might vary the monotony of the journey by equestrian exercise,—and trains of pack-horses, with purple embroidered coverings, bearing the table-service of gold and crystal; while the favorite pages, who rode near their master, wore masks of paste, in order to protect their complexions from the heat.

But, besides the rich who travelled for pleasure, the military service carried thousands incessantly from their homes, while the great dignitaries of the State seldom reached the highest point in their career without having been much employed in the provinces, either in the military or civil service; and these journeys took them often at one bound from the moors of Scotland to Mount Atlas, from the cities of Syria to the camps in Germany. And it was not merely that every thing and everybody streamed to Rome: there was also a great intercourse between the provinces. Learned Greeks taught school in Spain. Syrian goldsmiths made jewelry in Switzerland for the wives of the Roman colonists. Greek painters and sculptors were scattered throughout the cities of Gaul, while Gauls and Germans served in the body-guard of a Jewish king at Jerusalem, and Jews were settled in every province of the empire.

Moreover, the necessity of practical observation in the various industries and arts was more universal than in modern times; for not only was less to be learned from books, but what was learned was less to be depended upon. The learned,

therefore, as well as teachers and artists and artisans, led a wandering life, especially the two latter classes; for all through the Roman world there existed a craving to invest life, so to speak, with an artistic atmosphere, as the immense quantity of fragments of statuary found in all the provinces in part testifies. The sacred games also and festivals drew large numbers of persons, especially the Eleusinian mysteries, which had a great attraction for the Romans, many of whom, besides, like Apuleius, journeyed from one sanctuary to another, and were initiated into all mysteries, in order to be sure not to miss any divine blessing which was possible to be had.

The temples, indeed, were an object of special interest for the works of art, generally rich votive offerings, which they contained, as well as for the objects of curiosity, of various sorts deposited in them. Thus the greatest crystal Pliny ever saw was that at the Capitol, presented by Livia; while in the Temple of Concord might be seen the four elephants constructed at the command of Augustus out of black obsidian, with a view to test its reflecting power; and the pretended ring of Polycrates, in a golden case, presented by Augustus; and, in the temple of Venus, Cæsar's coat of mail made of British pearls. In the temple of Æsculapius at Athens, Pausanias saw a Sarmatian coat of mail made of horse-shoes; and in the temples at Rome were Tanaquil's distaff and spindle, and a robe woven by her which was worn by her son-in-law, Servius Tullius; while, in the temple at Athens, they showed the coat of mail worn by Masistius, the leader of the Persian cavalry at Platæa, together with the sword of Mardonius. The relics of heroes, however, were in much greater esteem than those which belonged to historical times: for mythology and the early reading of the poets had made the world of fable much more real than that of fact, from the egg of Leda, suspended from the ceiling of a temple at Sparta; and the cup of electrum, the measure, it is said, of her bosom, presented by Helen to the temple of Minerva in Lindus; to the ships of Agamemnon at Eubœa, and of Æneas at Rome, and of Ulysses at Corcyra; and the clay out of which Prometheus made man, long preserved at Panopeus in Phocis; and the hair of Isis to

be seen at Coptos and Memphis, which she had torn from her head in grief at the death of Osiris. Scholars, enamored of all that wondrous lore which has kept the world captive for so many thousands of years, loved to find the spot in the temple of Venus, at Træzene, where Phædra looked down upon Hippolytus as he drove his chariot by; and the myrtle with perforated leaves, which, in the madness of her love, the unfortunate Phædra had pierced with a hair-pin. They loved to sit on the stone in the harbor of Salamis, where Telamon had sat gazing at the ship which bore his sons away to Aulis; and to tread upon the spot where Cadmus had sown the dragon's teeth from which sprang armed men; and where, at Laurentum, the camp of Æneas had been; while they passed by, with less interest, the spot at Liternum where the elder Scipio had planted olive-trees, and the cliff at Capri whence Tiberius had thrown his victims into the sea.

Yet, though in Cicero's time they journeyed to Thespiae solely to behold the Cupid of Praxiteles; and, according to Pliny, for the sake of beholding his Venus, which was regarded by many as the greatest work of art in the world,—there were frequent sea-voyages made to Cnidus: it was much more for the interest they had in nature and in men than in art, that the mere travel of curiosity, if one may call it so, was undertaken and kept up. The feeling to which Atticus gives expression in respect to Athens was, doubtless, as true of the educated classes then as it is now. "Places," he says, "in which we find traces of those we have loved and admired, make a certain impression upon us. Even my own favorite city of Athens affords me less pleasure, in its great structures and its costly works of ancient art, than through the recollection of its great men; for I look with interest upon the places where they dwelt and sat and talked and walked, and even upon their graves."

Yet the feeling for nature had a different basis, so to speak, from that upon which we build up our ever-growing interest in natural scenery. With us the enjoyment of nature is æsthetic, poetic, and religious only so far as all life and all beauty is religious; that is, more exquisite manifestations of the

goodness and the might of the Supreme Cause of all things. With the ancients, the more striking phenomena and evolutions of nature had a different significance; for they were direct exhibitions of the demoniac power which stood over against human life in no very intelligible relation; so that, while men wondered, they feared. If one beheld a grove of thickly-set ancient trees above the ordinary height, shutting out the sight of the heavens with their dense foliage, there was a mystery in the place,—for it was manifestly the abode of a god; and so in a grotto running far under great masses of rock, where the forces of nature seemed once to have played so wildly, but now solitary in its gloom, the imaginative Greek was sure that he heard the very whisper of the divinity it enshrined, in the winds that rustled in its lonely recesses; while, in the dripping of the water from the roof, or in the gurgling of a distant, deep-sunk stream, he fancied he listened to the music of laughing nymphs, who dwelt unseen in its shrouded depths. And, again, what more natural for him than to erect altars around the source of a river bursting out of some great gulf of earth! for was it not the demon himself leaping into being? And so with hot springs, and deep lakes shut in by forest-covered hills; and trees of gigantic growth, like the willow at Samos, and the oak at Dodona, and the olive on the Acropolis at Athens, and the plane-tree in Lycia, in the monstrous hollow of which Mucianus dined with twelve companions. And, again, both Romans and Greeks, when they found themselves in the western provinces of the empire, travelled to Gades (Cadiz), or the coasts of Gaul, to behold the ebb and flood of the tide; and Philostratus records the belief, still prevalent on many shores, that persons sick unto death may not pass away during the flood, but only at the beginning of the ebb.

For the sea, indeed, the Romans seem to have had a special love, as all their literature shows, as well as the frequent remains of their palaces and villas all along the shores of the Mediterranean and elsewhere. For not merely in all parts of Italy and in the islands of the Mediterranean, in Sicily and Sardinia, were the great estates of the nobles to be found,

but also in Asia Minor and Africa. In Cicero's time, the whole province of North Africa made but six great estates. It is, therefore, not a mere rhetorical expression of Seneca's, when he speaks of large tracts of land cultivated by slaves in fetters, and of grazing-fields equal to kingdoms in extent; for, far and wide, there was not a sea in which the palaces of the Roman nobles were not mirrored; no gulf on the shores of which their villas did not rise; no height overlooking land and water from which the roofs of their magnificent structures did not glitter in the midst of pine-groves and plane-trees and laurels, with all the accompaniments of arcades and fountains and baths. From his palace at Capri, Tiberius overlooked the whole of the beautiful Gulf of Naples. On the heights of Sorrento, the villa of Pollius Fabinus offered from every window a different prospect,—of Ischia and Capri and Procida; and from all, the water, with the sinking sun, when the day declined, and the shadows of the forest-covered hills fell upon the flood, and the palaces seemed to swim in the crystal sea. And so with the lakes and rivers of Italy. How fondly Catullus clung to the shores of the Lake of Garda, where, at his favorite Sirmio, relics still exist of Roman villas, which covered also the picturesque shores of the Lake of Como!

Yet, though the charm of the landscape was not unfelt by the Romans; though they visited spots remarkable for their beauty, in honor of the god who was supposed to have selected them for that reason, as the fountain of Clitumnus in Umbria, for instance, streaming forth beneath a hill of cypress, ice-cold, and of transparent green, with the ash-trees on either bank mirrored in its surface; though they could never withdraw themselves from the fascination of the scenery of Greece, with its idyllic fields and valleys and glittering mountains, so remarkable for their outline in that pure, clear air, and that strong, full light, with the magic of its works of art, that had come down for more than five centuries, brilliant as on the morning when they left the sculptor's hands, with a fragrance, as it were, of freshness about them, as if their bloom were never to wither, and the soul that spoke from

them were to speak on for ever,—though all this made a journey to Greece like a pleasant dream, yet the conception of the beauty of nature was much more limited with the Romans than with us. They had no comprehension of its wildness and majesty and vast, dreary mountains. The wonders of the Alps were unintelligible to them. They contemplated them indeed, with much the same feeling with which modern navigators have looked upon the ice-deserts of the North Pole. At a time when, year after year, hundreds and thousands of Romans traversed the Alpine passes, and Switzerland was inhabited by Roman colonies, the traveller had no eye for any thing but the obstacles he encountered; for the steep ascent, and the narrow paths along the edge of bottomless abysses; for the dreariness of the ice-fields, and the fearful peril of the avalanches. A feeling for the sublime seems wanting, the eternal snow of the Alps, flushing with the rising and setting sun, the blue glaciers and the whirling torrents, had no meaning to them. They never seem to have climbed mountains for the prospect, or, in fact, at all,—unless it be *Ætna*, for its view of snow-fields lying around the fiery crater; though Hadrian, indeed, ascended also to observe the phenomenon of the rainbow, which it was said accompanied the sunrise. As Humboldt says, the Greeks and Romans seem to have been attracted only by the idyllic charms of the landscape: they had no taste whatever for what we call the wild and romantic. And so it was in the Middle Age, even down to the last century; for Goldsmith, for instance, who ventured into the Highlands of Scotland in 1733, speaks with disgust of their wildness, while he declares the country about Leyden, with its broad green meadows and country houses and statues and grottos and flower-beds and straight walks, incomparably beautiful.

Undoubtedly, the pantheism which in recent times has more or less invaded all departments of thought has had an effect upon our æsthetic perceptions: for, consciously or unconsciously, it is the soul in nature that we seek to discover; it is its revelations that we seek to listen to, as we take refuge in its purity and majesty and ever-abiding calm from the littleness and tumult of our turbid human existence. But, apart

from this general distinction, it will be found, perhaps, that the chief difference between the modern and the ancient view of nature lies in the perception of the effect of light and its modifications through the medium of the air, to which we give so much prominence: for no mention is found in ancient writers of the peculiar character which the landscape receives from illumination, nor of the varying effects of distance and nearness; not a word touching the gradations which exist between the coldness of moonlight and the glow of sunset, nor of the colors which, morning and evening, tinge the horizon and the distant mountain-tops, in southern skies. In all the ancient literature you may seek in vain for such a phrase as "blue mountains." The description of nature, as Forster and Humboldt have described it, is known only to our modern literature; for it is impossible without that greater scientific knowledge which characterizes our age.

ART. III.—TROLLOPE'S HISTORY OF FLORENCE.

A History of the Commonwealth of Florence, from the Earliest Independence of the Commune to the Fall of the Republic in 1831.
By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, in four volumes (vols. 1 & 2).
London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1865.

THE continental traveller of twenty years since, who revisits Florence to-day, finds himself bewildered by the change in the natural language of the city. Its grand architectural monuments remain as before: the vast dome of the cathedral, the graceful shaft of the Campanile, the peerless bas-reliefs of the Baptistry, the dark heavy walls of the *palazzi*, the gay and populous river-side, the irregular broad piazza, the arcades of the loggias, the quaint tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, the green alleys of the Boboli gardens, the convents on the adjacent eminences, the stone bridges, the surrounding mountains,— all look as of old. But the more superficial and

economical phases give to all these a new meaning. Little dark shops have been superseded by large and light warehouses; narrow streets are widened into spacious thoroughfares; deserted palaces, where an artist's studio could be hired cheap, are brightened up, refurnished, and let for fabulous prices; restaurants and *caffés* have multiplied, so have equipages; the character of the floating population is modified; an indescribable air of cosmopolitan life vivifies the old city; and her walls, whose successive enlargement marked the growth of the ancient republic, are remorselessly demolished to increase the crowded area of the capital of Italy. The contrast provokes reminiscence. The original and characteristic in Florence become more endeared; and the visitor resorts with fresh zest and curiosity to the mediæval relics and annals.

Such an instructive retrospect, the work before us seasonably inspires. The historical value and significance of the initial volumes of this record consist in the accurate exposition of primary municipal civilization. We perceive how the early conflicts of the imperial and ecclesiastical power—the two dominant political influences of the Middle Ages—gave opportunity for the organization of local self-government; whereby free citizenship was established, and industrial resources were auspiciously developed.

English readers were already familiar with the later and more brilliant, but less substantial, welfare of this favorite Italian city, through the tasteful but despotic rule of a ducal family. Roscoe's histories are interesting and valuable as descriptive of the æsthetic progress of the Etrurian Athens; Trollope's gives the political facts, traits, and triumphs of the Commonwealth in its original and independent career. We trace the "decrease of military and the increase of commercial aptitudes," and learn how Florence "contributed most towards bringing Italy and its people to such a point of advancement as to make freedom and self-government feasible,"—a strong traditional argument for its preference as the capital of the united Kingdom. In the performance of what is evidently a labor of love, the author has wisely avoided

such details as the prolix native annalists furnish for the gratification of their fellow-citizens, and aimed to write "such an account as should not fail to leave the reader informed of the full significance of all the names of persons and places which have become household words in every European language, and should place in a clear light the amount and the nature of that which Florence has contributed to the civilization and progress of mankind." The wisdom and utility of this method of treating a very extensive and complicated theme entirely vindicate the author's claim to undertake the task. His peculiar fitness for it is still further emphasized by several previous works devoted to special branches of the subject, in which his complete grasp of materials and felicity of illustration have been fully recognized by the ablest critics. His style is singularly appropriate to the object in view,—not stilted or rhetorical, but familiar enough to be attractive; and alternating between concise statement of facts, chiefly derived from Ammirato and Villani, and philosophical episodes of discussion, with such references to the experience of other communities and periods as make the narration more suggestive and intelligible. His work is, indeed, a most desirable and appropriate companion to those of Sismondi and Roscoe.

The present instalment closes somewhat abruptly with the treaty of peace signed in 1428 by Filippo Maria Visconti, and remarks on the arbitrary system of Florentine taxation. Already, however, the names of certain families—destined at a subsequent epoch to be identified with the palmy artistic, but degraded political, life of the State and city—had come into prominence, especially the Capponi, Strozzi, and Medici; while Cimabue, Giotto, and Brunelleschi had initiated the triumphs of Tuscan art: Boccacio had written memorably of the pestilence, which serves as such a gloomy vestibule to his lightsome tales; and Dante's immortal poem had embodied, for all time, the cherished memory of Guido Calvancanti, the dereliction of Farinata, the terrible fate of Ugolino, the original fealty and subsequent corruption of civic life in his native city, and the divine love of Beatrice. While faithfully

attesting the influence of the Tuscan bard, and recording the details of his embassy to the pope, and his letter to the emperor, the English historian demurs to the inference of those enthusiastic critics who discover in the "Divina Commedia," and the political opinions and career of its author, such evidences of his foresight, and aspirations as a patriot, as justify the belief that his dominant and comprehensive object was the union into one harmonious nation of the discordant cities and provinces of the Italian peninsula.

The author's familiarity with Italian literature and manners, and with the city and its environs, whose early fortunes he so well rehearses, enables him to illustrate, by occasional personal episodes and local allusions, the scenes and facts described. This gives a peculiar interest to the narrative of the most remote transactions, by appealing to the associations of those familiar with Tuscany; while, by connecting the past and the present, a vital meaning is imparted to the story. No one who has seen the "Misericordia" pass on its errands of mercy can fail to read with gratified attention the account of its origin. No one who has observed the mania for lotteries among the people can wonder, when he is told that the ballot-box of old was converted into a "grab-bag." Few histories boast more local illustrations; but many of these seem destined to pass away before the cosmopolitan tendencies which have already changed the aspect and modified the individuality of Florence,—an inevitable result of her new rank, as the metropolis of the kingdom; so that the "culmination of the grand old city's fortunes," under the present *régime*, renders this fresh and faithful history thereof, "from the earliest independence of the Commune to the fall of the Republic in 1851," not less seasonable as a memorial of the past than instructive as a lesson for the present, serving as a needed literary landmark of "how many of the elements of modern civilization" were derived from the ancient Commonwealth.

The germinal process is easily traced. As the little community on the banks of the Arno increased in numbers, they protected themselves, according to the custom and needs of

the time, by walls and fortresses; the former frequently expanding, the latter constantly renewed. Their first enterprises, as a civic power, were directed against the territorial lords, whose castles in the strongholds of the Apennines were formidable barriers to the growth, and perpetual threats to the safety, of the Commune. To rout these feudal barons, and assimilate them with the State, was the normal economy of the young republic,—a gradual but essential condition of her progress and security. Meanwhile, industrial resources within the walls were fostered by associations, law, and a thrift which seems an original, as it is a permanent, trait of the Tuscans. Early in their history, the primal and pervasive element of material prosperity, money, was dealt in to an extent and with a sagacity unparalleled by any other city of mediæval times. The florin became a vast motive power, the Florentines the bankers of Europe; and, with the increase of local pride and position, the merchants and financiers devoted their wealth and facilities to the common weal, with rare and steadfast patriotism. Special manufactures also soon reached a superior degree of excellence in Florence. Cloth-dyeing was long almost a monopoly there, and the weavers and silk-factors were a rich class. With such a basis, we are at no loss to recognize the economical means whereby influence abroad and industry at home were sustained. It is when we turn from the mart to the political arena that the story becomes intricate. It is when, parallel with narratives of disaster and dismay which seem fatal to civic existence, we read of magnificence in popular *fêtes* and the acquisition of private fortunes, that we grow bewildered with the incongruous elements of the national life; and it is when we find the deadliest expedients of tyranny, and the wildest phases of political fanaticism, at work in the midst of an ostensibly popular government, that we are perplexed to reconcile the historical facts of Florentine power and prestige with the domestic annals of dissension, invasion, anarchy, and a disbursement of funds which seems adequate to drain the treasury of an empire.

For centuries, certain external dangers and internal dis-

sensions alternate in the chronicle with the regularity of a natural law. The phenomena succeed each other so equally, that only a diversity of names, dates, and places, assures us that we are occupied with a new page. On the one side is Imperialism, the military power and feudal pretensions of the German emperors,—the traditional Cæsarian rule, so time-hallowed that even in our day a cunning usurper has sought support for his authority by an appeal thereto through the literary sympathies of the age: on the other side is Ecclesiasticism — the spiritual dominion and temporal enginery of the Church, claiming obedience and tribute — sometimes artfully conciliated, and sometimes bravely defied. These two external forces sway the destiny, and overshadow the power and progress, of the shrewd and wealthy traders, who, by virtue of their bribes and bounties, their loyalty as citizens, and their tact as men of the world, succeed to a marvellous extent in securing immunity from absolute ruin, and escaping the wiles and will of these great mediæval arbiters of fate. Fortune not infrequently came to the rescue, when money and astuteness failed. The opportune death of the leader in church or empire, or the not less opportune quarrel between them and their respective enemies, diverted the immediate danger; while occasionally a coalition between these two pervasive ruling powers threatened the absolute destruction of the vigilant republic.

It is to be remembered, however, that the advanced political ideas, and the self-reliance which only honest labor imparts, had much to do with a more just idea than elsewhere obtained of the relation between the little State and the emperor and pope, which prevailed among the Florentines, and which doubtless had its influence in keeping them on the alert against slavish submission to the authority of either. Early emancipated from absolute deference to feudal traditions by their theory of self-government, the majority never yielded to Ghibelline sympathies, but so opposed and repudiated them as eventually to eliminate that element from their political faith, and destroy or exile its advocates; while, again and again, they treated with contempt papal interdicts, and

braved the thunders of the Vatican by the boldest diplomacy. Besides the formidable representatives of Cæsar and St. Peter, other potentates sought to appropriate or impoverish the republic, and with such means at command that it is marvellous their success was slight and brief. Now it is a French king, and now a Lombard duke: at one time, the flushed and famous military adventurer of the day, backed by a host of unscrupulous and valorous bandits; and, at another, the fierce rivalry and intense local hatred of a neighboring free city, reinforced usually by some ecclesiastical, kingly, or baronial ally. Prolonged and apparently useless are these conflicts, sometimes ending in a hypocritical truce, sometimes in a pecuniary compromise; for, in those days, fighting was a most respectable profession, and towns were bought and sold like chattels. External wars were still further, and often fatally, complicated by the habitual use of mercenary troops, and the constant decrees of exile by the successful faction; thus creating a large and assiduous class of malcontents abroad, who never ceased to conspire against the home from which they had been thus cruelly excluded.

Throughout the Florentine annals, we find the consequences of these two dangerous expedients. The hired champion easily becomes the usurping 'tyrant': the malignant exile is the sworn enemy of the State, and the co-adjutor of her foes and rivals. Yet bitter experience failed to modify either practice; and, again and again, the burghers flew to arms, and the civic authorities took trembling counsel, because of the approaches of an army led or inspired by banished citizens, or of soldiers of fortune out of work, or hired by foreign princes to let loose the dogs of war on unhappy Florence. Fortunately she could often outbid all competitors for the services of the free lances; and, as a last resort, recall and reinstate her exiles, when the political balance weighed heavily in their favor. Great, also, were the benefits to the State of her commercial importance and her financial relations; everywhere her citizens gleaned information or won interest for their beloved Commune; popes and princes often depended on her loans, and the civilized world on her looms and her mint.

What a long and varied procession of inimical potentates crowd the pages of the old Florentine historians ! How constant the impending danger, the civic dismay, the battles, sieges, and embassies, whereby the fortunes of the State were kept in perpetual transition ! From Frederic Barbarossa to the Visconti of Milan, from Rudolph of Hapsburgh to Casttruccio, from Charles of Valois to Henry of Luxembourg, again and again the tide of foreign war seems about to overwhelm the young republic, and subject it to foreign rule ; and the details of the alarm, the approach, the conflict, the councils, the invasion, and the recuperative life of the burgher city, at length become monotonous through their frequency. Always the same story recurs. Narrow animosities open the way to illegitimate authority, scenes of violence, days of panic, hours of fierce controversy, and then a crisis of peril which for the time blends party feuds in national sentiment ; and blood and money are lavishly spent to purchase a brief interval of security, when the arts of peace again flourish, and the Commune is renewed in power and pride. Then what brilliant receptions, generous gifts, holiday *fêtes*, frugal industry, liberal loans, and complacent citizenship, attest the undiminished resources of the people ! How childish the insults they heap on the foe ! how puerile the superstitions whereby they interpret destiny !—throwing asses over the besieged walls, placarding caricatures, and carolling satirical verses ; appointing the hour of a march by astrological calculations, and ascribing the failure of an expedition to monstrous births or the fall of a pillar ; and withal counting golden florins, weaving fine fabrics, rearing noble buildings, and turning from dyeing-vat, loom, and ledger, to invent constitutional expedients and fight political battles.

It is, indeed, the vicissitudes of faction that complicate, almost unintelligibly to the modern reader, the fortunes of Florence. When the citizens are not called on to follow the national palladium, to the field of external war, and to rally at the sound of the *martello*, the national tocsin, — they immediately relapse into fierce party dissension.

It is precisely here that the English historian has given

clearness and emphasis to the bewildering record. He shows that, while parties then and there had a wonderful solidity, their watchwords were often obsolete or incongruous. The Bianchi and Neri quarrel, so relentless and persistent; the struggle between castes, the nobility and the popular element, the tradesmen and the aristocrats; and, finally, the old war-cry of Guelf and Ghibelline,—gradually lost their nominal, while they retained their essential, character. The right of self-government was so far conscious and pervasive as instinctively, under divers names and on various pretexts, to resist the encroachments of arbitrary and exclusive power. Aristocrats by birth and in feeling were forced to enroll themselves among the burghers, in order to secure a share in the political offices; and, on the other hand, when the lower classes for a time triumphed, their claims were set aside in the interest of order and progress. Thus authority changed hands, passing from the *popolani grassi* to the *popoli minuti*; from the Ciampi rioters to an oligarchy, and thence to a demagogue; and again, by elective powers, to wise and patriotic representatives, adapted to some exigency, or inspired by a change of affairs. The *arti minori* are in ascendancy to-day, the *arti maggiori* to-morrow. A jilted bride, a cardinal's dog, or a boy's street-song, are ludicrously adequate to precipitate political crises. Dante has described, in adamantine rhyme, the early days of frugal and faithful citizenship; the fickleness, the treachery, and the triumphs which kept his native city in a ferment, raised him to official dignity, and sent him forth to pine, plead, prophesy, and die in exile. It is a bewildering tale; but, in the philosophical analysis of our author, we see—through tumultuous assemblies, interdicts, constitutional experiments, revolutions, the disfranchisement of one class and the intrigues of another, treason and corruption, secret denunciation and open defiance—a conservative principle, the same municipal system and the industrial organization which in the Netherlands survived years of persecution and invasion, and in our country achieved and maintained her independence. On every needful occasion, the guilds were marshalled under their respective banners;

and, through all the outward and internal conflicts, the idea of the Commonwealth, fealty to and faith in the Commune, kept alive the latent force of public opinion and national integrity. Though the experiment of republican government was doomed to inevitable failure through the substitution of partisanship for patriotism; though the legitimate workings of the democratic principle were fatally compromised by party hatred; though the people fought, not to maintain civil freedom, but to secure a part in the governing power, at whatever cost,—yet the old pride of citizenship, the loyalty of artisan and burgher as members of a civic body, long effectually modified the disintegrating influence of unscrupulous faction. There were popular assemblies, ballots, and all the machinery of free government; and to this agency, crude and capricious as it often was, is rightly ascribed much of the primitive freedom and growth of “the Arabs of the Interior,” as the Pisans used once to satirically call the Florentines.

Meantime, plague, famine, freshets, and fires often checked the prosperous activity of the turbulent community; peace enriched the merchants and bankers; Pisa, Prato, Lucca, Pisotja and Cortona were successively annexed; Leghorn was purchased of the Genoese; and the feudal lords of the Apennines were subjugated, and transformed into citizens. In 1336, the income of the Commune was three hundred thousand florins, the expenditure but forty thousand. With such a surplus in the treasury, Florence could easily keep in pay redoubtable warriors, bribe popes and princes, furnish bread to the poor when grain was scarce, and bestow magnificent gifts on illustrious visitors. Her ways of raising money set at nought every principle of political economy. Her civic practices were utterly at variance with democratic precedents. Universal distrust led to a brief official tenure and a chance mode of election. But the enterprise of mediæval commerce was as bold as it was hazardous. The profits were in proportion to the risk. The wisdom of the few, with the industry of the many, long continued to keep the fame and fortunes of Florence progressive and prevailing. Free citizenship, how-

ever perverted, was, indeed, in the last analysis, the cause at once of her economical success and her political eminence. To have one's name on the baptismal roll of the Commune, preserved in the beautiful temple whose bronze gates were the delight of Michael Angelo, was in the palmy days of the State an enviable privilege, and an assurance of future civic rights and possible distinction. And, amid all the rancors and feuds at home, the children of the Republic strove to keep a firm and proud front to the world, and do their native city honor,—a course which Mr. Trollope aptly compares to the family pride which ignores domestic quarrels in society, and is there loyal to the claims of lineage and name.

Nor should it be forgotten, that the power of the guilds, and the patriotism of the burghers, however perverted by faction, came gallantly to the rescue in crises of anarchy, as when Lando the wool-comber was made *gonfaloniere* by an insurrection of the lowest class, and wisely and firmly secured law and order, and transferred the municipal power unstained to the Signiory. That body was a great representative fact in republican Florence, and all over Europe. It embodied triumphantly the public opinion of the State; and, though often baffled, betrayed, and besieged in the Palazzo Publico, kept the fame and faith of the city with singular courage and wisdom. The federal principle, though secondary and casual, was not without influence. Florence ever maintained a Tuscan policy, not only striving to merge outlying baronies in the Commonwealth, but protecting the neighboring free cities from the usurpation of foreign invaders, whose presence before Bologna, Lucca, or Pistoja was to her a sufficient cause of war. Thus she recognized an identity of interest, and anticipated their eventual annexation,—on much the same principle as we advocate and maintain what is called the Monroe doctrine in our foreign policy.

It is impossible to follow the thoughtful annalist, and verify link by link the chain of cause and effect whereby the development of the democratic principle in the Middle Ages was alternately vindicated and thwarted, without recognizing the identical action and re-action which have governed modern

politics. Mr. Trollope finds a striking parallel between the animus and aims of the dominant Florentine parties and the Whigs and Tories of Great Britain; and he compares the commercial and manufacturing growth of Florence with that of England. But these affinities extend still further, and history repeats itself more in detail. The American reader especially will be struck with the counterparts, both in the struggle of parties and the exigencies of public affairs, between the first centuries of the Tuscan Commonwealth and the recent experiences of his own country. There is the same great division, sometimes latent, but always at work, of radicals and conservatives; the same bitter injustice born of political animosity; the same traditional tactics; the same encroachments of politicians upon the domain of statesmanship; the same disastrous interference of the civil authority with military movements; even the identical abuses of bounty-brokerage, and lapses of patriotic disinterestedness in the blind egotism of party zeal, redeemed at the critical moment by the noble uprising of the people. Ambition and civic self-assertion, as a motive, were the same in mediæval and in modern times; and the political philosophy of the Florentine democratic artisan, six centuries ago, may be given in the language of the English radical workman to-day:—

“It isn’t a man’s share just to mind your pin-making or your glass-blowing, and higgle about your own wages, and bring up your family to be ignorant sons of ignorant fathers, and no better prospect: that’s a slave’s share. We want a freeman’s share; and that is to think and speak and act about what concerns us all, and see whether these fine gentlemen who undertake to govern us are doing the best they can for us.” *

Curiously similar also is the resort to factitious expedients in the vain attempt to remedy vital errors of polity and principle,—tinkering constitutions, modifying official tenures, as if nominal could secure real reforms. Podestas, priors, councils of eight and ten, of peace and war, captains of the people and of parties, the fearful *ordini della Giustizia*, every

* Felix Holt the Radical.

function and form of rule, had the same difficulties to contend with, the same intricate problem to solve; and it was only when intelligent patriotism gained the ascendancy that the suicidal career of unscrupulous faction was checked. But, like an insidious and deadly virus, this latter bane and blight infected the body politic, until the pure and primitive aspirations for freedom waned; and, despite her great financial resources, credit abroad, and prosperity at home, the free burghers of Florence became the vassals of a family whose wealth, astuteness, and despotic instincts were embellished, but unredeemed, by lavish patronage of Art and Letters that sustained the prestige of Florence in peerless distinction long after the eclipse of her political independence.

ART. IV.—LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WORKS OF MADAME SWETCHINE.

1. *Madame Swetchine, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Publiées par M. LE COMTE DE FALLOUX. 2 vol. in-12.
2. *Lettres de Madame Swetchine.* Publiées par M. LE COMTE DE FALLOUX. 2 vol. in-8.
3. *Madame Swetchine, Journal de sa Conversion, Méditations et Prières.* 1 vol. in-12.
4. *Correspondance du R. P. Lacordaire et de Madame Swetchine.* Publiées par M. LE COMTE DE FALLOUX. 1 vol. in-8.
5. *Lettres Inédites de Madame Swetchine.* Publiées par M. LE COMTE DE FALLOUX. 1 vol. in-8.

To those who have a taste for it, there is no study which in importance or in interest can compare with the direct study of human nature and human experience, as illustrated by individual examples. If the students are curious as to the secrets of greatness, and themselves emulous of excellence, the attraction of the study is much enhanced when it deals with persons of extraordinary powers and careers. It then

becomes fascinating. Beautiful and noble souls can find nothing so charming as a beautiful and noble soul.

In range, exaltation, and refinement of character, Madame Swetchine towers imposingly above the crowded mediocrities of her century. Such were the energy and co-ordination of her faculties, the richness of her acquisitions, the gracious dignity of her manners, the devotedness of her life, and the perfection of her ideal, that she would have been an exceptional figure in any society of any age; and, in ours, she appears unique. She was remarkable alike for the comprehensiveness and intensity of her nature, the height of her aims, the wisdom of her thoughts and conduct, the great impression she made on those about her, the exquisite precision of her knowledge of the human heart, and the serene self-possession and worldly detachment to which she attained. Her trials were severe, her experience was profound, her spirit was saintly. The struggles and continuous victory of her life and death furnish a model marked by as few flaws as are to be discerned in almost any of those whom we rank among the choicest specimens of our kind. Through her social charm and distinction, the published productions of her pen, and the unstinted influence of her many illustrious friends, she has already entered on the inheritance of an enviable fame. We now ask the reader to accompany us in a brief study of the career and the characteristics of this admirable woman.

Sophie Soymonof, descended from an ancestry of moderate rank, but distinguished for taste and achievements both in letters and arms, was born in Moscow, in the year 1782. Her father was soon afterwards called, as secretary to Catherine the Second, to occupy apartments in the imperial palace. Thus familiarized with the proudest scenes of Moscow and St. Petersburg, the earliest impressions of the Russian maiden were naturally associated with the grandest memories and hopes of her native land. Her father, delighted with her rapid development, assiduously devoted himself to her education. She manifested equal aptitude for languages, music, drawing, and designing. From a very early age, she showed

great originality and force of character. In her eighth year, she ardently desired a watch, and her father promised her one. With feverish excitement she awaited the day. Receiving the watch, and bearing it away in transports of joy, the thought suddenly struck her, that there was one thing which would be more beautiful than the watch; namely, to make a voluntary sacrifice of it. She immediately returned the long-coveted prize to her father, avowing the motive of her determination. Fixing a penetrating look on her, he took it and locked it up without a word. The little girl, growing up amidst pictures, medals, bronzes, and marbles, was familiar with the chief personages of fable and history; but she experienced an insuperable repugnance to a collection of mummies which her father kept in a cabinet. Blushing at her weakness, she resolved to overcome it. One day she opened the door, seized the nearest mummy, and clasped it to her bosom. The shock was so extreme that she fainted. Her father, hearing the fall, rushed in, and learned how bravely she had purchased the victory over her terror; for, from that time, the mummies were nothing more to her than objects of curiosity.

The imaginative and affectionate Sophie retained her attachment to dolls beyond the years of childhood. She formed romantic friendships with them, gave them names, animated them with intellectual and moral interests, assigned them parts in dialogues and plays. A vast gallery, full of gilding and chandeliers, adjoined the parlor of her father; and this she was frequently allowed to illuminate, and use as a theatre for her puppets. After passing her sixtieth year, she thus referred to these early days: "The vivid pleasure with which I used to enter into these little dramas, the ardor with which I made designs, prepared transparencies and painted them, invented emblems and devices, was incredible. My heart beat with rapture during the preparations; but an unutterable, devouring melancholy filled me when the lights began to go out. God, the world, entire Christianity, already dawn in the soul of a child; and never since has any form of the *Sic transit gloria mundi* burdened me with so profound a sadness."

When Paul, the half-mad Czar, espoused the Princess Marie de Wurtemburg, Sophie Soymonof, then in her sixteenth year, and distinguished for her accomplishments, was chosen maid of honor to the new empress. Marie was endowed with rare beauty, and surrounded by seductions and difficulties; but she set such an example of amiable and solid virtue in her lofty place, that calumny never assailed her. A strong affection, based on mutual esteem and tenderness, sprang up between the empress and her maid. This affection was never interrupted nor chilled. The fury and puerility, the monstrous pride and jealousy of Paul, made him constantly quarrel with those who were brought into close relations with him. The empress alone triumphed over his outbursts, by dint of unfailing sweetness, modesty, and patience. She smilingly submitted to the capricious exactions, distasteful exercises, and excessive fatigues he imposed. However bitter her sufferings, the serenity of her soul was never visibly altered. But, in sympathizing with the hardships of her kind mistress, Sophie early learned to penetrate the secret of noisy pomp and hidden woes, glittering prosperity and silent tears.

Under this salutary protection, these stimulating auspices, she reached her seventeenth year. The copious force with which her constitution was supplied, made constant labors a resource, solace, and pleasure to her. She spoke Russian, Italian, English, and French with ease and purity; German with care; and had studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Her colored drawings would have done honor to a professional artist. Her voice, full, sonorous, flexible, of rare compass, was familiarized with the learned and affecting harmonies of the North, as well as with the brilliant melodies of Italy. She was not beautiful; but her features, gesture, and accent had a sympathetic charm that was indefinable. Her small, slightly irregular blue eyes were animated and benevolent; her nose had the Calmuck point; her complexion was of extreme clearness, her figure tall, her bearing easy and gracious, her least words and motions stamped with delicacy and distinction.

Secretary Soymonof, aware of the precarious tenure by which the dependents of the court held their prosperity, was

anxious to secure for his daughter a trustworthy protector, and a handsome position in the future. He cast his eyes on his personal friend, General Swetchine, a man of an imposing aspect, a firm character, a just and calm spirit, who had had an honorable career, and was held in high consideration. Sophie accepted, with her usual deference to her father's wishes, the husband thus chosen, although he was twenty-five years older than herself. It cost her many a secret pang; for she was already in love with a young man of noble birth and fortune, with rare qualities of mind and a brilliant destiny. She knew that her affection was reciprocated. But, from a sense of filial duty, she silently renounced him; and, when he in turn resigned himself to another marriage, she became the warm and steadfast friend of his wife. This painful renunciation, in the introspective reflection, and the dissolution of romantic dreams to which it led, was the first of those earthly disenchantments which, shattering and darkening the empire of social ambition, transferred her interest from material pleasures and hopes to the imperturbable satisfactions of religion.

The second blow quickly followed. Only a few days after that marriage which her father thought promised so much security and consolation to his old age, the Emperor Paul, in a cruel whim, suddenly banished him from Petersburg. Retiring to Moscow, the galling sense of his disgrace, the separation from his darling daughter, together with a frigid reception by a friend on whom he had especially relied, plunged him into the deepest grief. A terrible attack of apoplexy swept him away. At the dire announcement, Madame Swetchine sunk on her knees; and, in the spiritual solitude, unable any more to lean on her father, turned with irrepressible need and effusion to God.

General Swetchine was made military commandant and governor of St. Petersburg. At the head of a splendid establishment, his young wife found herself in the highest circle of the most brilliant society in Europe; for at that time the Revolution had banished the noblest families of France, and their headquarters were in the Russian capital.

Madame Swetchine always possessed, in remarkable union, an earnest desire for action and companionship, and a strong taste for solitude and meditation. She managed her life so skilfully, that both these inclinations were largely gratified. With many of the most high-toned and accomplished persons whom she met, both of the Russian nobility and the French emigrants, she formed earnest and lasting relations of mind and heart. The most refined, pronounced, and impressive characters in St. Petersburg, between the years 1800 and 1815, were embraced in her friendships. Her leisure hours were scrupulously and eagerly devoted to self-improvement. She engaged in a wide range of literary, historic, and philosophical studies; making copious extracts from the books she read, patiently reflecting on the subjects, and setting down independent comments. The progress she made was rapid, and soon rendered her a notable woman. The volumes of the extracts and notes she made, formed at last a huge collection. It is interesting to trace in them, how naturally her mind was drawn to the highest ranges of inquiry, the most important and difficult topics, the most celebrated and stimulative works. She seems to have been interested, above all, in whatever pertains to the affections, to the intercourse of society, to the most exalted and contrasted styles of human character, to the most valuable and elusive secrets of human experience. Such quotations as the following are frequent in her earlier volumes: "To receive a visit is to run a risk."—"Conversation is an arena in which one ought to conquer by his own swiftness, never by arresting his adversary with golden apples."—"A gibbet is a flattery of the human race: from time to time, three or four persons are hung, that the rest may believe themselves honest people."—"The man most inferior to us, in general, is superior to us in some point: we should talk with him on that point."—"An expressionless face is a face deaf and dumb by birth."—"A friendship would still be young after an age: a passion is already old after three months."

One day, in the year 1800, the passionate Czar ordered General Swetchine to execute a cruel sentence on a colonel who in some way had given him offence. The general went

to the review-field; and, advancing to the condemned officer, who was already stripped even to his sash, said to him, "Resume your sword, and quit Petersburg this instant: the emperor pardons you." Then, returning to the palace, he went into the emperor's apartment, and said, "Sire, I bring you my head. I have not fulfilled your majesty's orders. The colonel is free; I have given him honor and life: have me punished in his stead." The emperor seized him by the arm, hesitated a little, and said, "You have done well; but never let this be known in Petersburg." A short time elapsed, when Paul, full of lugubrious visions and suspicions, disgraced General Swetchine by removing him from his office. But this official dismission did not entail banishment, and was followed by no loss of social caste. The general and his exemplary wife continued to live amidst their numerous friends as happily as before. The interchange of literary and philosophic ideas shared the hours in their attractive parlor with the revolutionary and re-actionary politics of the time. The profound attachments, stamped with reverence and the rarest truthfulness, which in those years united many admirable persons with Madame Swetchine, were frequently reporting themselves, under far other circumstances, in a distant land, half a century later.

On the accession of Alexander to the Russian throne, with his romantic sensibility and liberal ideas, a sense of freedom was felt; a fermentation of generous thoughts and hopes began; the whole state of things about the court underwent a change equivalent to a renewal of the atmosphere or an alteration of climate. The particular friends of the Swetchines were those most in the favor of the new sovereign. Had the general wished it, he might easily have re-entered his public career: but he was devoid of ambition; and the ardor and energy belonging to the character of his wife lavished themselves on her moral life, and were not in accord with the pomps and servitudes of official grandeur. Her only tie to the court was an unabated attachment to her former mistress, the Empress Marie, widow of Paul, who in her retirement, surrounded by a costly library, devoted herself to

serious studies and to philanthropic and religious works. The Empress Elizabeth joined her imperial mother-in-law in these tasks of piety and beneficence,—the relief of the necessitous, the patronage of educational institutions, the endowment of charitable foundations, the inspection and oversight of monastic retreats. Madame Swetchine, to whose inextinguishable thirst for aiding and loving, visits to the poor, and other positive deeds of service, were as daily bread, not only offered her prompt tribute to these acts, but soon rose from the position of simple co-operation to that of authoritative direction. When a national society was formed, during Napoleon's invasion of Russia, to relieve the sufferers by the war, she was placed at the head of it. It is obvious that the same devotedness to the good of others, struggling against bad health and a swarm of pre-occupations and solicitudes; the same rare combination of winsome ways and solid merits which lent such beauty and dignity to her maturity and her old age,—also characterized her youth, gave unity to the various periods of her existence, always clothing her with extreme interest and giving her an extraordinary influence.

Madame Swetchine had an only sister, ten years younger than herself, of whom, after the early death of their mother, she was the assiduous and loving guardian. This dear sister she never parted with, until the date of her happy marriage with the Prince Gargarin. The love and care she lavished on her orphan sister rather excited than appeased her maternal instinct; and, when it befell the general to form a strong attachment to a young girl named Nadine Staeline, she gladly joined with him in adopting her as their own. Within a few years, the Princess Gargarin had five boys, the first two of whom were the objects of Madame Swetchine's especial predilection, though she tenderly loved them all. "The whole five," she said, "are my nephews; but the first two are my own children." The sisters occupied a common residence, during the summer, on an island of the Neva. The aunt mingled in the lessons and the sports of the little troop, and watched the growth of their intelligence with a fond joy. They, in turn, confounded her with their mother, and bore

impatiently any thing that separated them from her. To gratify her passion for study, she was forced to lock herself in her room. Then the boys would gather in a mob before the door, with their noisiest playthings, and keep up the loudest possible hubbub, until they obliged her to lay aside her book and pen. Sometimes she kept inflexibly at her occupation. More frequently she opened the door; then it would burst the obstreperous and happy little army, sure of being received, not only without reproaches, but with smiles and caresses.

In 1803, the celebrated Count Joseph de Maistre was accredited from France to the Russian court. He was then about fifty, a man of pure life, rare genius, and fervent enthusiasm; familiar with the world, with the human heart, and with the loftiest ranges of sentiment and learning. His zeal for the Catholic Church was extreme. Madame Swetchine, at this time, without being at all a devotee, was a sincere member of the Greek Church. She was already familiar with the great minds of all ages and lands; and, at this particular period, was earnestly studying modern philosophical controversies, comparing the ideas of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel with those of Descartes, Pascal, and Leibnitz. Despite the difference in their points of view, and the many other contrasts between them, these two remarkable persons — the thoroughly trained master, in whom the gifts of knowledge, eloquence, faith, and finesse, were accumulated; and the meditative, earnest, consecrated young woman of twenty-one — had no sooner met than they felt the parity and harmony of their souls. They formed an exalted friendship, full of solace and happiness to them both; a friendship charged with the most important results on the destiny of the woman, since it led to her conversion from the Greek Church to the Catholic, and gave a deep religious inspiration and stamp to her entire subsequent life. Such minds have a thousand lofty topics of common interest to talk of; and they frequently visited each other, exchanging thoughts with ever-deepening confidence and esteem. "The cold countenance of the Count de Maistre," Madame Swetchine writes to her

dearest female friend, "conceals a soul of profound sensibility. Without praising me, he often says pleasing things to me." At another time, she humorously writes to the same friend: "The Princess Alexis and I have been to spend an evening at the house of the Count de Maistre. From deference to the duties of hospitality, he would not suffer himself a single moment of sleep. He rose with the palm of victory out of this terrible struggle of nature and politeness; but who can tell at what a cost?" She said that great griefs had purified his ambition, and lent a strange interest to him, elevating and aggrandizing his character. He set an extreme value on her friendship; and wrote to her, that he should never spare any pains to preserve in its integrity what he felt was an infinite honor to him. He wrote to his friend, the Viscount de Bonald, that he had never seen so much moral strength, talent, and culture, joined with so much sweetness of disposition, as in Madame Swetchine. On their separation, by a residence in different countries, De Maistre gave her a magnificent portrait of himself, on the frame of which he had written four verses, adjuring the happy image, in answer to the call of awaiting friendship, to fly and take its place where the original would so gladly be. This portrait she kept prominently hung in her parlor as long as she lived. In one of his letters to her, he writes: "My thought will always go out to seek you: my heart will always feel the worth of yours." The memory of this first great friend continued to hover over her life to the end. In her last days, generously offended by what she thought the unjust strokes in the portraiture of De Maistre, presented by Lamartine in his "Confidences," she took up her pen in refutation, and wielded it with telling effect. This eloquent vindication of her old friend, when he had been dead nearly forty years, was one of her latest acts, and truly characteristic of her tenacious fidelity of affection.

The enthusiasm shown by the Count de Maistre for the Roman Catholic Church awakened a deep interest in Madame Swetchine. This interest was greatly enhanced by the admirable examples of piety and charity set before her in the

lives of several of the French exiles in St. Petersburg, with whom she had contracted friendships. Especially was she impressed and attracted by the amiable virtues of the Princess de Tarente, the devout elevation of her character, and the triumphant sanctity of her death. The minute rule of spiritual life used by this pious woman, prepared for her by the Bishop of Boulogne, Madame Swetchine copied in a little book, for her own edification. Her ardent friend, the Princess Alexis Galitzin, who had already become a Catholic, composed a prayer, supplicating the same grace for her; and repeated this prayer daily for five years. Under these circumstances, and also impelled by strong inner movements, Madame Swetchine at length resolved to make a deliberate examination of the claims of the Roman Church, and to come to a settled conclusion. Providing herself with an appropriate library, accompanied only by her adopted daughter Nadine, in the summer of 1815, she withdrew to a lonely and picturesque estate, situated on the borders of the Gulf of Finland. Here, through the days and nights of six months, she plunged into the most laborious researches, historical and argumentative. The result was, that she became convinced of the apostolic authority of the Roman primacy; and, repudiating the schismatic Greek Church, avowed herself a Catholic. Soon after this conversion, the Jesuits were ordered to leave Russia. Indignant at an order which she regarded as so unjust, she openly identified herself with the cause of these calumniated and proscribed missionaries. The machinations of the political enemies of General Swetchine, at this time, had made his situation disagreeable to him; and, when he saw those enemies gaining credit, his pride took offence, and he determined to leave the country. Madame Swetchine's passion for travel and observation combined with her new religious faith to make this removal less unwelcome than it would otherwise have been.

The close of the year 1816 found her established in Paris, where, with the exceptions of a year in Russia and a couple of years in Italy, she was to reside until her death. The Bourbon nobility, now recalled to France and reinstated in

power, repaid the generous kindness she had shown them in St. Petersburg, by giving her a hearty welcome and lavish attentions and affection on her. Her deep interest in charitable institutions soon brought her into intimate and most cordial relations with De Gérando. Baron Humboldt and the Count Pozzo di Borgo, among the earliest to become her friends, were assiduous visitors at her house; and, in the salon of the brilliant Duchess de Duras, where she was quickly appreciated and made to feel at home, she became acquainted with the most interesting and commanding minds of France at that time,—such as Chateaubriand, Rémusat, Cuvier, Montmorency, Villemain, Barante. These persons have all testified in turn to the great impression her character made on them. The Duchess de Duras one day invited Madame Swetchine to meet Madame de Staël at a small and select dinner-party. Madame Swetchine, always modest, scarcely broke silence during the repast, timidly lifting her eyes upon the illustrious woman set face to face with her. When the dinner was ended, Madame de Staël advanced towards her, and said, “They have told me that you desired to make my acquaintance: have they deceived me?”—“Certainly not, madame; but it is always the king who speaks first.”

The salon which Madame Swetchine opened in the Rue Saint-Dominique was one of the powers of Paris for over forty years. Here she drew around her all that was most select, most distinguished, most exalted, in Catholic France; and subdued all by the holy dignity of her character, the authority of her wisdom, the sweetness of her spirit, and the charm of her manners. In the homage she inspired, the favors she distributed, and the tributes she received, she was truly a queen. Her days were divided into parts, observed with strict uniformity. She reserved the morning to herself, hearing mass and visiting the poor until eight o'clock, then returning home and closing her door until three. From three to six she received company; secluded herself from six to nine; and welcomed her friends again from nine until midnight. Her salon, if not so famous, soon became as in-

fluent and fascinating to its frequenters as that of Madame Récamier. Unlike as they were, they have often been compared. The Récamier salon, with its slightly intoxicating perfume of elegance, was infinitely more easy, more agreeable; the Swetchine salon, with its bracing atmosphere of sanctity, was more earnest, more religious. Though personal nobleness was honored in both, polished fashion predominated in one, devout principle in the other. The presiding genius of the former was the perfection of the best spirit of the world; the presiding genius of the latter was the perfection of the best spirit of the Catholic Church. The guests of Madame Récamier went to the Abbaye-au-Bois to please and to be pleased, to exchange eloquent thoughts, breathe chivalrous sentiments, and enjoy an exquisite grace of politeness never surpassed. The guests of Madame Swetchine went to the Rue Saint-Dominique to take counsel on the affairs of the higher politics, the interests of the nation, and the welfare of the Church; to enjoy a community of faith and aspiration, to refresh their best purposes, and learn how more effectively to serve the great ends to which they were pledged. There, liberty of opinion and speech was unlimited, and a refined complacency aimed at; here, loyalty to certain foregone principles and institutions was expected, and a tacit spiritual direction maintained: but in both were found the same delightful moderation and repose and gracious forbearance, the same reconciling skill, and indescribable art of ruling and leading while appearing to obey and follow.

These illustrious women were perhaps equal in the interest they awakened, and the sway they exercised over their friends; but there was a great difference in the secret of the charm they severally possessed. There is nothing more disagreeable in a companion than pre-occupation, if it be pre-occupation with self; nothing more fascinating, if it be pre-occupation with you, or with something of universal authority and attraction. The spell of Madame Récamier lay in her irresistible personal beauty, grace, and graciousness; that of Madame Swetchine, in her unquestionable greatness and goodness and simplicity. Each was marvellously self-detached and kind

to everybody. But Madame Récamier was an unoccupied mirror, ready to reflect upon you what you brought before it; Madame Swetchine, a mirror pre-occupied with the lovely and authoritative forms of virtue, wisdom, and piety. The former personally enchanted and captivated all; the latter caused all to bow with herself before a common sovereignty. The one was the fairest model of nature; the other, a representative of supernatural realities.

It is extremely interesting to trace the effect of these remarkable personalities on each other. When Madame Swetchine visited Rome, at the age of forty-two, her mind was somewhat imbued with prejudices against Madame Récamier, whom she had never seen, and who was then tarrying there. Madame Récamier was forty-seven years old, with a reputation unsullied by a breath, and a beauty which was remarkable even twenty years afterwards. The manner in which Madame Swetchine speaks of her, in a letter to Madame de Montcalm, forms the least satisfactory passage we remember in all her correspondence:—

“Madame Récamier seems sincerely to prefer a secluded life. It is fortunate, her beauty and celebrity being on the decline: ruins make little sensation in a country of ruins. It seems that to be drawn to her one must know her more; and, after such brilliant successes, certainly nothing can be more flattering than to reckon almost as many friends as formerly lovers. Perhaps, however,—not that I would detract from her merit,—had she but once loved, the number would have been sensibly diminished.”

It is charming to see, in the rich, eloquent letter which Madame Swetchine wrote to Madame Récamier, soon after their first interview, how quickly these prejudices were dispelled on personal contact, and replaced by an earnest attachment:—

“I have yielded to the penetrating, indefinable charm with which you enthrall even those for whom you do not yourself care. It seems as if we had passed a long time together, and had many memories in common. This would be inexplicable, did not certain sentiments have a little of eternity in them. One should say, that, when souls

touch, they put off all the poor conditions of earth; and, happier and freer, already obey the laws of a better world."

The reciprocation of this interest is shown by the fact, that Madame Récamier urgently besought Madame Swetchine to make her residence in the same house with her, the Abbaye-au-Bois; which she would probably have done, had it not been for the objections of General Swetchine.

The open secret of the wonderful influence Madame Swetchine exerted on all who came in contact with her, of the extreme reverence and love with which they all regarded her, was, therefore, the incomparable power, sincerity, generosity, and gentleness of her character. But to appreciate this truth, and learn the lesson it conveys, we must analyze the case more in detail. The distinguished friend who has written her life says:—

"The most remarkable peculiarity of the character of Madame Swetchine was, that all the qualities, all the virtues, and all the powers were distributed in perfect harmony. She was in the same degree enthusiastic and sensible, because her reason was equal to her imagination: she thought as deeply as she felt. However often a man in mind, she always remained a woman in heart; and her personal abnegation was neither feigned nor studied. As exempt from envy as from ambition, she lived first in others, then in public works; only thought of herself after being occupied with everybody else; and, great as was her dislike of egotism, never needed to rebuke it, because she found such a rich joy in the opposite sentiment. Her disinterestedness reconciled others to her superiority."

Her faith stood so firm in the whirlwind of opinions, that she needed not to bolster it by bigotry. To the friends who once murmured against her too great tolerance, she replied, "Of what use is it to live, if one is never to hear any thing but his own voice?" Her compassion and her patience were unconquerable. Nothing could draw from her the slightest sign of vexation or weariness. One of her constant visitors, for fifteen years, was a woman universally detested for her outrageous temper and her bad manners. The announcement of her name was the signal of dismay and dispersion. But the saintly hostess invariably gave her an affectionate recep-

tion; and to all the attempts made to induce her to cast off the obnoxious guest, she said, with a smile, "What do you wish? All the world avoids her; she is unhappy, and she has only me." This woman died of old age; and, during her last days, Madame Swetchine went often to see her, and passed long hours beside her death-bed.

The face of Madame Swetchine, without being handsome, was remarkably expressive; and the inflections of her singularly rich and strong voice were exactly modulated to every thought and feeling of her soul. Destitute of egotism herself, she showed an invariable tolerance for the egotisms of others, and her management of them was a marvel of magnanimous considerateness and soothing skill. Ardent in study, profound in experience, modest in thought, expansive and gay in friendly intercourse, collected and grave in meditation, exquisite in her perception of artistic beauty and fitness, naturally on a level with every thing lofty, unaffectedly condescending to the timid and humble, tenderly affectionate towards the poor, the afflicted, and the penitent,—no wonder her word was valued, her taste consulted, her advice besought, her friendship reckoned an invaluable boon. Nothing gave her greater attractiveness to her friends than the combination in her of absolute unexactingness for herself, and the most delicate and unfailing regard for their feelings and interests. The unrestrained frankness of her affection, the intimate confidences she imparted, the noble grounds she assumed to be common to them and her, the tender compliments she was ever paying them with all the skill of a sincere heart, were irresistible. She writes to the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld: "Reply to all my inquiries; especially speak to me of yourself. I long to be relieved from the punishment of your reserve." Some persons would deal with souls as carelessly as if they were pieces of mechanism; handle hearts as they would handle groceries. Madame Swetchine was unable to contemplate without awe, treat without scrupulous delicacy, a human spirit seeking to open and show itself to her as it was in the eyes of God.

In addition to all this, she had an amazing knowledge of

the mysteries of human nature, the experience of human life. She said she had traversed the whole circle of passions and affections, and was a true doctor of that law. "Reading in my own heart, I have learned to understand the hearts of others: the single knowledge of myself has given me the key of those innumerable enigmas called men." She avowed herself an instinctive disciple of Lavater, and said, "The expression of the face is the accent of the figure." Her biographer says that her insight amounted almost to divination. A word, a gesture, a look, a silence, hardly noticed by others, was to her a complete revelation. She had the science of souls, as physicists have the science of bodies. While the ordinary man sees in a plant merely its color or its outline, the botanist discerns, at first sight, all its specific attributes. Such was the power of Madame Swetchine: one lineament, one trait, enabled her to recognize and reconstruct a whole character. There is no luxury greater than that of unveiling our inmost souls where we are sure of meeting a superior intelligence, invincible charity, generous sympathy, and needed support and guidance. All this was certain to be found in Madame Swetchine. She had no rivalry, no envy, no desire to eclipse any one, no bigotry or asperity; and the aged, the mature, and the youthful alike came with grateful pleasure under her empire. Women, usually little accessible to the influence of another woman, were full of trust and docility towards her. Loving solitude, plunging into metaphysics as into a bath, she yet took great delight in the beauty, freshness, playfulness, and hopes of girls just entering society. Her taste in every thing belonging to the toilette was known to be fine and sure: they loved, when in full dress for company, to pass under her eyes; and she deeply enjoyed admiring and praising them, at the same time pointing out any thing ill-judged or excessive. Not unfrequently, the same ones, who in the evening in their glittering array had paused on their way to the ball, would return in the morning and sit with her *tête-à-tête*, in communion on far other and graver matters. Sick and erring hearts showed themselves to her in utter sincerity, while, with unwearied sympathy and adroit

wisdom, she poured on them drop by drop the light, the truth, the life, they needed. No one can tell to how many she was a spiritual mother, her direction all the more welcome and efficacious that she was not a director by profession, but by instinctive charity and constitutional fitness.

Madame Swetchine enjoyed friendships of extraordinary strength and preciousness with the Countess de Nesselrode, the Princess Galitzin, the Countess de Vireu, Madame de Saint Aulaire, the Duchess de Duras, the Marchioness de Lillers, Madame Craven, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, and many other women of noble natures and rich interior lives. The record of their intercourse is an imperial banquet for the mind and heart of the reader. The study of it must make ordinary women sigh for envy and shame over their own cold relations, outward ambition, sterile experience, and suspicious caution. Madame Swetchine writes: "I have long made over all my invested capital to the account of those I love: their welfare, their hopes, are the income on which I live." The Duchess de Duras writes to her: "I love you more than I should have believed it ever would be possible for me to love, after what I have experienced. I believe in you, I who have become so suspicious. I rely on you with entire security, whatever happens." Again she writes, when her friend is absent in Russia: "I miss you every moment. Return, return. Your chamber is ready, and that of Nadine. Come, come, dear friend: life is so short, why lose it thus?" Madame Swetchine held such a high place in the esteem of her friends, because she was so serene, so wise, so steadfast, so kind, so pure, that she soothed and strengthened all who came near her. One of her friends expresses this in saying to her, "No society pleases and agrees with me like yours." She always acted on her own aphorism, "To bear faults, to manage egotisms, is an aim perhaps best accomplished by a skilful dissimulation; but the true ideal is to correct faults and to cure self-love."

But the best example, in a relation with one of her own sex, of that sentiment of friendship which was such a profound need of Madame Swetchine's nature, and which she

experienced so profusely, was her connection with Roxandre Stourdza, a Greek maiden of great beauty and genius, born at Constantinople. Originally brought together at court, when the latter was maid of honor to the Empress Elizabeth, they formed an enthusiastic attachment, which largely constituted the richness, consolation, and joy of their lives, for half a century. The monument of it preserved in their correspondence possesses extreme interest and value, and must secure for it a prominent place among the few historic friendships of women. The oriental Roxandre was the object of an admiration truly romantic from her friend, who seemed always to see her seated on an ideal throne, and to address her as some queen of Trebizonde. Sainte-Beuve says, the refined and exalted affection between these two young persons, living in the artificial world of the Russian court, and each throwing back, in her own way, the mystic influences derived from the sky of Alexandria, affects him as the exciting perfume exhaled by two rare plants nourished in a hot-house. It is unimaginable what lofty, exquisite, and mysterious sentiments they exchange. Their naked souls and minds, with all their workings, are visible in these ingenuous and crowded letters, as in a glass hive we can study the industry of bees. Sainte-Beuve affirms, that the later difference in their religion, the Countess Edling always remaining in the Greek communion, Madame Swetchine becoming a zealous Catholic, finally made ice between them; and that, when the countess came to Paris to visit her old friend, she complained of finding coldness and reserve. Probably there was something in this, but not much. The friendship will be best revealed by citing, from the parties themselves, some of its characteristic expressions.

The letters of Roxandre have not been published; but, in those of Sophie, both souls are clearly reflected. For, as M. de Falloux says, Madame Swetchine never used hackneyed language, never repeated for one what she had first thought for another. She placed herself, with a skill, or rather a condescension, truly marvellous, at the point of view of those with whom she conversed; and she would never have so easily ended by bringing them to herself, had she not always

begun by going to them. This habit was so familiar, this movement so natural to her, that, at the close of every correspondence, we have before our eyes the physiognomy of the correspondent as distinctly outlined as the physiognomy of the writer :—

“ Did you believe me, my dear Roxandre, when I mechanically said on leaving you, that I should write to you only after five or six days? I knew not what I said at the time. If you begin to know me a little, you have seen that I could never bear so long a silence. La Bruyère has said, ‘ How difficult it is to be satisfied with any one ! ’ Ah! well, my friend, I am satisfied with you ; and, were it not for my extreme self-distrust which nourishes so many inquietudes, I should be almost tranquil, almost happy, almost reasonable. My friend, this moment I receive your letter: how can I thank you ? Ah ! read my grateful heart ; and sometimes tell me, that you wish to keep it in order that it may become worthy of you.” — “ I feel so deeply the happiness of being loved by you, that you can never cease to love me.” — “ I need to know all your thoughts, to follow all your motions, and can find no other occupation so sweet and so dear.” — “ My heart is so full of you, that, since we parted, I have thought of nothing but writing to you.” — “ I see in your soul as if it were my own.” — “ Dear Roxandre, you are every way a privileged being: you unite the advantages of the most opposed characters without any of their inconveniences.” — “ My attachment for you will without doubt be a consolation; but that word, when not unmeaning, is so sad that I desire my friendship to fulfil higher offices. I often envy characters whose impressions are slight and transient. The sponge passes across the slate, and nothing is left. Perhaps such a nature best agrees with man, whose pleasures are for a moment, his pains for a life. Adieu, my friend ! How many times already that word has filled my heart with grief ! Take good care of yourself, hasten to God ; and, when the struggle is too severe, beseech grace instead of combating.” — “ It seems to me that souls seek each other in the chaos of this world, like elements of the same nature tending to re-unite. They touch, they feel themselves tallied ; confidence is established without an assignable cause. Reason and reflection following, and fixing the seal of their approval on the union, think they have done it all, as subaltern ministers regard the transactions of their masters nothing until they have been permitted to sign their names at the bottom. I fear no misunderstanding with you ; and my gratitude alone can equal the perfect security with which you inspire me.” —

"When near you, I breathe the atmosphere of calmness and depth which agrees with me: although I have not the rages of king Saul, there is in the sound of your voice something, I know not what, that reminds me of the effect of the harp of David." — "Never was there a goodness more compassionate and penetrating than yours. Yours are the words that seek pain at the bottom of the soul in order to soothe it. How well you possess that divine dexterity which applies balm to wounds almost without touching them!" — "My friend, I have met nothing sweeter, more consoling to love, than you. The admirable simplicity of your character, its steadiness, its frankness, have a charm which more than attracts: it fixes." — "We must carry untouched to the gates of eternity the deposit each has confided to the other."

The above extracts give some idea of the warmth and preciousness of the surpassing friendship, but no idea of the high and varied range of intellectual and religious interests that entered into it. "I always," Madame Swetchine writes, "have your little ring on my finger. This symbol, fragile as all symbols, will outlive me; but I grieve not for that, since I am sure that the sentiment which makes me prize it so highly will survive it in turn." The two friends often indulged the sweet dream of passing their last years together, preparing each other for the passage equally dreaded and desired, advancing arm in arm and heart in heart towards the unknown. The dream was not destined for fulfilment. But Madame Swetchine had the great joy of seeing her favorite nephew — one of the Gargarin boys she loved so fondly in their childhood — married to Marie Stourdza, the niece and sole heiress of her friend. The only words we have seen from Roxandre herself are worthy of the eulogies paid her, and would seem to justify the highest estimate of her character. They are these: "May we all contribute, by our life and our death, to the great thought of God, the re-establishment of order and of truth among men!"

Among the wretched children of misfortune loved and aided by the saintly charity of Madame Swetchine, she was especially drawn to the solacement of deaf mutes. She keenly felt the sadness and danger consequent on this cruel infirmity. She took, as her own maid, a poor deaf mute named Parisse, whose

temper was so bad that she was scarcely tolerated by any one. She found a charm in taking her walks with this still companion, to whom it was not necessary to speak, and who was not humiliated in keeping silence. "With Parisse," she said, "I can believe myself alone, and have a needed arm to support me, and an aid which does not encroach on my liberty." Thus she loved to appear the obliged party rather than the benefactress. The haughty and quarrelsome Parisse often put on the grand airs of an outraged queen. When the other servants were battling with her, Madame Swetchine would go among them and say, "I love you all, but know that every one shall go before Parisse: she is the most unfortunate, and much should be excused in her." After enduring almost every thing, she succeeded, by her imperturbable sweetness and firmness, in winning the poor girl to a peaceful and amiable behavior. Parisse worshipped her mistress, and had the joy one day of being represented behind her in the likeness engraved by a celebrated artist. They became really attached friends. Is it not touchingly instructive thus to trace the religious ascent of the soul of this noble woman in her friendships, as they successively stoop from the Czarina Marie, to the deaf mute Parisse?

The relations of Madame Swetchine with men furnish as choice an example as those with women. She formed, with a large number of men of rare excellence and accomplishments, ardent and lasting attachments, which were the greatest comfort to herself, and administered invaluable inspiration and happiness to them. Among these, particular mention should be made of her confessor, the pious and venerable Abbé Desjardins; her brother-in-law, Father Gargarin; Moreau; Turquety; Montalembert; and, at a later date, De Tocqueville, who writes to her, "The friendship of such as you are, imposes obligations." She was one of those few natures able to forget themselves, take an enthusiastic interest in others, and devote unwearied pains to further their interests, sympathize and aid in their pursuits, calm, refine, enrich, and bless their souls. She sustained the ideal standards, and raised the self-respect, of every one who enjoyed the honor of her re-

gard. Accordingly, no noble man could be intimate with her without grateful and affectionate veneration. M. de Maistre said of her, "More loyalty, intellect, and learning were never seen joined to so much goodness." The Viscount de Bonald said, "She is a friend worthy of you; and one of the best heads I have ever met, effect or cause of the most excellent qualities of the heart with which a mortal can be endowed." The poet Turquety sent her an exquisite poem, descriptive of herself and of his feelings towards her. She wrote in reply, "Before thanking you, I have thanked God for giving your heart such an impression of me, unworthy of it as I am. The illusion which arises from affection is another grace, I had almost said another virtue. Your accent has a persuasive sincerity; and faith, when it is vivid, believes in miracles." And then she thus delicately indicates her objection to the publication of the verses: "I condemn this charming flower to enchant only my solitude; but this is the better to gather its fragrance, and it will survive me."

An invaluable friendship also existed between Madame Swetchine and Alexander the Emperor of Russia, one of the most interesting and romantic characters of modern time, of whom she said to Roxandre Stourdza, "Already above other men by his glory, by the influence of religion he will be above himself." When the famous mystical Madame de Krüdener appealed to him, in the name of virtue and of religion, to be true to his own better nature, he burst into tears, and hid his face in his hands. As she paused apologetically, he exclaimed, "Speak on, speak on: your voice is music to my soul." She obtained a great and holy influence over him. He had likewise an enthusiastic attachment for Napoleon, and he called them respectively his *white angel* and his *black angel*. His sensibility to all generous sentiments, all thoughts of poetic height and richness, was extraordinarily tender and expansive. He was often known in the overwhelming re-action of his emotions, convulsed with tears, to leap into his carriage alone, and drive out into the solitary country or forest. Such were the exalted traits of his character and his many beautiful deeds, that Madame

Swetchine felt her natural relations of duty and submission transmuted into those of vivid admiration and devotion. "I fully sympathize," she writes to her earliest bosom-friend, "with the vivacity of your admiration for our dear emperor. What a happiness to be able to eulogize with truth! Let us hope we are in the aurora of a most beautiful day for Russia. How pleased I am at having always seen in his soul that which this day shows itself with a glory so fair and so pure! He is a true hero of humanity. He seems in his conduct to realize all my dreams of moral dignity; and I find, at last, in this union of religious sentiments and liberal ideas, the long-sought resemblance of the type I carry in my mind, and which has hitherto been qualified as fantastic,—the creation of a too sanguine imagination. In him we see, that, even on the throne, in the wild tumult of all interests, of all passions, one can remain man, Christian, philosopher; pursue the wisest and most generous plans; and carry into his actions every thing that is beautiful, from the highest justice to the most touching modesty."

Alexander testified his respect and regret, when Madame Swetchine departed to reside in Paris, by asking her to be his correspondent. The correspondence was continued until his death, ten years afterwards. The Emperor Nicholas, on his accession, restored to Madame Swetchine all her letters; and she allowed an eminent statesman, in 1845, to read the whole collection. After her death, no trace of it was to be found among her papers. It must possess an intense interest; and it is to be hoped that it still exists, and may yet one day see the light.

Perhaps the most intimate and truly devoted of all the friends of Madame Swetchine was that accomplished member of the French Academy whose biographic and editorial labors have erected such an attractive and perdurable monument to her memory, the Count Alfred de Falloux. The soul of reverence, gratitude, and love exhales in his sentences when he writes of her. After describing what "she was to all who had the inexpressible happiness of knowing her," he adds, "and this she will now be to all who shall read her;

and death will but give to her words one consecration more." But the modesty of M. de Falloux has not given the public her letters to him, and has kept his personal relations with her much in the background. We are left to guess what the measure and the activity of their friendship were from indirect indications.

On the whole,—possibly because of the editor's reticence as to himself,—we are left to believe, that the one chief friend who held the pre-eminent place in the heart of Madame Swetchine, during the last twenty-five years of her life, was Father Lacordaire, the illustrious Catholic preacher. A complete picture of this wise, pure, ardent, and unfaltering friendship is shown in the letters of the two parties, gathered in an octavo volume of nearly six hundred pages. We know not, in all the annals of human affection, where to find the account of a friendship between a man and a woman more spotless, more blessed, more morally satisfying, than this. The volume which preserves and exhibits it will be found by all who are duly interested in the psychology and experience of persons so extraordinary, both for their genius and power in society, and for the quantity and quality of their inner life,—full, not less of solid instruction than of romantic interest. The inner life of Madame Swetchine was a sacred epic; the outer career of Lacordaire, an electrifying drama. This double interest of a private, spiritual ascent, and of a chivalrous gallantry in the thick of battle, is clearly unfolded in the book before us. It would be grateful to our feelings, useful for our readers, to dwell on this part of our subject through many pages; but the narrowing space compels us to hurry to a close.

Madame Swetchine was endowed from birth with the material, the physiological conditions, for a great and original character,—force competent to the finest and the grandest things, with an over-bias of that force to the brain. For long periods, she was compelled to walk in her chamber from seven to eight hours a day, to avoid intolerable nervous pressures and pains. At sixty-six, she wrote to one of her friends, "My interior life sterilizes itself by reason of superabundance; the too great fulness causes an incessant restlessness. I cannot

give body to the multitude of confused ideas which crowd each other, interweave, and suffocate me for want of articulation." This profuse force, which continued throughout her life, enabled her to achieve an amount of work, and acquire a wealth of knowledge and wisdom, truly astonishing. Her youthful education, with the many difficult accomplishments she mastered, was the first resource for the occupation of her teeming energy. The second was the discharge of her domestic and public duties, with as much discretion and skill as if her sole ambition were to be a faultless housekeeper and member of the social order. The third was friendship, to whose genial duties of visiting and correspondence she devoted herself with a fulness and an ardor as passionate as they were genuine. And yet there remained a surplusage of unappropriated soul, whose vague and constant action distressed her. She entered on an extensive study of literature, history, psychology, and philosophy. Her biographer says, that scarcely an important work on these subjects appeared in Europe for fifty years with whose contents she did not familiarize herself, pen in hand. She interspersed these arduous labors by a systematic application to philanthropic works, personally visiting the sick and the poor, and ministering to their wants. And still her force was unexhausted: she had more faculty and strength longing to be used, and disturbing her with mysterious solicitations; a solitary activity, without alienment; a wheel for ever revolving in a void; a burning ardor, which, in the absence of sufficing affections below, turned upward, and became a subtle mysticism. When practical duty, friendship, literature, philosophy, and charitable deeds had failed to absorb and satisfy her, plainly there was but one resource left,—religion. She entered on the path to God and his fellowship, the sublime way of the life of perfection. She entered on it with an extraordinary capacity for ascending through the various degrees of perception, feeling, and transmutation; and, at the same time, with a power of rational poise which kept her experience of piety from the two extremes of mawkishness and delirium. Such balancing good sense and sobriety, such freedom from every thing morbid or *bizarre*,

combined with so much thoroughness of faith and so much fervor and abandon, we know not where else to find. Some hearts open downward, and send their exciting drench through the body ; hers opened upward, and sent its pure vapor aloft into the mind to wear celestial colors. Her head was a higher heart, playing off intelligence and affection transmuted into each other.

The greatness of Madame Swetchine is shown by the just gradations of her loyalty and devotion to the ascending scale of human interests, the enlarging standards of good and authority. With her, the rank of a motive for determining her conduct depended on the breadth and height of the moral principles represented, and not on the personal closeness of the consequences involved. Among the claims to her love and service, self-regard stood lowest in the estimate of her conscience ; regard for family and friends, higher ; for the nation, higher yet ; for universal truth and right, highest of all. That which merely concerned her own gratification she considered least entitled to command ; that which concerned all humanity, or symbolized God, was clothed with supreme sovereignty in her sight. This is the true order of grandeur in character : those in whom exclusively personal motives are strongest, are the basest men ; those in whom disinterested motives are strongest, — motives graduated in power by the elevation of the intrinsic authority represented, or the extent of the good and evil implicated, — are the noblest men. This is the reason why Madame Swetchine, although a stranger to party spirit or sectarian narrowness, abhorring the yokes of coteries, yet always felt so zealous an interest in the social phenomena of the time, in the leading literature, in the institutions and rulers of the State, in the fortunes of the Church, in the eternal truths of philosophy and religion. Her letter to De Tocqueville, on the intelligent interest women ought to take in the politics of their country, is a paper most masterly in thought and expression. We wish every cultivated woman in America would read this impressive statement of the case, ponder its reasoning, and imbibe its moral tone.

In the charming treatise on "Old Age," from the pen of

Madame Swetchine,—a piece of serene poetry and impassioned wisdom,—a critic complains that she rather transfigures the subject than shows it. But, however much she may have transfigured it in description, in person and experience she has shown it in the most beautiful form of truth of which it is susceptible. Year by year, to the very end, she became ever wiser, calmer, more influential, more honored and beloved, more saintly and content. Her religious abnegation grew perfect; her peace deepened; her active benevolence broadened; her spirit, always genially tolerant, acquired a mellower ripeness. In relation to one of her acquaintances, she says, “The last time I saw him, I was struck by a kind of rigidity, of bitterness, a want of charity in his judgments which injured their justice; for the more I see, the more I am convinced that we must love in order to know.” The detestable Rochefoucauld said, “Old age is the hell of women.” For Madame Swetchine it had much more of paradise, as the rich ardor and impetuosity of her youth slowly moderated, and, by judicious oversight, she trained her powers into harmony among themselves and submission to God. In her earlier years, she was so eager and restless, so avid of knowing and seeing, that she said she would have been delighted to start for India, with no other aim than that of gratifying an insatiable curiosity. In her later years, with a quiet strength of aspiration, she pursued that journey to perfection on whose way, as she said, noble and useful actions are the refreshments, reason the guide, self-contentment the comrade and the goal. So unwearyed was her inspection of the capacities and exposures of her own character, so strict and varied her discipline and culture, that she committed the singular error, at last, of believing that she originally had little force of character, and that nearly all she possessed was acquired. Her persevering toil for perfection was no morbid waste of time and energy in an endless putting over herself, or in sentimental extravagances: it was a rational and conscientious study to outgrow defects, tone down excesses, and improve excellences. Her piety was an assimilating principle, and no exhaling vapor. Early learning that for true and enduring peace we must

overcome all weak compassions for ourselves, and subordinate the desire for sympathy, and the taste for esteem and admiration, she set herself at the task with all the resources of heroic genius. She knew how important it is to avoid "the envious poverty of an exclusive love;" and that "whatever purifies a sentiment, strengthens it." She acquired the rare habit of not allowing her judgments of others to be influenced by their opinions of her. Her definition of heaven became, "To love in peace;" and the habitual impulse of her soul was to lose cares and fears and desires in a sense of the omnipresent God, and an absolute surrender to his providence. Long before, she had said that the saddest of all sights was that of an aged woman deprived of the consideration and respect belonging to a serious life. Now she could say of herself, "I have deserved most of the disappointments I have experienced; yet God has softened them, as if he meant them not for penalties, but trials. Benevolence surrounds me; my need of esteem is satisfied; I have known the most distinguished people; my heart has been fortunate in friendship. Self-detached, in a calm and sweet tranquillity, I need no more to close my course with courage." She was not one of those who never speak of themselves because they are always thinking of themselves. De Tocqueville, after receiving an epistle from her, wrote back, with grateful delight in her frank and honoring confidence, "Your letter is a full-length portrait of yourself." In fact, she always spoke of herself with the utmost freedom, because she looked at herself from without as she would at any other object. Her last years were a fine illustration of her own thought, "Old age is the majestic and imposing dome of human life."

The death of this memorable woman, touchingly described by Falloux in a letter to Montalembert written at the time, was worthy of what had gone before it, of the preparations she had made for it, of the glorious destiny to which she believed it was the entrance. That "we are to seek God, not deludedly wait for him to seek us," was not more the maxim of her pen than of her practice. "I speak to others; but with whom do I converse, if it be not, O my God! with thee?"

To one of the group of tearful and venerating friends standing around her, she said, "Do not, my good friend, ask for me one day more, or one pang less." Without any decay of her faculties or waning of her moral force, bearing her sufferings with invincible patience and sweetness, maintaining a dignity of thought and speech comparable with that of the last conversation of Socrates, but with the triumph of a perfect Christian faith,—she dropped what was mortal, and passed immortally into the bosom of God. It was in September, 1857, and she was seventy-five years young. The great, dazzling, guilty Paris has loosed no purer or richer spirit for the skies. Her dust hallows the cemetery of Montmartre, where, in the coming days, many a pilgrim will go to look on her monument.

But her true monument is in those transcripts of her soul contained in the papers and letters which her friends have collected, with the pious wish to honor her memory by transmitting her influence. Her literary works — exclusive of the voluminous letters — consist of detached thoughts, fragmentary essays on numerous subjects, more finished essays on the Catholic Church, Christianity, Old Age, Resignation. The last-named essay in especial is an exquisite masterpiece. She defines Christian resignation by its proper attributes, distinguishes it from the fatalism of the Moslem and from the quietism of the Hindoo, and follows it into the most diversified and delicate applications. These works have passed through so many editions in France, that a chapel has been built from the proceeds of the sale. And they are worthy of the circulation and celebrity they are gaining. They are alike precious on the three levels of instruction, edification, and inspiration. For the co-ordinated completeness of endowments and acquirements, the moral breadth and religious sanctity of character and experience, which they reveal and tend to impart, they rank with the best works in the literature of the world. We are happy to know that one of our country-women is engaged in translating the first two volumes named at the head of our article, and that they will be published in a few months. We invoke for them the welcome and the diffusion they deserve.

In the meantime, while well aware that the religious views and habit of Madame Swetchine, as a zealous Catholic, are open to much deprecating criticism from the Protestant standpoint, we have ourselves no heart for faultfinding in her presence. Her place, Mazade says, is not in the full day, but in a retired chapel, where, in an alabaster lamp, burns a little flame perpetually agitated, image of her soul, and whither her friends will go to pay their homage. We will only ask attention, in close, to a brief selection of her aphorisms, as a specimen of her mental and moral quality : —

“ Chance is the incognito of God. We respect ourselves too little, trust ourselves too much. Friendships plastered together by interest soon fall in ruins. The choicest of the public are not often the public choice. We must fight for eternity with the weapons of time. The hand of God is visible in human affairs, but it flings a shadow which hides what it does. Our need is concentration ; our danger, evaporation. The charms of youth decay many years before the hopes they nourished. When we are old, it is yet the old that we please the least. What is Christian perseverance ? Constant progress. The sight of magnanimity, like the taste of wine, is either exhilarating or stupefying. What is resignation ? To put God between grief and self. How difficult for pure souls is purity ! a little pollen spoils the whiteness of the lily. One is often a prophet for others because first a historian for himself. Who has ceased to enjoy the superiority of his friend has ceased to love him. We forgive too little, forget too much. It is by the appeasement of the soul that we judge of our union with God. It is time which is the weariness of those who feel and who love ; eternity is their refuge.”

ART. V.—JOHN PIERPONT.

Of the working generation of New-England men and women, it was only the older and graver half who quite felt, the other day, what manner of man had gone from the earth when John Pierpont died. For though he himself was a faithful and untiring worker till the day of his death, yet it

was twenty years and more since that chapter of his life was finished which contained the record of his prime,— the burden and heat of his busy day. And, in twenty years, the generation of his contemporaries, of those who helped and those who hindered, of those who loved and those who hated, has for the most part laid by the harness of the battle, and bequeathed its labors, struggles, defeats, triumphs, and rewards, to its children, of whom the greater part may be supposed to be too busy in the thick of the everlasting fight to spend much time in looking back on its old heroes, or in preserving the old fames. The Boston of to-day is a new city, and hardly knows how much of its literary culture it owes to the author of the "American First Class-Book," or how much of its radicalism to the vigor of Hollis-street pulpit. So, although the name of John Pierpont is still a familiar sound to all intelligent Americans, and the remembrance of that stately form is still fresh in the communities with whom he lived and labored, yet the familiarity has for many years been that of memory, and of a memory already growing shadowy and dim.

It is no less in the hope of profit to ourselves and our readers than from the desire to do a tardy justice to his name, that we give these pages, all too brief and few, to the remembrance of this long and noticeable life, so sorely tried in many and strange ways, but so full of steadfast courage, and so abundant in noble examples.

We shall not attempt even a sketch of his biography. It was not the events of his outward life that were most interesting, but the intellectual and moral development that fitted him to play his part, at a period when the nation had lost the moral elevation of its earlier days, and had given itself up without reserve to the fascinations of its unexampled material prosperity.

Mr. Pierpont united within himself the characteristics of two very distinct persons. One was graceful, cultivated, delicate, fastidious to the last degree, careful of etiquette, studious, dignified; with a certain loftiness of dignity, indeed, which strangers were apt to find somewhat frigid, but

genial and expansive with his friends, and beautifully tender and loving with children. This was the clergyman and the poet. The other was an ardent knight, armed for battle, and seeking it far and near,—battle to the death with every thing that was foul and mean; and the ancient oath of chivalry, by which the young knight vowed to “protect the distressed, maintain right against might, and never by word or deed to stain his character as a knight and a Christian,” was no unfit or exaggerated expression of the spirit in which this modern champion took on his armor. Quick to discover injustice, he no sooner unearthed a new wrong than he attacked it with the fiery ardor of a nature whose enthusiasm was but the hotter for the restraint which the habits and tastes of the scholar ordinarily imposed upon it. He used all his weapons at once,—logic, sarcasm, invective, poetry, pathos,—and sharpened them all with a stern “Thus saith the Lord.” This was John Pierpont the Reformer; and twenty-five years ago, few names rang wider throughout the careless, prosperous land than his.

One hardly knows which of these two sets of characteristics was most prominent in him. Perhaps he might have said of himself what Heine wrote of his own life, “I know not if I deserve that a laurel wreath should one day be laid upon my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. . . . But lay upon my coffin a sword, for I was a true soldier in the war of liberation of humanity.” Sometimes the two characters joined in one effort, and then were born those ringing verses which quicken the blood even now in our veins, and of which Whittier, himself a poet of the same school, was thinking when he wrote,—

“ Yet well I know that thou hast deemed with me
Life all too earnest, and its time too short,
For dreamy Ease and Fancy’s graceful sport;
And girded for thy constant strife with wrong,
Like Nehemiah, fighting while he wrought
The broken walls of Zion, even thy song
Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every thought.”

Such are those two poems, "The Tocsin" and "The Gag," of which the latter begins,—

"Ho! children of the Granite Hills,
 That bristle with the hackmatack,
 And sparkle with the crystal rills,
 That hurry toward the Merrimack,
 Dam up those rills; for, while they run,
 They all rebuke your Atherton," —

and to which was appended the following foot-note: "I have no feelings of personal hostility towards the Hon. Charles G. Atherton. But if, by stifling the prayers of more than one million of his fellow-men in order that he may perpetuate the slavery of more than two millions, the best friend I have on earth shall seek to make his name immortal, I will do my best to — help him."

A complete collection of Mr. Pierpont's verses would contain much that was not poetry, but only measured prose. But it would also contain a dozen pieces in which the thought is wholly divorced from any moral or political motive, and in which the imagination is so bright and pure, and the expression so graceful and happy, as to entitle their author to a very high place among the poets of the century. First among these is, of course, the little dream called "Passing away." We have no desire to exaggerate; but we are strongly of the opinion, that no poem has yet been written by any American author which possesses, in so high a degree as this, the qualities of true imaginative poetry. The poetry, we grant, is not of the highest order. The thought is but commonplace. But the succession of pictures is painted in colors at once so vivid and so harmonious, that we must go back to Keats for a parallel; and with a tenderness and purity of feeling which Wordsworth could not surpass. We quote a single stanza as a specimen; but our readers are doubtless familiar with the whole.

"While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
 Of thought or care stole softly over,
 Like that by a cloud, on a summer's day made,
 Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.

The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush ;
 And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels
 That marched so calmly round above her,
 Was a little dimmed,—as when Evening steals
 Upon Noon's hot face,—yet one couldn't but love her;
 For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
 Rocked on her breast as she swung all day ;
 And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
 “Passing away!—passing away!”

In direct contrast to the lightness and elegance of this is the grave strength of “The Exile at Rest,” which is very noticeable for the sobriety and fitness of its figures.

“ His falchion flashed along the Nile ;
 His hosts he led through Alpine snows ;
 O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
 His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone : not one
 Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
 Nor sire nor brother, wife nor son,
 Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now, alone : the star
 That led him on from crown to crown
 Hath sunk ; the nations from afar
 Gazed, as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone : the mountain cloud
 That night hangs round him, and the breath
 Of morning scatters, is the shroud
 That wraps his martial form in death.

High is his couch : the ocean flood
 Far, far below by storms is curled,
 As round him heaved, while high he stood,
 A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark ! comes there from the Pyramids,
 And from Siberia's wastes of snow,
 And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
 The world he awoke to mourn him ? No.

The only, the perpetual dirge
 That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,
 The mournful murmur of the surge,
 The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.”

The little poem on the death of a child, "I cannot make him dead," "Not on the Battle-field," "The Pilgrim Ode," and several of the Hymns,—doubtless familiar to most of our readers,—show the same characteristics of deep and tender feeling combined with uncommon felicity of movement and expression. The poetic faculty survived in full force even to his last days. Few even of his best poems are more remarkable than that which he wrote in the early months of the Rebellion, and called "*E Pluribus Unum.*" The easy swing of the verse is in wonderful accord with the buoyant, gallant, martial spirit of the song.

"Should the demon of Discord our melody mar,
Or Treason's red hand rend our Union asunder,
Break one string from our harp, or extinguish one star,
The whole system's ablaze with its lightning and thunder.
Let the discord be hushed,
Let the traitors be crushed,
Though "Legion" their name, all with victory flushed !
For aye must our motto stand, fronting the sun,
E Pluribus Unum :—though many, we're one."

Had there been no slavery in the land, no drunkenness, no imprisonment for debt, it is hard to say what the poetic faculty of a mind at once so strong and so graceful might not have produced. Or had he possessed the placid indifference to public affairs and the welfare of the community which is commonly joined to that faculty, instead of his intense moral earnestness and sensitiveness, we might have had from him such a body of imaginative poetry as no American poet has yet created. But can we wish the change had been possible? Would we exchange the fame of the reformer for that of any poet of the century? Not until we are ready to put intellect above conscience, and confess that poetic imagination is a finer thing than moral devotion.

Mr. Pierpont came to Boston, as a minister, in 1819, fresh from failure in various forms. He had failed as a lawyer: he had failed as a merchant. He came to the pulpit at a time when the country, having recovered from the prostration of its second war with Great Britain, was entering on that

astonishing career of prosperity and growth which has been and is still the wonder of the world. Boston was then a town of 40,000 inhabitants, still under the virtuous and benignant sway of a board of selectmen. It was compact in territory, homogeneous in population, more easily reached and agitated by the voice of a single preacher than now, after the growth in size and the deterioration in quality of a quarter of a century. The Hollis-street pulpit had been made conspicuous by the splendid eloquence and the manly liberality of Dr. Holley. But no pulpit had yet ventured to step far aside from the narrow path of tradition, or to throw its light over the boundless fields of human effort and human suffering which lie on either hand. Mr. Pierpont soon proved himself no unworthy successor of the eminent man in whose place he stood. He had found his vocation at last, and, we may suppose, enjoyed the full measure of the position and influence to which he had succeeded. With his commanding presence, his silvery voice, his grace of manner and gesture, his skill in the use of language; his brilliant social qualities; his warm and lively interest in whatever was noble and of good report,—we must believe the later testimony of friend and foe to the effect that he was much beloved, and that the people were proud of their minister. But pride and prejudice, often associated, do not always work in the same direction. The times were growing troubled. A few men began to see dimly, that this young nation might profitably give a little attention to something else than making money six days in the week, and going to church twice on Sundays. The pulpit of Hollis street had always been pretty keen of sight, and the sermons of the new minister began presently to grow alarmingly definite and pointed. The ghastly evil of drunkenness, the cruelty of the laws which regulated the affairs between debtor and creditor, were matters which came under the daily notice of every man. Having once thought of these things, such a man as Mr. Pierpont could in nowise refrain from speaking of them. And, if he spoke at all, he spoke the whole truth, without reserve or modification; calling white white, and black black. A little later,

the plots of the Southern traitors began to take form, dimly at first, but foreshadowing the tragedies of the last years. Slavery, heretofore quiet and torpid, began to stir uneasily at the suggestions of hunger. The Missouri Compromise, instead of settling every thing, as its friends predicted, had but shown the South its own power and the boundless servility of the North. South Carolina passed her law for the imprisonment of black seamen. The Florida War was fought, with an atrocity that might have taught the North a lesson, had they not been so over-ready to accept the "settlement" of the Southern leaders. The imprisonment of Torrey, the murder of Lovejoy, the gag-law of Atherton, the mobbing of anti-slavery meetings at Philadelphia and Boston, were not events to "overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder." Very slowly, a few men at the North began to see what sort of a creature it was that lay there coiled in the nation's lap. Mr. Garrison began his work. Mr. Pierpont found a new department of inquiry, and one which he was not slow to explore. But a minister who was liable any Sunday to open on his congregation with either or both of two such topics as temperance and slavery, to say nothing of kindred subjects of lesser importance, was something new under the sun. And not more new than unpleasant. There was an admirable chance for a division; and it is in no way surprising, things standing as they did, that it came in the form we all remember. It has always been so, and perhaps will always be so. Men are generally cross when they are awaked suddenly out of a sound slumber. If any thing is surprising, it is that so few were awake already. But the ashes of that controversy are cold, and we shall not seek to rekindle from them the flame which once burned so fiercely. It was seen from a goodly distance, and did much towards the desirable end of getting people awake. This much only we must say,—for in any notice of John Pierpont it would be either cowardice or prejudice to omit all mention of that long struggle,—that it was the direct result of his whole theory and practice of life. He had his own views of the duties of a minister in times like

those on which we were then entering. He put at the head of his poem called "The Tocsin," in his printed volume, these strong words of Daniel Webster: "If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there may be a sinner bloody with this guilt within the hearing of its voice, *the pulpit is false to its trust,*" — words which met precisely his own ideas of the matter. He saw his duty with a clear eye; he followed it with a brave heart. "The age was dull and mean," as Whittier sang later; the press was servile; Congress was busy with matters of purely material interest, with tariffs and banks; the pulpit followed the pews, instead of going before. He could not imitate the example. He could not, we say; for we doubt whether to him there was any temptation. Every fibre of his heart trembled with indignation at the meanness and crime which he saw abroad and in high places. Speech, vivid and direct, was a moral necessity of his nature; and he spoke. Of course, he gave mortal offence. There was not, perhaps, a parish in the land which could have borne such truths as he told, with composure. The opposition was bitter and powerful. It only strengthened his resolution. "Damn braces, bless relaxes," says Blake. "I will stand in a free pulpit, or I will stand in none," exclaimed Mr. Pierpont. Up went the standard of free speech. Down went all considerations of salary and livelihood. The war grew hotter and hotter, and it lasted full seven years. It was one man against many; it was poverty against wealth. Yes, but it was also right against wrong; and, as it has been before and shall be again, so it was then. The right conquered. The "one with God was a majority." All the ingenious hatred of personal enemies was fruitless to bring against him, on any charge, sufficient evidence to procure an unfavorable judgment from a council of which some of the members would not have been sorry for the opportunity of condemning him. The council, however, while returning a decision which was in the main a triumph for Mr. Pierpont, took occasion to express their opinion, that his communications to the parish had been marked by "a degree of harshness, levity, personality, ridicule, and sarcasm, at variance

with Christian meekness." Easily said by placid clergymen without enemies or exciting topics, who understood little of the depths of that sensitive and fiery nature, and felt little of the impulse which prompted its utterances. Possibly, in the heat of earnest speech in the pulpit, he had allowed his indignation, while denouncing the sin, to scorch the sinner with a "Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" Possibly, in the everlasting interchange of letters which preceded the council, he had allowed too full play to his magnificent power of sarcasm and to his withering scorn. But we cannot look very hardly upon these faults. They were very human faults. As to the first, the prevailing weakness of all preaching is likely long to continue, what it has always been, a safe and mild indefiniteness in treating of sin, which is ill calculated to awaken remorse or penitence in the sinner. How much more manly was the severity of his reproaches than the polite apathy with which it was contrasted! Reforms are rarely advanced by compliments, but more often by the plain words, "Thou art the man." And, in regard to the personal controversy, it is to be remembered that Mr. Pierpont was a deeply injured man. He was, while fighting the battle of justice and truth in the community and the nation, struggling single-handed in the defence of his own personal honor, against a band of wealthy and determined men who were seeking his ruin. It was very serious work with him; and he must be a pretty strenuous advocate of non-resistance who can withhold his admiration for the gallantry and spirit and dignity with which he carried it through.

On the main point, however, the judgment of the council was decisive. Nothing that Mr. Pierpont had said in the pulpit on those odious topics furnished the least reason for advising a dismissal. "*Cela constate que la tribune est libre.*" The freedom of the pulpit was vindicated, and was never again to be questioned. It was worth all the misery and all the scandal of that seven years' war to get that principle so fairly recognized and declared.

Mr. Pierpont remained in Boston until 1845, when he resigned his place at Hollis Street, and removed with his

family to Troy, whither he had been called to the charge of the small Unitarian Society, then recently formed. Troy is a bustling and prosperous little city, whose social life is vastly different from that of New England, and could have but small attractiveness for a man like him; but yet, in the four years of his residence there, its people grew into some dim recognition of his quality. It was, however, an exile; exile from old friends, from the old church, from the streets and homes which the varying experiences of nearly thirty years had endeared; exile cheerfully borne,—with serenity, if not entire content. How welcome was the call which drew him to Medford, in 1849, we may easily imagine. How entirely happy and beautiful his life was there, those best know who saw him in the calm and deep peace of his own home at West Medford. It was the placid autumn of his life. He was resting after the heats of his fervent summer. He had done his part in the great warfare; and though his enthusiasm for the good cause never abated till the day of his death, yet his active service in it may be said to have practically ceased from the time when he left the Hollis-street pulpit. Younger hands had taken up the old banner which he had carried so high in the earlier days. The nation was now fast waking up; and though wickedness seemed as strong as ever, and even more bold than ever, there was good hope that it was at length to be met and overcome by something as bold, and stronger.

But, when the long contest culminated in actual war, he could bear no longer the inaction of his village life. He had not been used to a place in the rear of the army. He must go to the front now, and be once more, but literally now, as in the old times figuratively, face to face with the enemy. He was seventy-six years old. So much the better: he would set the example to younger men. He applied for and received the chaplaincy of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Infantry, and marched with his regiment to the capital. These Boston streets, that forty years ago saw the tall form passing to and fro in the affairs of his ministry, saw now the same form, not less erect, marching in the midst of a thousand

bayonets to the defence of the same cause for which he had fought, but with other weapons, through all those long years. It was a magnificent flash of sentiment. But sentiment will not supply the place of physical strength; and the old hero had for once over-estimated his own vigor, and underrated the hardships of military life. The regiment, marching in the late autumn, went at once into camp on Hall's Hill, one of the range of bleak eminences which stretches along the west bank of the Potomac. The weather was growing cold. The days were tedious, the nights long. We shall never forget the account, half ludicrous and wholly pathetic, which Mr. Pierpont gave us of the misery he endured during those terrible nights; how he lay down without undressing, for the cold; and, after a half-dozen snatches of sleep, from each of which he awoke supposing it was morning, and as many long intervals of restless tossing, he would get up, and go stamping about the camp to keep his blood from freezing,—to the astonishment of the guards. A few weeks of this experience had pretty well satisfied him of the uselessness of continuing it; and, when one morning—having applied for leave of absence for three days to Col. Wilson, who had forwarded the application to Gen. Martindale, who probably did not know John Pierpont from John Smith—the paper came back scrawled over with the brusque endorsement, “What does your chaplain want with three days’ leave of absence? Give him two days,” the little rebuff went straight to the sensitive heart of the old man, and convinced him of the mistake he had made. He went to Washington, and thence wrote to Mr. Wilson, resigning his chaplaincy.

Being then in Washington, without employment, and needing the support of a regular income, he went to Mr. Chase, and stated his position. “I have no letters,” he said, “and no personal acquaintance with you: I can only tell my story.” The secretary said at once that nothing more was needed. “If you don’t know me, I know you very well, and need no letters to tell me what you are. If you will come again to the Treasury to-morrow, I will see in the mean time what I can do.” The result was the pleasant and useful labor, in

which Mr. Pierpont spent some three years, of collating and condensing, from a series of a dozen or more of huge manuscript volumes, the decisions of the Department in regard to the Customs since the foundation of the Government. The work was congenial, and, though responsible, not onerous; the hours of labor were from nine to three, which insured him abundant leisure; he was removed from any distasteful association with the great body of clerks in the Department, occupying a small room with a single companion of nearly his own age; his residence at Washington brought him in frequent contact with men whom he was glad to meet, and who were glad to meet him on the common ground of character and service. His life, we believe, was wholly contented and happy. He was on terms of friendship with Mr. Lincoln, and was able to bring him much consolation at the time of the death of his child. His task completed, he received the formal thanks of the Department for the manner in which it had been accomplished, and was promoted to a higher clerkship. He made an annual visit to the old places and friends at the East, and was in the full enjoyment of one of these visits, when his life ended, suddenly, quietly, without pain or shock,—the sleep of life changing to the sleep of death.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by :
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then, with no throe of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed the soul the nearest way.

Here is a long life, which at the first look does not seem a very successful one. The wisdom of the world would have made something very different out of all that talent and energy. His ministry ended in something very like banishment. His unremitting industry ended in an old age of poverty and enforced labor. The friends, the associates, the co-laborers of his manhood were not those of his age. And, when he died, his funeral was held, not in the old church

where the great work of his life had been done, but in the little village church at Medford, with scanty attendance, though not without just and warm recognition of his virtues. It was easy as we stood over that still face, with the soft summer airs drifting through the open windows above, to recall the past, and remember with what unwavering courage and steadfastness that splendid form had moved before the unwilling eyes of a community which now, through the bitter lessons of civil war, has but just come to see how true was the prophecy of his pulpit. As men measure success, his life was a failure; as men measure wisdom, it was far from wise. To what purpose all this up-hill effort, all this courting of obloquy, all this spitting against the east wind?

“Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nerea’s hair?”

But his measure of success or of wisdom differed somewhat from that of the world. It was something nobler than fame that raised this “clear spirit”—

To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

“A little integrity,” says Emerson, “is better than any career.” We believe that even on earth he did not fail of his reward.

Will he be long remembered? Probably not. Such times as ours are unfavorable to the permanent remembrance of any but the greatest names. He has left but little behind him that a national literature will long preserve; and the circumstances of his personal history and influence were for the most part circumscribed by local boundaries, and will be preserved chiefly by local tradition. But the question for every man to trouble himself about is not how long, but *how*, he is to be remembered; and we may at least be sure, that, as long as the memory of John Pierpont shall endure, it will be the memory of a man who, if not great, had yet great qualities, and who used them greatly. His eloquence, his poetry, his grand beauty of person, his charm of manner in which sweetness and dignity mingled, his silvery voice, his exqui-

site reading, the tenderness of his life at home,—these are but the graces of that noble character. Energy, courage, enthusiasm, devotion, unbending integrity, a sure instinct for truth, and a heroic persistency in fighting its battles,—these are the qualities which shine forth with unfading lustre throughout his whole life. Let every man who honors such qualities thank God, and take courage from his example; and let every generous pulpit confess itself the freer for his having lived.

ART. VI.—THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

THE second session of this Conference was held in Syracuse, N.Y., on the ninth of October. It was so unexpectedly large in numbers, instructive in debate, practical in work, and lofty in spirit,—nay, so harmonious even in its differences, that it may be said, without rashness, to have settled the question, hitherto held doubtful, whether this new organization possessed the elements of success, in meeting a real want, and one deep enough below the division walls in the Unitarian communion to be felt by the majority in each of its schools of thought.

The National Conference was established at a general convention of our churches, held in April, 1865, at New York. Let us look at some of the circumstances under which that convention met. Under the slow growth of our denomination,—much slower than its earlier development seemed to promise,—faith in associated efforts for missionary purposes had steadily declined. Our best minds had apparently convinced themselves, that Unitarianism could not be helped by missionary zeal; that its object was not in any sense ecclesiastical, or to be attained by pains-taking multiplication of churches; that it was not destined to be a national Christian denomination, seeking to obtain the widest sway as an insti-

tuted faith. Rather, it was a city of refuge, to which minds and hearts intelligent and thoughtful enough to feel the oppression and tyranny of the popular creeds might fly for proftection, and find a religious home. To erect its *hospices* in the more populous neighborhoods, where such minds were common, or where some peculiar trial had created a knot of dissidents from Orthodoxy, was its highest ambition. The conviction seems to have gained ground, that Unitarianism was not so much the real religious food of America in the nineteenth century, as a kind of seasoning placed here and there on the general table to flavor the common food of all.

A strict congregationalism also favored indifference to associated effort, and made the churches jealous of the mildest common organization of the body. A part of the tyranny from which its members had fled was that of consociations and councils, which had straitened ministerial independence, and encroached on congregational liberty. The unsettled character of a theology which had invoked free inquiry, and thrown off every yoke of prescription, increased the indisposition to entangling alliances among the churches. A common creed might be asserted by leaders of the body, and vindicated to the extent of their influence or the predominance of their gifts; but it could not be formally adopted, much less formally imposed. Nobody was authorized to define Unitarianism: how, then, could it be organized or propagated by any common effort? The embarrassment was greater, when, to its open antagonism to Trinitarian and Calvinistic theology, it added bold researches into its own philosophy, and developed the old and the new school of thinkers and believers within its own communion. Then, struggles for a larger liberty at home, or struggles to resist what many felt to be a dangerous license of theological opinion, took the place of missionary zeal in behalf of a Unitarianism which hitherto it had been, at least, possible to define by its negations. Unitarianism lost, in some degree, the confidence and support of its own wealthier and more conservative constituency, who turned their liberality into educational and philanthropic channels; while its progressive party, thoroughly in love with individualism,

and dubious of all settled grounds of faith, was too much interested in finding some standing ground for itself to think of any common effort at union, organization, or propagandism.

Meanwhile, the whole temper of the religious times was against organization. What exhibited itself acutely in the Unitarian body had a chronic manifestation in all other Christian bodies. The unsettling of Christian theology by modern science, metaphysics, and political and social progress, has split all the churches in Protestant Christendom, and loosened all ecclesiastical cords and bonds. Half the population of Christendom have, within the last half-century, slipped out of organized Christian life. Disowning ecclesiastical and dogmatic obligations, they successfully resist the enfeebled efforts made with shorter nooses and a more timid hand to re-enclose them in any kind of religious pound. Unitarianism, avowing its uncreeded theology and its theory of individual liberty, has had to encounter the storm of modern thought in the open sea; while, within the roadsteads of the creeded churches, the waves have been broken. But it is not too much to say, that what would have shattered them into absolute wreck has merely stayed our voyage, without harm to our timbers, and with large hope of nobler and more prosperous ventures in the future. It is not to be denied, that this typhoon of philosophy has swept the deck of Unitarianism, and carried away a few of its most promising hands; but it is equally certain, that it has not broken up or seriously damaged the ship, but only proved the strength of its build. Unitarianism has shown itself capable of life; of coherency and consolidation of parts; of resistance to the modern climate of ideas; of contact with the impinging forces of science and experience. Its spirituality does not disdain a body, without which it might be a philosophy, but could not be a Church. Its rationalism does not disown the supernatural, which would incapacitate it from being a religion. It is not so purely intellectual as to freeze the affections, nor so exclusively ethical as to decline passional emotions, nor so private to the individual conscience as to be independent of social fellowship. Practice has substantiated what theory was unable to predict.

The doubt is solved. Unitarianism has positive as well as negative power. It is able to build as well as to destroy. It can inherit the Christian past, and hand it over to a nobler future after doing the pressing work of the present.

Interesting and instructive as the controversy has been and still is between naturalists and supernaturalists, idealists and historical believers, the common sense of the Unitarian body has settled down upon the conclusion, that the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the Church which represents and carries on his work in the world, have an authority, a worth, and a human necessity, which are not touched by these theoretical disputes. Without the least disposition to hush investigation or compromise intellectual differences, and with no contempt for either scholastic or metaphysical criticism, Unitarians are yet agreed, that that is not the main business of the Christian Church, or the chief work of the ministry ; it does not furnish the bread of life for their children, nor the staple out of which the Christian civilization of the age is to be woven. And their recent change of front is simply this : They say to the critics, philosophers, and men of science in their ranks, Go on with your investigations and your criticisms, push your historical and philosophic inquiries as far as you can ; but the Unitarian denomination does not exist for this exclusive business. It has the old function of the Christian Church to discharge, and to discharge by essentially the common methods,— by proclaiming the old and permanent principles, truths, and facts of the religion of Christ ; by calling men to the knowledge and love and obedience of God ; by maintaining Christian worship and regular religious instruction ; by collecting men together in Christian fellowship ; by establishing churches as the homes and seminaries of Christian nurture and salvation.

It was under these convictions that the Unitarian Convention met in April, 1865, and adopted its Constitution. "The Preamble," although adopted by a great majority, was resolutely and earnestly opposed by a vigorous and important minority. But it was felt by the overwhelming majority to be indispensable, and the very least confession of Christian faith which would be borne by the common feeling of the

Unitarian body. The friends of the Preamble were fully prepared for all the consequences of its passage. In their judgment, whatever fraction might be cooled or repelled by the ground taken in the Preamble could not, under any circumstances, long cohere with a Church organization of any sort, or long continue to care much for the name "Christian." If the momentum of the body, sphering itself in its motion as an active, working Church,--- working, we mean, not merely or chiefly as a philanthropic association and upon the general interests of society, but as a Church devoted to the increase of personal faith and piety and the ordering of men into Christian fellowship and communion,--- if the increased momentum of such a body should throw off what does not properly belong to it, what insupportable calamity would that be, or what serious weakness could it produce? No Christian cause can suffer from the self-alienation of any who refuse or dislike the name of believers in Jesus Christ, as Master and Head of the Christian Church.

It would be unjust to many who were opposed to the Preamble adopted in the convention of 1865, to say, that they did not substantially agree with the majority in their views of the importance of the Christian Church, or in their love for the person and devotion to the work of Christ. Many objected to it, doubtless, on grounds of respect for others' liberty, many from a distaste for the special words chosen, and many for purely theoretical reasons. At any rate, after protesting at the time and protesting in their pulpits afterwards, the great majority of the objectors to the Preamble continued to be friends of the National Conference, and determined to work with it, and not outside of it or of the denomination it represents.

We cannot spare time to give the history of the denomination for the last eighteen months. The most careless observation would notice the general quickening of our cause, both in individual churches and in denominational life. It is said, that forty-three churches have been added since that time to the denominational register, which is an increase of about one-seventh of the whole number. The re-animation of our

faith and activity is too plain to need proof. Everybody confesses it. What part the National Conference had in producing this revival of courage and effort, it is not necessary to consider too carefully. At any rate, the existence of the renewed life has been concurrent with the existence of the Conference, and, whether as cause or as effect, they are indissolubly associated.

Whether the denomination plainly saw this or no was doubtful even a month ago. It had been thought and said by a few censors of the New-York Convention, that it was contrived and guided to a predestined goal by a few zealots for organization, who did not understand the wishes or wants of the denomination; that it was a superfluous addition to, or else an attempted supplanting of, organizations already existing. How far this feeling existed in the churches or among the ministers, it was not easy to measure. At any rate, the more immediate friends of the movement were determined to use no personal solicitation or special efforts of any kind to overbear the legitimate wishes and free inclinations of the churches in regard to the National Conference. They wished to know the actual mind of the Unitarian denomination, being resolved to abide by its will. The churches had enjoyed an opportunity of seeing for themselves. If they commonly and freely chose to be represented at the second session, it would prove the reality of their faith in the Conference, beyond cavil or dispute.

Before the official report of the Syracuse session is published, we cannot speak positively of the number of churches represented there. But it is perhaps near enough to say, that it was within ten of the number which sent delegates to the general convention of the Unitarian churches at New York. That is to say, while one hundred and ninety-six churches were willing to meet in general convention, one hundred and eighty-six were willing to enter the organization that convention established,—a proportion altogether beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

The character and variety of the representation, both clerical and lay, showed that every section and school of our body

was integrated in this common movement; while the energy, temper, and spirit of the Conference proved that liberty and order, differences of opinion and unity of Christian sentiment, inflexible dissent with mutual respect and love, could be reconciled and made reciprocally helpful.

We can at this late hour, while the press is waiting for these pages, give only a glance at the more important points made in the late session.

1. The outspoken loyalty of the Unitarian denomination to the Church and person of the Lord Jesus Christ was re-affirmed in the earnest debate on Rev. Mr. Abbot's Resolution proposing to substitute for the Preamble a general statement of faith in Christian principles, and in combined action in furtherance of them. A majority of two-thirds refused to allow the change. It is impossible to recall the discussion on this point without the liveliest gratitude for the spirit in which it was conducted on both sides, and especially by the minority. It is very certain, that the opposite schools in our body were never more deeply convinced of each other's sincerity, and of the foundation of their respective positions in the profoundest convictions of each, than after the debate on the first day of the late session. It became clear, that a solemn and tender earnestness animated the young man who, pale with emotion, called for the change of the Preamble. It was just as clear, that the majority who refused it were not moved by expediency, or fear of the world's eyes, or by unreasoning attachment to what is old and customary; but by a profound sentiment of loyalty to a Master they loved, and "a name above every name" but that of Almighty God. The opposition pleaded for some gloss or modification which would save their conscience and their self-respect; but the majority also had conscience to obey and self-respect to maintain, and could not sacrifice the convictions of two-thirds to one-third of the body.

It had been forgotten, that the day before the Preamble was passed in New York, it had been unanimously agreed, that all resolutions passed in the convention were binding upon individual members, only to the extent in which they recommended themselves to their individual conscience; the Confer-

ence, not being a legislative body, but a purely advisory one. When the minority discovered this clause in the published report of the last Conference, they seemed greatly relieved, but not more so than the majority. For nothing was more obvious than the yearning of the conservative and radical parties in the convention towards each other. There was no wish for separation or exclusion, but, on the contrary, the strongest desire for union; and it is our full conviction, that the frank and manly discussion, while it emphasized the differences of the extremes, did a great deal to develop a ground of union between them in mutual respect and love, and a sense of common faithfulness to conscientious conviction.

2. The next point made by the Conference was the adoption of a plan of local organization, by which the whole body of our churches were to be districted into Local Conferences, each to be responsible for missionary operations within its own boundaries, and to meet periodically by lay and clerical delegates. We cannot better express the end and object of this local organization than by quoting from a private communication, as follows:—

“The whole story about the country churches, generally, is *They cannot send delegates*. The Conference is absolutely out of their reach. My own society might perhaps send, as they are not a weak society, but a tolerably strong one,—probably above the average country societies. But it would require so much urging and drumming up and factious effort to raise a hundred and fifty dollars for this purpose, that it would be sure to alienate them from the Conference. This sum looks trifling to those whose societies are large and wealthy, but it is one-fourth or one-third of the salaries of some of our ministers whose churches would be excluded. I cannot better tell you how the whole thing looks from my position than giving you, *verbatim*, an extract from my discourses which I had written to preach to my people on this subject:—

“I presume, that with some extra, abnormal effort you might send delegates. But how is it with the societies all about you?—some of them too weak to have a stated ministry, and none of them strong enough to be taxed annually to send delegates to a convention, which perhaps next year will meet a thousand miles off. And, if you will run over the list, you will see, that about one-half the churches of the

denomination are in precisely the same state. Of the two hundred and seventy-five Unitarian churches, you will find, that about one hundred and thirty-seven are small and weak ones, sure to be left outside the new organization, and practically cut off from its benefits. For what they need most of all things is, not a few dollars sent them annually from the American Unitarian Association, but to be drawn in and embraced in the warm fellowship of the churches, that the sympathy and life-blood of the whole body may be sent into all the extremities. That is what we want as a denomination, and what we have never had. There is *ministerial* fellowship, associations of clergymen; but those golden words, "the communion of saints" and "the fellowship of the churches," we hardly know the meaning of. It has been the standing objection against liberal Christianity these thirty years, that it was not a religion for the people; it was for the city, but not for the country; for the parlors and studios, but not for the fields and workshops; for scholars and for ladies and gentlemen, but not for the men and women who grapple with the hard realities of life. You see that this new organization is running directly in this channel. If a plan had been devised to make liberal Christianity, as represented by it, a metropolitan religion merely, withdrawn from the country at large, they could not have hit upon a device better adapted to its end than its present constitution. The one hundred and thirty-seven feeble societies which will be left out were not all of them originally small and weak. Some of them were strong and flourishing once, but have gone into decline; and the light is dying upon their altars. *How came they to be weak?* That is a question which opens a most interesting chapter in the history of the denomination. Doubtless, there is a twofold answer to it. In some of them, I fear, the people have only been fed on negations and husks, and not on vital and saving truth. But this is not all. They have been chilled and frozen in their isolation and solitude. There is a large and flourishing denomination, the Orthodox Congregational; one which does not hover about the cities, but strikes its roots deep into all the country towns. Their organization is a perfect network, taking into it every hamlet, and aiming to take in every cottage, in the commonwealth. Wherever there is a Unitarian society, an Orthodox church is planted on the opposite side of the way. It begins, very likely, with three members and a prayer-meeting, and a home missionary who comes to help them on. It grows stronger from year to year. It draws its life from the liberal church opposite. It increases as the other wanes. By and by, it becomes self-supporting, and contributes to

the funds. This relative change takes place, not on account of the theology administered in the Orthodox church, which is sometimes a very liberal one, but because every one who is drawn into its sphere feels at once, that the life and energy of a large working body is pulsing through it. The little Orthodox church, which began with three members and a prayer-meeting, belongs to a Local Conference which embraces perhaps half the towns of a county, and meets twice a year. Into the ear of this Local Conference comes the report of all the wants, the trials, the successes, the revivals of religion, the accessions to the church in every society, great or small,—all of which are present by delegates. The larger churches are thus brought in direct contact with the smaller ones. They help them on, wipe out their debts, send their best men there with an earnest word, and hold them in the fellowship of Christ. No wonder the weak society grows strong. The Local Conference in which it is included belongs to a State Conference, and this again to a general one; so that the whole body, like the human system, is always sending life-blood into the smallest member and bringing it back. Hence their perfect system of contributions and charities, and the energy with which they give themselves now to the education of the freedmen and the evangelization of the waste places. You see how this matter stands, and why those one hundred and thirty-seven Unitarian societies,—half the churches of the denomination,—now to be left out in the cold, are small and weak, and how they became so. That little Trinitarian church on the opposite side of the way *has the whole Congregational Orthodox body massed behind it*. The Unitarian church near by stands alone, representing nothing but its own solitary individuality. It is the Napoleonic strategy introduced into ecclesiastical matters,—massing the solid columns against vulnerable points, and thus cutting off all the details.

“Plainly, two things are needed, if we are to be a denomination wielding its scattered forces, to do our part in the advancement of society and the renovation of the world. First, to affirm our prime article of faith,—discipleship of our Lord Jesus Christ, on which the New-York Convention stood so nobly and firmly, acknowledging him as the Head of the Church, the medium of its strength, its light and love, always walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks. This should be done, not as a timid concession to pantheists and neologists; but it should be the solid foundation of the liberal churches, against which the gates of hell can never prevail. Then on this foundation, as upon a rock, *begin at the base and organize upward*. Begin by forming Local

Conferences, where the strong churches and the weak ones shall be brought together in the fellowship of Christ, and to do Christian work together hand in hand. This forthwith would bring every feeble church into a larger communion, and send the life-blood of the denomination beating through all the veins and fibrils. What on earth does the American Unitarian Association exist for, with its board of officers, but to promote this very work, which it ought to have done years ago? Churches which had lived next door to each other, as strangers and foreigners, would thus have all the barriers of ice broken down and melted away. The Local Conferences, not the separate churches, would be represented in the larger and national ones; and they would not come together to glorify themselves, but for the very practical work of educating and evangelizing the country. The National Conference, instead of floating off out of sight and out of reach, would stand on a broad and sure foundation, with the whole country for its base.

"The time is close at hand when these truths must say themselves, and press with tenfold urgency through those churches which have something more than a name to live." But it is plain as day to me, that, till such a work is done as I have sketched, nothing is done which is not spasmodic and transitory."

It was apparent to the Convention, that the only way to hoop in to any common fellowship and mutual support the whole body of outlying churches was to enclose each in some Local Conference; where, learning the advantages of counsel and co-operation in smaller spheres, they might acquire faith and power for wider co-operation. The suggestion of admitting in the National Conference a representation only of Local Conferences, and not of churches, was not generally approved. It is obviously within the power of feeble churches to represent themselves by the delegates of the Local Conference. But the disposition of the majority of churches is evidently for direct representation. Such was the zeal of the delegates, and such their manifest sense of the importance of frequent sessions, that it was with difficulty they were persuaded to make the meetings of the Conference *biennial* instead of *annual*. Had the measure been advocated by any but well-known and assured friends of the National Conference, the change could not have been carried. It was, however, in our judgment very wisely adopted. It leaves the Local Confer-

ences more time to organize, and bring forth their fruits; it disabuses those who dreaded centralization, and leaves the real power where it belongs,—in the independent churches; and the labor where it can best be done,—at home.

3. The next point made in the Conference was the immediate response of the delegates to the plea made with such directness, simplicity, and eloquence by its representatives, for the Meadville Theological School. Nothing could exceed the force of Mr. Huidekoper's statements in regard to the claims of the school, except the testimony which trembled in the voices, moistened the eyes, and shook the frames of the sons of Meadville, who, one after another, as they rose and reminded us by their mere presence of what we owed that school of the prophets, showed, in the fewest and most affecting words, how worthy their theological *alma mater* was of the love they poured into her bosom. The response to this combined appeal seemed spontaneous. A contagion of beneficence ran through the assembly. The delegates were emboldened to assume the responsibility of speaking for their respective churches, and thirty thousand dollars were pledged in less than an hour to the Meadville Endowment Fund. The President's unequalled tact and promptness very much facilitated this result. But never were men under a high excitement acting upon better premises or with a cooler judgment. The money was raised because the Conference felt it was due to Meadville to raise it, and that the churches at home would not have forgiven them, if they had withheld it. We cannot doubt, that, when our churches fully understand the advantages of this method of collecting money, not only such special sums, but perhaps all the^{the} money required for the general purposes of the denomination will be raised in this way. A previous budget having been presented—say three months in advance of the meeting—by the Council, the churches might act upon it, and instruct their delegates what sums to give to general and to specific objects.

Other lesser ends were accomplished by the Conference; but we confine ourselves to these three, which seem to us to represent and include the best interests and the brightest

prospects of the denomination. In re-affirming the fundamental Christian faith of the body, we have cast anchor, and taught thousands of inquiring souls where to find us; while, in the fine spirit and gentle temper of the very opposition raised, our most rationalistic factor is shown to be Christian in spirit, pure in heart, and justly precious to the Unitarian communion. In the plan of local organization we have laid the first stones of a large, liberal, Christian Church, in which, at last, all the warmth, zeal, and co-operation, which hitherto have been confined to narrower communions, may be enjoyed in our own open and generous fold. In the prompt and beneficent contribution to Meadville, we have illustrated the practical wisdom and self-sacrificing spirit of our churches, and taken the best measures for supplying our greatest apparent deficiency,—the lack of ministers.

The National Conference dispersed from its second session, with unbounded joy and gratitude and with earnest hopefulness. Syracuse and its living church of which the noble-hearted May is the Christian Soul, had shown us what Unitarianism had done, was doing, and was to do at the very centre of the Empire State, for the cause of Liberal Christianity. We could not have had a more favorable place for our meeting, a more generous welcome or a better position from which to republish our *Manifesto of Faith*. And the Unitarian Denomination never had so important a gathering, and never was as strong and as promising as it is to-day.

ART. VII.—“DIFFERENCES OF ADMINISTRATION,” OR ONE CABINET UNDER TWO CHIEFS.

No man will ever be able to render the late President and his policy so solid a service as his successor has already done. We have only to contrast their temperaments, styles of manhood, habits of thought, notions of the Presidential prerogative,

and views of the wants of the country, to see that whatever seemed doubtful in wisdom, slow in conduct, or deficient in dignity in Mr. Lincoln, has wholly disappeared in the presence of the alarming qualities displayed by the present head of this nation. We often charged Mr. Lincoln in his lifetime, in thought, if not in words, with painful procrastination in the formation and utterance of his policy, with irresolution of purpose and feebleness in action. The proclamation of Emancipation stammered on his tongue, until many who had long watched his half-open lips, with strained and tearful eyes, thought him dumb. The negro's musket hung fire still longer under his timid hesitancy to call it into the field. He bore with McClellan's trenching and burrowing, until the more earnest and forward friends of the cause lost all patience, and could almost gladly have seen the capital and the administration captured by the enemy, as the only hope of arousing the country, and getting rid of over-cautious and self-saving leaders. He kept a cabinet about him, against half of whose members the more enthusiastic patriots were incensed for their seeming-apathy and inefficiency; while the leading newspapers clamored for their removal. The constant cry was for more energy, more promptitude, more leadership. When he quashed Fremont's proclamation in Missouri, and disowned Cameron's letter, and countermaned Hunter's order in South Carolina, and Phelps's in Louisiana, the radical Republicans felt that they had a tortoise instead of a hare to follow, and would have risked any rashness in their banner-bearer rather than put up longer with such perilous prudence. When blood was running in rivers, and gloom shrouded all hearts, we heard, with constant concern and dissatisfaction, of his inconvenient jesting and undignified storytelling, and, when the eyes of all nations were upon us and him, of his awkward manners and negligent costume, his disregard of official etiquette, and want of diplomatic reserve; and sometimes rued the folly which had allowed a rail-splitter and flat-boatman, however honest and intelligent, to sit in the chair of Washington and Adams. Never, however, did any doubts of Abraham Lincoln's purity of purpose, of his supe-

riority to personal ambition, or of his patriotic devotion of heart, cloud the Northern judgment of his character. But with all the credit he enjoyed for justice and fairness, magnanimity of heart and sagacity of judgment, there is no denying the disappointment we felt at finding him so slow, so cautious, so wanting in dignity of manners, so patient with feeble generals and compromising advisers.

And now, after the experience of the last eighteen months, what would not his least sparing critics give to have Mr. Lincoln back in his place? What praise would they not be disposed to concede to the very qualities then deemed so blameworthy? We have seen enough precipitancy and readiness to assume responsibility, enough executive decisiveness and promptness of action, to teach us the wisdom of the self-suspicion and modesty which Mr. Lincoln felt became a republican President. Now we see that he only waited patiently for the people to form their opinions and express their purposes, and wisely allowed no haste of the few in advance of public sentiment to drag him from his policy of keeping just abreast of the real wishes of the nation. It was this genuine respect for the people that kept him calm, prudent, patient, and always fully up with, but never an inch before, their line. Mr. Lincoln valued counsel in proportion as it was more or less direct from the people. For the Constitution and his oath of office he had the profound reverence which becomes a President of the United States; and in nothing he ever said or did, lost sight for a moment of his supreme obligation to maintain that fundamental instrument. But he did not bring the Constitution and the people's deliberate will into needless antagonism. He did not profess a reverence for the Constitution, with no regard for the American people that originally made it, or for that national life it was fashioned to protect. How sure we were that no supreme interest of the nation would be sacrificed to any Levitical literalism or Pharisaic scruples, and that the manifest will of the people would not be balked and broken by bringing down upon it their own fundamental law!

How different is that appeal to constitutional law and pre-

cedent which we have seen inaugurated with Mr. Lincoln's successor! He has taught us to associate only cramps on liberty, and fear for the safety of all our dearest national hopes, with "the Constitution." He has interpreted it against the people who made it, and claim its protection; against the proper distribution of the power and duties of the Government; against the authority of that Congress, fresh from the people, and the lawful representatives of their latest will; against the hopes and guarantees which the costly war we waged entitled the conquerors to exact; against our effective allies, the negroes, by whose help we won the battle, and whom we stand pledged in the sight of God and the nations to see established in the possession and safe enjoyment of the freedom they conquered for themselves and for us.

Under Mr. Lincoln's cautious policy we called aloud for a man willing to take the responsibility; we wanted a dictator; we craved a leader who would issue his orders from the front, and not from the rear. And Providence has sent us what we asked for,—a President who had a will of his own, and a disposition to use it; who did not propose to wait for Congress or the people, but to inaugurate his own policy, and carry it into immediate effect. Already we have seen the consequences of that kind of resoluteness and determination. The President, in the supersabundance of that firmness we deplored the want of in his forerunner, has made us, with all our hearts, wish back again the deference, the law-abiding and self-withdrawing disposition, of Mr. Lincoln. Over against his tardiness and caution stand his successor's precipitation and rashness; in contrast with his tenderness and unwillingness to blame or to dismiss political opponents or military obstructives, we have the wholesale decapitations of men too faithful to the principles and votes that elected the Vice-President to adopt the views and wear the favors of the President, who, rising by accident so far beyond his own hopes, has fallen so far below those of the party that trusted him with his opportunity. For Mr. Lincoln's jests we have his successor's oaths; for his little stories about others, we have the President's great stories about himself; for his hesi-

taney, his successor's obstinacy; for his mild and forgiving temper, which at most appeared to treat our enemies too generously, the President's "policy," which threatens to put the nation at the mercy of those in the South who fought us four years unto the death, and those in the North who secretly enjoyed their victories and furtively encouraged their resistance, or even openly applauded their success.

It must to many be a very perplexing problem to account for the policy which prevails in an administration appointed in the interests of anti-slavery, and successfully sustained by the people in a war brought triumphantly through under their own guidance. The President's own defalcation from Northern and Republican principles is not so unaccountable. Born below the slave-holding order, and representing in the labor-despising South the necessity of daily personal toil, Mr. Johnson grew up a natural hater of the aristocratic and slave-holding class, and found his only way to the elevation his natural ambition and strong native powers made necessary to him by the lucky and honorable road he took. He became the champion of his own despised class; and, under the support and the sympathies of the laboring people of Tennessee, he climbed up that long series of official stairs which his own enumeration has made so familiar. There is no need to disparage Mr. Johnson's talents. We think more highly of them than most Republicans. He is undoubtedly a man of great native force of intellect and exceeding strength of will, with clear and forcible powers of expression, fully capable, when calm and collected, of an impressive statement of his opinions. Moreover, we are not disposed to doubt or deny his love for the Union or his genuine patriotism. We believe in his sincere hatred of slavery,—not as a moral wrong, but as a political evil; and in his full persuasion that it is dead past resurrection. But his mind is trained chiefly to contend, and is capable of vigor only in reasoning to a foregone conclusion. His will has personal passion for its chief inspiration and stiffening. He is weak in his moral perceptions and his instincts for right, angry at opposition, disdainful of counsel. Perilously open to flattery, and even soft to those who throw

themselves upon his mercy and protection, he is hard as the nether mill-stone to those who question his wisdom or dispute his will. He cannot distinguish between persons and principles. His opinions are passions; his resolutions, like the wild bull's, who shuts his eyes as he lowers his horns and makes his charge.

Mr. Lincoln kept his personality so in the background, that he could at once accept the wisdom of events, follow the leadings of Providence, welcome the counsel of the experienced, and accommodate the national policy to the turn of circumstances and the indication of the people's will. Mr. Johnson's personality is so huge and obtrusive that it blocks his own way, and makes the national problem a personal equation. He is a Southern man in every fibre of his being, with all the violent, unsubdued, obstinate, revolutionary qualities which mark that effete slave-system and the semi-civilization it produced. He is not accountable for his temperament, his blood, and the prejudices of his breeding. We are responsible for putting him where the one man's death could seat those prejudices and passions in the presidential chair. It is not so much to his discredit as to our peril, that his blood and breeding have proved themselves too strong for his promises or his original intentions. No man knows how he is going to use power till he has it. No man knows how the secret fibres of his will, steeped in unconscious dews of old associations and local sympathy, may suffer him to act, when he is suddenly in a position to do as he chooses. At such a crisis, a man's nature overpowers his will. Every man desires the approbation and confidence of his own immediate class and section, his birth-place and early playmates, more than that of all the world besides. And this familiar principle of human nature accounts for the unexpected zeal with which a President, elected for his supposed hostility to the whole Southern policy, has, since he came to power, turned to the South as to his natural ally,—the most earnestly coveted approver and upholder of his course.

But how shall we account for the support which the President's re-actionary policy has received from the mem-

bers of his cabinet? We have no right to assume their deliberate want of principle,—no right to doubt their intelligence, their patriotism, or their uprightness. Mr. Seward, for instance, is a man of consummate ability and experience, a philosophical and practical statesman, familiar beyond any man in the land with public business, and possessed of natural faculties of the rarest kind. When we remember that for twenty years, almost single-handed, he led the anti-slavery fight under the Constitution, and by his prudence and persistency, his grasp of principles and command of himself, won the battle, so that to him, more than to all other men in this country, we owe the education of the political mind of the nation to anti-slavery sentiments; when we consider, besides, that his diplomatic adroitness, his mingled courage and prudence, staved off, during the whole war, the interposition of England and France, and enabled the country to concentrate its whole strength upon the rebellion,—it can be only with the greatest reluctance that we can attribute to such a political leader an unworthy motive or a blind policy. His adhesion to the President's policy can be explained perhaps without discredit to his principles, however damaging the explanation may seem to his judgment. Those men—and Mr. Seward above them all—who have shaped the foreign policy of the nation, and successfully conducted the war to its close, are naturally and pardonably anxious to believe that the whole work is done, that nothing of serious importance remains to be accomplished, or is to be dated from any later administration than their own. Tired and worn with their herculean labors, they think the nation as weary of struggle, as impatient for fixed and settled conclusions, as they are.

But the nation is resolved to bear the ills it has, great as they are, sooner than accept any anodyne or skin-deep remedy. Statesmen who have earned the love and gratitude of a whole generation may tell them, that it is safe to admit rebellious States, which have just laid down their arms, back to equal powers and rights with those which have spent half their substance, and a tithe of their young men, in resisting

that desperate treason; but the people will reject their witness, and scorn their wisdom. The people may be mystified and astonished, but not unsettled. They are too deeply disciplined in the practical cost of the war, too immediately acquainted with its results, to be at the mercy of merely philosophic statesmanship or political metaphysics. The people will reply, not with words perhaps, but at least with ballots. Red-handed traitors forced to their knees and compelled to crave pardon, then springing to their feet and demanding equal rights and powers in the Government they have just done their best to blot from the earth! All the constitutional lawyers in the country may unite in justifying this plea: the plain sense of the American people repudiates it as sophistry and fustian. They will not take this counsel from anybody, no matter what his past services may have been; and the best that can befall such advisers is to have their counsel ascribed to weakness and weariness, not to wickedness and a total recanting of their entire political faith. Three months ago, there seemed a serious danger that the President's policy would prevail with enough of the people to split the National party in twain, and allow the enemies of the war to slip into power through the gap. There are always in this country powerful elements to which such a party as the President has started may effectively appeal. The "unwashed" democracy, who hate godliness and cleanliness with equal cordiality, and who form the scum of our great cities, are always ready for any measures which they instinctively know to be offensive to high-toned, moral, and philanthropic men. They properly regard the Republican party as led by the piety and worth of this nation, by the people who detest grog-shops and sabbath-breaking and gambling-saloons and dance-houses; and that is enough to make it odious to them, and their personal enemy. Then, alas! a portion of a far more respectable order, the class of day-laborers, have a secret or avowed detestation and fear of negro labor. They are neither willing to confess political equality with, nor to allow economic competition to, the black man: they are opposed to any thing looking towards equal

suffrage, and in favor of whatever tends to postpone or prevent it. Again, the capitalists of the country are characteristically in favor of the powers that be, and of order and stability for their time, without regard to broad and permanent considerations. Moreover, the "outs" are always wishing to be "in," and the administration has a formidable ally in the countless offices in its gift. Besides these, there is a large class of men moderate by temperament; men who think the middle course is always the safe one, and whose whole idea of wisdom and statesmanship consists in being half-right and half-wrong; men who are ready at any moment to join the party of compromise and concession. Finally, there are the tired, the thoughtless, and the indifferent, who will go for any thing that is convenient and easy, and must in all cases be expected to follow the tide.

But all these classes taken together would not have been able to present an alarming front, if there had not been in the Republican party itself men of ability and political experience who were in-born and in-bred States-rights Democrats; men in substantial sympathy with the Southern secessionists in their principles, though happily not in their acts. These men, from the very horror of finding their principles leading to treason, became terrible Unionists and fierce Republicans, under the name of War-Democrats, when their own principles fired into the flag at Sumter; and under the national uniform concealed, and for the time disowned and forgot, the political costume which they had so long worn. But the moment the South laid down its arms, though compulsorily, these original States-rights men resumed their old ideas and dress, and recalled the ancient alliance of the South. The soldier-senator who had made the nation thrill with his clarion voice when he said, "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," presided at the Philadelphia Convention; and, in one day, had the profitable post of naval officer at New York and the high station of Minister to France offered to his choice. All that class of men, too, whose lack of sympathy and popular instinct made them

strict constructionists during the war, opposed to the legal-tender act, opposed to the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, opposed to the whole theory of the war-powers of the President,—were of course ready to take any opportunity for emerging from their obscurity and insignificance, and appearing as officers in an administration party. What could we expect from such men, but that they would rejoice in the policy of the President?

The essential difficulties of the Freedman's Bureau, and the dreadful confusion and contradiction of testimony in regard to the conduct of the negroes themselves, added another highly disastrous element to the promise of the pure Republican policy. But, above all these dispiriting influences, the tentative, dilatory, and expectant strategy of the last Congress discouraged many of those who elected it. Its constituents could not appreciate the essential difficulties in its way. Really, there was little, if any, wilful, factious, or vindictive spirit in Congress. The very men whom it has been the fashion to make scape-goats of, and to characterize as virulent partisans, were true, sagacious patriots, whose principles were simply too stern to melt in the first mildness of returning peace, and who "saw what they foresaw;" viz., that the country at large, in its inexperience of civil wars, was in too much haste for safety, and in danger of excess in magnanimity, confidence, and forgiveness. Congress understood, far better even than the nation, the necessities of the last critical session. It had a much closer view of the administration, the President's temper and aims. While we were abusing its inaction, its ultraisms, and its long debates, it was blocking the wheels of precipitate self-surrender, and barring the doors of the Capitol against rebel generals, who were ready to vault from their field-saddles into senatorial chairs, and win back with their votes what they had lost to our swords.

In easy, slothful, prosperous times, the American people have fallen below the expectations of their best representatives and noblest leaders. In adverse, dark, and desperate times, they have risen above them. The people is the grand

success of our institutions. The cities confound and disappoint and shame us, and then we have for safety to evade our principles, and hedge ourselves in against democratic lawlessness and robbery. In New-York city, we hate election judges, we abominate our municipal government, we substitute for the popular choice a set of State-made Commissions that violate the whole theory of American democracy. We dare not trust our police, our fire department, our public aqueducts, to our own people. It is a humiliating necessity which cannot be safely obviated. But the country, as distinguished from the cities, is safe and sound in its principles of self-government. It may prudently elect even its judges, and trust democratic principles from the core to the circumference. It is the people at large, living in villages and on farms and in workshops, that represent the higher American instincts, and embody the political sagacity, the patriotic earnestness, and strength of the nation.

They have been—they are—essentially and overwhelmingly sound. If the President, or the Administration, or Mr. Raymond, or even Mr. Beecher, had fully known and believed it, before the late election, they would none of them have ventured on a course which was doubtless shaped by doubts and fears, whether the people would really bear the tight and heavy yoke of their own costly principles; whether to suit the times it must not be lightened and smoothed, and made looser and wider so that the Southern neck would not be pinched by it. The salvation of the glorious cause is due to the actual soundness of the people's heart and head: the fresh comfort and confidence we feel of late is due to the discovery of this soundness.

That discovery has been greatly aided by a few significant incidents, among which, as of most importance, we rate the President's recent journey through the West. Whether considered in the impression it made upon the people, in the test it applied to existing Republican opinion, or in the manufacture of fresh opposition, it was probably the most extraordinary instance on record of self-destructive canvassing for popularity. Every time the President opened

his mouth, he disabused some of his possible adherents of their prejudices in his favor. He discharged himself of every particle of reserved power; made it impossible for his best friends to justify or applaud him; dispersed all the roseate clouds that hang around the Presidential chair so long as the incumbent is decently reticent or retiring; and left himself, seemingly, bereft of all supporters but office-holders and traders in low political stocks.

Next in importance to the Presidential progress was the nature of the success of the Philadelphia Convention, where Mr. Vallandigham's magnanimous retirement from a body that showed it liked the thing, but not the name of the thing, stamped the assembly with an expression that appalled the nation. Massachusetts and South Carolina, that had gone through the old Revolution shoulder to shoulder, had too recently had those shoulders behind opposing firelocks to make their locked arms, then and there, any thing but a melo-dramatic farce, which drew the laughter of the people, and the tears only of the assembly itself. The enthusiasm of that occasion was so forced and its success so fictitious, its echoes at all public meetings in other cities so hollow and artificial, that it must be considered as one of the most fortunate incidents of the fall's campaign, its success being like that of the Bull-Run victory of the rebels,—a success which cost them all their after-defeats.

Next in importance was the New-Orleans massacre, which opened a million eyes to the alleged loyalty of the South, and its disposition toward the freedman, while throwing a broad light upon the President's notions of State independence and negro security.

The reception given to Mr. Beecher's letter, cruel and unjust to him personally, was nevertheless so just to the cause he seemed rashly to be stripping of his life-long support, and so necessary to the public health, that it must be considered as one of the costly sacrifices of a great man's prestige to the more precious interests of the national cause. If the idol of the people may not dare to lay one doubting finger on the reconstruction policy of the people, or on the

Congress that speaks for them, who else shall hope to escape political pulverization that ventures to follow his instructive example?

And so, by these tests, the Providence that shapes our ends has been showing the people their own heart, and awaking to more perfect consciousness their convictions of duty to the sacred cause of national unity and genuine emancipation. The loyal people mean to keep the powers of this Government in their own hands, until they can trust it with a wiser administration than we now have. They mean to have full and satisfactory guaranties of the loyalty of the late rebel States, before they admit them back to place and power. They intend to defend the freedmen, and see them in full possession of civil and of political rights. The victories of Maine and Vermont were but the first picket-shots, or the fire of the skirmish line. The triumphant battalions of Pennsylvania, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, have just discharged their solid platoon fires, and the welkin rings with their echoes. What will not be the uproar, when the great West brings all her mighty artillery into range, and the vast voices of her prairies speak through the hoarse throats of her freedom-shotted cannon? If that political Jericho, the administration policy, can stand the noise of this triple-deep procession that thus knells with awful thunders its downfall, it will be because no masonry ever equalled the obstinacy of Mr. Johnson's temper, and no walls ever showed the elasticity of Mr. Seward's confidence.

ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

JUDGED from the point of view of a liberal theology, the recent volume of Dr. Clarke* has several points of marked interest, and a value which we are glad to recognize. It is a sincere attempt to appreciate, through pious and imaginative sympathy, the religious value of a doctrinal system of commanding importance in the history of the Church. It is, to some extent, an attempt to trace the actual origin of that system, in facts and philosophies, of which history makes record; still more, to view it with philosophical fairness, as a mode of thought based on real emotions and experiences of the religious life. It shows throughout the marks of careful and thoughtful study; and, what is better, of an anxious desire to mediate among theories conflicting and little understood. We welcome it as a help towards a generous historical and critical estimate of what, in our view, the foremost intelligence of mankind has, once for all, utterly outgrown. With the system of religious dogma known as Orthodoxy, we desire no compromise whatever; nor do we consider that any compromise is possible. But there may be a better mutual knowledge, and we thank Dr. Clarke for whatever contribution he has made towards it. To this end, even the bookish and technical style of his discussion, which we dislike, may be of use,† by lifting the topic out of the sphere of passion into regions impersonal and symbolic; while his simplicity and directness of statement, his frequent felicity of illustration, and the tenderness and skill with which he touches on lines of religious emotion and devout experience, are qualities as precious as they are rare in controversial theology.

In the criticisms we shall make upon this volume, we shall have in view simply its aim to mediate between systems of belief irrecon-

* *Orthodoxy: its Truths and Errors.* By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Published by the American Unitarian Association. 12mo. pp. 512.

† Seen, for example, in such verbs as "posits" and "conditions," such nouns as "noumens," and such adjectives as "multilateral" and "unilateral." As another fault of style, we remark that the manly and direct "I concur," is immediately preceded by the slipshod and vague "we regard,"—the writer, in each case, expressing only his own independent view.

cilably hostile. That the author should fail in this generous attempt was inevitable: we shall endeavor to show why and how he fails.

Regarding the nature of Orthodoxy in itself, Dr. Clarke is of the opinion, that there are "great convictions underlying and informing all the creeds," which "have been the essential ideas of the Church, and constitute the essence of its Orthodoxy." He adds, that "it is not any definite creed, or statement of truth,—is not of the letter, but of the spirit." So far, his assumption seems to be, that Orthodoxy is the very truth underlying certain systems of belief; that Orthodoxy, although it has errors, is at bottom not only true, but the *essential* truth of Christianity. The "heart" of our generous brother seems to have been the source of this good-natured view. At any rate, his head shows it little respect. The Orthodoxy which he leaves, after removing "errors," is the mere ghost of actual Orthodoxy. Moreover, he deals with Orthodoxy as a system, of which, he says, "We assume the 'Assembly's Catechism' as almost *the standard*," and the "underlying convictions" of which he thus recites:—

"By Orthodoxy we mean that great system of belief which gradually took form in the Christian Church, in the course of centuries, as its standard theology. The pivotal points of this system are sin and salvation. In it man appears as a sinner, and Christ as a Saviour. Man is saved by an inward change of heart, resulting in an outward change of life, and produced by the sight of the two facts of sin and salvation. The sight of his sin and its consequences leads him to repentance; the sight of salvation leads him to faith, hope, and love; and the sight of both results in regeneration, or a new life. This system also asserts the divinity of Christ, the triune nature of God, the divine decrees, the plenary inspiration of Scripture, eternal punishment, and eternal life."

We might justly assume that Dr. Clarke considers these the "truths" of Orthodoxy; and yet the last sentence of the passage evidently mentions several of his "errors" of Orthodoxy, if we may judge from the succeeding discussions. Without this sentence, we have here the "underlying and informing" "truth" of Orthodoxy. And, behold, it does not allude to God! Its Saviour is the man Jesus. Its Holy Spirit is the feeling with which man looks upon Jesus. Hence we reject wholly Dr. Clarke's "truth" in Orthodoxy. We go to a deeper thought; we demand a deeper faith. God is with us. He it is who, by his paternal chastisement, shows us the evil of sin. He it is who inspires in us, by his merciful dealing in ten thousand events of life, the hope of deliverance from the evil.

He it is who challenges our faith and love. His blessed spirit, his holy inward influence, leads us to truth and quickens us for heaven. A theology with only a man to fill the offices of God! Much as we admire the kindness of Dr. Clarke's heart towards Orthodoxy, we cannot but be shocked by the position in which he places himself. Orthodoxy has in Christ a "God and Saviour." In Dr. Clarke's "truth," on which Orthodoxy and Unitarianism are to meet and unite, there is no "God and Saviour." We can assure Dr. Clarke that Orthodox faith in God will never accept this "truth." Loyal to God always, it will cease to regard Jesus as Saviour when it ceases to regard him as God. And Unitarianism, if it will not cease to have a theology, and become the merest Humanitarianism, must advance to pure Theism.

We pass over Dr. Clarke's chapter on "The Principle and Idea of Orthodoxy." It is enough to cite the language in which he states the fundamental maxim of his religious philosophy:—

"We say there is a power in man by which he can see spiritual facts, as with his earthly senses he can perceive sensible facts. If he has no such power, he is incapable of knowing God, but can only have an opinion that there is a God." — p. 38.

So again (p. 39), he states as "the basis of religion . . . a living sight of God, the soul, duty, immortality." The metaphor here is suggestive, but misleading. Surely, a man may have a well-founded, earnest, and confident religious belief, who can attach no intelligible meaning whatever to the assertion that one "can see" such "spiritual facts" as Dr. Clarke enumerates. Nor have we ever before heard, that "the central idea of Orthodoxy" is, that "saving faith is essentially not emotional nor volitional, but intellectual." We are very sure that we were taught, that to see God in Christ without emotion or surrender of will would consign us to the lowest hell.

"Naturalism and Supernaturalism" is the title of Dr. Clarke's third chapter. To speak with entire respect, the definitions and argument of this chapter could hardly be more unsatisfactory. We despair of bringing them under critical notice. But the "truth" of supernaturalism in Orthodoxy may be readily stated and judged. It is, that the moral and spiritual law and order of the Divine administration would not in itself bring truth and redemption to man. The moral law and order of God, says Orthodoxy, would not in itself spare a single soul. There must be intervention from without the Divine government. The spiritual law and order of God, says this

system, would never enlighten and quicken the soul. A special intervention must introduce truth and life to man. Naturalism asserts, that the natural course of God's dealing with humanity, by his holy providence and blessed spirit, is entirely adequate to give truth and life to every soul of man. The worst aspect of the "supernaturalism" represented in this book is, that it takes a man and certain facts of man, and asserts of them a divine adequacy which it denies of God in his natural course of law and order. Jesus and his "miracles"—a man and his deeds—are the supernatural by eminence. God stands in the background. Naturalism asserts, that Jesus and his deeds are in no special sense supernatural, but the product merely, the same as all humanity is, of God's infinite and perfect order of the supernatural. Thus true supernaturalism, which treats of God, agrees with true naturalism; and the actual "supernaturalism," whose "truth" Dr. Clarke seeks, is pseudo-supernaturalism.

"Miracles," says Dr. Clarke (chap. iv.), are true. As he had said in "The Hour which Cometh," Jesus "had at his beck the inexhaustible supplies of miracle." Or, as he now puts it, "The whole life and character of Jesus were supernatural and miraculous in this sense. They cannot be explained as the result of any thing existing in the world before." Dr. Clarke appears to forget that God existed before Jesus was born, and was the author and providence of the progress of mankind before the son of Joseph undertook, if he did undertake, to take the kingdom upon his shoulders. He appears equally to forget, that God had supernatural power enough to make some display, before Jesus made, if he did make, the great display for all time. The question then is, not whether the world could produce Jesus, but whether God could produce him in and of the world. Did God, in the regular course of his dealing with humanity, produce Jesus? Theism has to answer that he could and did; for it teaches that God was with humanity adequately all the time, and it utterly repudiates the untheistic, almost atheistic notion, that, before and beyond Jesus, God was not fully with man. Dr. Clarke can concede the Orthodox "truth," because in his view God had hardly begun to give supernatural attention to mankind until Jesus came. He can so far adopt the Orthodox spirit as to pronounce the history of Jesus under the treatment of Renan "an amorphous mass of unhistoric rubbish." And, although he seems to say that he has seen God and immortality, he can insist on the resurrection of Jesus as "bridging over the gulf between this life and the life to come." Not that he

really believes that Jesus rose from his tomb; for he says, "The essence of the resurrection is this: Resurrection is not coming to life again with the same body, but ascent into a higher life with a new body." But Dr. Clarke would prove the universal fact of God's order of the universe by the incident of one man's life. Why not believe directly in God, and in the eternal life of God in the soul of man,—especially if one has seen God and immortality? "Jesus appeared in his higher body," says Dr. Clarke, "to lift his disciples above the fear of death." On the day of Rev. John Pierpont's funeral, a lady related to us the appearance of Mr. Pierpont to her the day before. Dr. Clarke cannot prove that this appearance is not as credible and significant as the appearance of Jesus. And he cannot seriously urge, that one such appearance supports Christianity; and that Christianity would perish, if Renan or Strauss could disprove this appearance. If Divine Providence used ignorant faith in resurrection, it is not the first time that God has made our error to serve his truth. "The Christian Church rests" not on its history, much less on one fact of its history, but on the providence and spirit of God. The human historical connection is of no necessary significance. It may be that God entirely overturned and made over the original Church of Jesus before it was truly Christian. Even now, it may be that God's intention in Christianity will be fulfilled only when Christians, in obedience to the general principles of the teaching and life of Jesus, set aside the *body*, so to speak, of that life and teaching. Shall we take God for our Saviour, our law and example; or shall we take a fellow-man? Shall we, because of God, have a good hope of eternal life; or shall we rest this on an incident in the life of a fellow-man?

Dr. Clarke's exposition of inspiration, revelation, and the authority of the Bible, is peculiar. He says, "Inspiration is a mental sight, corresponding, as nearly as any thing can, to physical sight." It is unfortunate that this notion of sight should mislead a Doctor of Theology. Dr. Clarke avows candidly, that "*what* he shall see will depend on what he looks for."—"All Christians" were thus "enabled inwardly to see and to know Christ." It seems, then, that an unverified notion about God or Christ will become supernatural revelation to one who "looks for this,"—"looks into another world" for it. That same opinion about a thing which Dr. Clarke despises so cordially thus gets turned into a revelation. Would it not be as well, then, to find some rule of right opinions, that we may know

what to "look for"? "Philosophy tells us," says Dr. Clarke, "what men think about God, revelation what God thinks about men. Revelation is the drawing aside of the veil which hides God, duty, immortality. It does not give us speculations about them, but shows us the things themselves." Is this indeed true? Who is it that has not told us his thoughts of God, but rather, having personally seen and known God, has told us what he saw God do, and heard God say? Dr. Clarke degrades inspiration in general to make a special place for Christian inspiration. He forgets again, that all inspiration is by God's presence with man. Suppose God does inspire one in solitude, through nature, to comprehend the truth in nature. Dr. Clarke most unwarrantably says, that this is not Christian. He does not appreciate God in nature. The source of Christian inspiration, says Dr. Clarke, is "the inward Christ." Does he not, then, in this connection, believe in God? "The two supernatural events of Christianity"—the birth of Christ, and his coming inwardly to the disciples on the day of Pentecost—were the occasions of Christian inspiration. Ah, well, "how empty the world was of God at the time of Christ's coming!" as Dr. Clarke elsewhere says. How much God was indebted to Jesus and his apostles for procuring him an entrance into the world! Dr. Clarke shows how little real divinity he finds in the Bible, when he says, that, if the New Testament is put upon a level with human literature, "inspired only as Plato is inspired, then it will be read only as Plato is read; that is, by one man in a million." According to our observation, most Unitarians have come already to that critical conclusion; but do we find the result he predicts? We are decidedly of the opinion, that God, whom our brethren serve day and night, is a more important object of attention than even the New Testament. The revelation in nature, in life and humanity, in the heart and mind, enables many to dispense with the book, especially as so many words of the book confuse their sense of God's goodness, rather than assist it.

We pass over two of the chapters, in which Dr. Clarke tries to show how the beggarly elements of Orthodox dogma may be made palatable to the liberal believer, and come to his chapter on "the Orthodox Idea of the Son of God." Jesus, he says, "had two natures,—a divine nature and a human nature." In him "the divine Spirit and human soul became one in a perfect union." He was the "God-man." "Men were now able to see God manifested in man as a living, present reality. 'Here,' they said, 'is God. We have

found God. He is in Christ. We can see him there.' Is it any wonder that men should have called Jesus God? that they should call him so still? In him truly 'dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily.'" If Dr. Clarke, having *seen* both God and Christ, deposes that the latter is "the express image" of the former, we can only say, this passes our comprehension. For ourselves, however, we can depose that our devout Orthodox belief in Christ never helped our faith in God. And we read the New Testament in vain for a word of evidence from any one who saw Jesus in the body, that God was seen in him.

In treating of the atonement, Dr. Clarke sees — we do not venture to call it "speculation" — the following "secret": —

"Christ plunged into the midst of sin to save souls, as a hero rushes into the midst of burning flames to save lives. No man like Jesus had ever felt such anguish and horror at the sight of sin; but, instead of flying from it, he came into the midst of it to save the sinner. This was the secret of his agony, the bitterness of his cup."

This sorrow revealed to the apostles, says Dr. Clarke, the evil of sin, and the compassion of God. Is there a word of truth in all this? Suppose Jesus had this sorrow, did the apostles observe it? What they *supposed*, years after, is another matter. Did they see and heed in Jesus "this infinite horror of sin"? No. Ask the chosen in the garden whether they even kept awake. It is the merest invention to assert, that Jesus showed to his disciples the pains of a God-man, and thus impressed them with God's feeling about sin and redemption. And as to these pains, what were they? The fixed fact in connection with them is, that Jesus had a will which he himself found to be not God's will, and that his chief pain was in giving up this will. Is not this the old human story? And does it not agree with the fact, that Jesus wished to be — nay, fervently believed himself to be — the Jewish Messiah? He suffered the pain of a defeated and lost hope. It cannot be supposed that a Divine Saviour would not see the bright side of an evil world. If Jesus, either as God-man or as a man of faith, did not see the better side, it was because he lost himself through some trouble of the hour which disturbed his faith. The pains mark deficiency, human deficiency. The theory of sentimentalism about the infinite sensitiveness of Jesus is the merest notion. *Men of faith* are lifted out of such sensitiveness. Had Jesus known nothing of man's condition before that hour of his "agony"? Had

he not adjusted his faith to the case? Was he not stayed on God? Whence, then, his blinding pain, except from a disappointment for which he was not prepared? Instead of straining after an impossible Divine sufferer here, interpretation must find a human sufferer, one who suffered through human weakness, and in this was not more divine than other men.

Dr. Clarke states in these terms his view of the use of Christ's death: "It has lifted men above the fear of God into the love of God." Has it? Have Christians usually ceased to fear "an angry God"? What is it that made the Christian Church persecute, as no other religion has ever persecuted, except Christian terror of the wrath of God? Absolute freedom from fear of God has come only to the few who regard God as the Saviour of all, and thus make no account of the death of Jesus. Dr. Clarke continues, "Not the mere death of the human being could have done this; but the God who dwelt in him has uttered his tender love, his forgiving grace, from the cross." Is it possible that Dr. Clarke, even in the vague style of speculation he follows, means to intimate that God, or the God in Jesus, suffered and died on the cross? Evidently he does not appreciate the extent to which he is "plunging" into Orthodoxy. "We need," he says, "something to believe in,—some manifestation, some object. Something we need done by God to assure us, that he is in earnest in desiring us to come and be reconciled to him." Can this be the language of one who really has faith in God? Need to be assured that God is in earnest! May we venture to say, that a good "opinion about God," a rational belief as to God's character, might go far to meet this need, although generally Dr. Clarke considers opinions and beliefs as of very small account? Dr. Clarke finally asserts, in the boldest untheistic terms, that, while Christ was in the image of God, the Christian is in the image of Christ; and that, while Christ was in his work the channel of God's life, the Christian is in his work the channel of Christ's life. This is not the language of pure Christian faith. God is the supreme and sole source of all life, in Christ and in us. Christ is a product of God's working only as other men are. He does not in any way or sense take the place of God. God, by his infinite order of all things, has from creation made us one, and to eternity keeps us one. He, by his providence and spirit, will make all souls feel this union. Hence the unreason of any sort of scheme for getting Jesus to do God's work of redemption.

Dr. Clarke's peculiar use of "sight" is nowhere more irrational than in what he says of the "second coming of Christ as Judge." His method of explaining away the New Testament, by "looking into the other world" to see what its texts mean, and "seeing what he looks for," is truly amazing. But this is the least. All through the discussion, we hear of Christ, and of his presence in the hearts of Christians, and of his invisible coming in the world with all power and judgment, quite as if there were no God our Father, and no universal kingdom of God. Yet Dr. Clarke does not consider Christ really God, nor does he explain why God does not himself effect the redemption of mankind.

In his desire to apprehend the "truth" of the Orthodox Trinity, Dr. Clarke seems to us peculiarly vague and unsatisfactory. He finds a "real Trinity, not merely nominal." But how he finds it we fail to see. There are "three distinct and independent revelations"—of which "each reveals God as a person"—in nature, in Christ, and in the soul; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Are these, then, three persons? Dr. Clarke says distinctly, "The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are not merely three different names for the same thing." They are, then, names of different things, as of three persons? It would seem so; and yet Dr. Clarke goes on to say, "They indicate three different revelations." Revelations of one thing? Yes: "three different views which God has given of his character." How then is it, that the three terms above are not "different names for the same thing"? And when Dr. Clarke says, "God is seen in Christ again as Redeemer," what does he mean? Does he mean that a view of God is seen in Christ? No: he expressly says it is a "person" of God. But the sort of person thus asserted is peculiar, no real person. Altogether, Dr. Clarke has made a very curious mixture of Trinitarian phraseology with a mode of thought which expressly denies the Trinity in any intelligible sense.

This book betrays in its leading assumptions a total misapprehension of what it is in Orthodoxy which gives it its hold upon the vast body of Orthodox believers. Orthodoxy is not a parcel of "insights," each one of which may be separately revised until all are changed as Dr. Clarke changes them. It is a revelation, definite and systematic, of THE way of salvation. High Orthodoxy, as it appears at Princeton, is constructed of the very words of God in the Bible, taking those words in their strict sense, without regard to seeming contradiction and unreason. Low Orthodoxy, as at New Haven and

Andover, is the same system divested of needless unreason and inconsistency. Orthodoxy, in the proper sense, is a biblically revealed plan of salvation, into which the dogmas set aside by Dr. Clarke as errors are wrought as part of its very substance. The power of this system is its pretension, first, as the only and the absolute revelation of God; and, second, as the only and the absolute way of salvation. Its great appeal is not to the intellect, but to man's feeling of need and of danger. Thus saith God, *Fly for your life*. Thus saith Heaven, *Come out of the awful danger*. These are the standing arguments of Orthodoxy. The *possibility* that God does so speak, and that not to heed is to perish, holds securely to-day a vast number who see no great *probability* that Orthodox faith is true. The feelings and the will hold on, although the intellect lets go. Dr. Clarke's generous attempt to justify Orthodoxy can hardly fail, so far as it is heeded, to strengthen the feeling by which so many are bound to a false system against their convictions of truth. But we have no idea that it will be heeded. Of course, a certain number will find in it an echo of their own thought. But to those who need help, this book gives none; it will not even secure their attention. A face turned away from the goal does not command much attention in a day of steady and swift progress. Even a man who has put his hand to the plough most nobly, as our brother has, loses instantly, if he look backward. The thing for a true man is not to see how he can step back to those that are behind, but how he can go forward with those who are in advance. The truest men of God take no step backward. Dr. Clarke, with his gifts and in his position, instead of lending the weight of his name to re-action, should give himself to wise sympathy with progress. The young "radicals" of a new generation have a claim upon our true prophets which the dogmas of Orthodoxy have not. Dr. Clarke's position in liberal theology is similar to the position in politics of Mr. Beecher, who feels for ex-rebels more than for the tried and true loyalist. A misplaced generosity in both cases; and, with Dr. Clarke, a lack of sympathy with his younger and more radical brethren which was not to have been expected.

In conclusion, we must reiterate our conviction that Christian theology cannot accept any less than God in the great offices of the Divine administration. A Christ who is not God, who does not veritably sit on the throne of heaven, doing and sustaining by virtue of absolute Godhead, can fill only the merest human offices. For all Divine work, God all-glorious is fully armed. His providence has

more than Messianic sway ; his influence upon souls is the only holy spirit and the universal life. To speak of a fellow-man, or of an almost God, as the one who is coming, whose kingdom is the hope of our souls, who will deliver, will redeem, will bring home to heaven, is an error of the first magnitude—not of the heart and life, indeed, but of thought—against Him who is Saviour and Spirit unto all our race, the God and Father of all souls. The effort to perpetuate this error can only delay with a very few the unfolding of Christian faith in God. Within the ranks of earnest Orthodoxy there will be no acceptance of our brother's position. There, Christ will cease to be the central figure of theology when he ceases to be God. Nor is the day distant when Orthodoxy will confess its failure, and Christian faith go out from it. For a time, even in liberal ranks, it will be possible to raise the insane cry of "Deism! Deism!" or "Theism! Theism!" but very soon even the sects will have to concede, that the great Christian faith is to believe in the living God.

E. C. T.

THE reader who is familiar with M. Taine's "History of English Literature" will find, in his recent volume,* the same theory applied to every form of art, which is there applied to literature. The course of lectures embraces two parts: the first treating of the nature of the work of art; and the second, of the law of its production. All works of art, whether painting, poetry, or sculpture (music and architecture are excluded from this first consideration, as being much more complex in their character), are more or less works of *imitation*. We praise them or condemn them as they are or are not "natural." The career of a great artist embraces two epochs. In his youth, he studies things in themselves, labors over them, and torments himself to express them. This is the epoch of his strength. In the case of Michael Angelo, it lasted nearly sixty years. "This idea descends upon you from every corner of the great vault of the Sistine Chapel." But this enthusiasm for nature and fact is followed by the epoch of prescription and conventionality. Here the artist abandons facts, forsakes nature, and works upon the basis of a theory or creed. Michael Angelo, in his old age, though much superior to others, is

* *The Philosophy of Art: a Course of Lectures delivered during the Winter of 1864.* By H. Taine, Professor of Aesthetics and of the History of Art, in the École des Beaux Arts, Paris. Translated from the French, and revised by the Author. New York: Baillière Brothers. 1866.

inferior to himself. Hence his Conversion of St. Paul, his Crucifixion of St. Peter, and even his Last Judgment. So, in the writings of Corneille, we recognize two periods. In the first period, he is the child of nature; in the second, he is the slave of system, calculation, and routine. Not only does the history of individual men prove the necessity of imitation; but every school of art degenerates, when it abandons nature, and forsakes the living model. Hence Greek art was magnificent, and early Christian art contemptible; and hence the difference between Racine and the writings of a century later, where they dared not call things by their proper names; "where a cannon is designated by a periphrasis, and the sea is called Amphitrite; where the imprisoned thought shows no accent, no truth, no life, seeming to emanate from the lips of pedagogues capable of nothing but presiding over a factory of Latin metres."

But, if exact imitation were the end of art, then would a good photograph be superior to a good painting; and the stenographer's report of a criminal trial would be finer tragedy than Shakespeare ever wrote. In sculpture there is a certain falseness in the uniformity of tint, but upon this it is dependent for a great deal of its charm; and in the drama there is a certain falseness in the rhyme and rhythm used by the characters, but this again is not a fault, but a condition of the highest excellence. What art really aims to represent is "the relationship and mutual dependence of parts." The painter's aim is to achieve a harmony of form and color; the sculptor's, to reproduce the "logic of the body;" and, in the literary effort, what we want is not details of events and characters, but the *ensemble* of their relationships and dependencies. Thus art becomes a matter of intelligence, not a mere work of hand. M. Taine's law of art-production may be stated thus: "A work of art is determined by a condition of things, combining all surrounding social and intellectual influences." The details of this development are very rigid, and comprise the most interesting portions of the work. Especially do the chapters, where this law is shown to have expressed itself in Greek and Mediæval art, impress us as the perfection of statement, and as being most remarkable for grace of style and felicity of expression. If there were no such thing as *genius* in the world, and if (as M. Taine tells us he believes) the dominant passion of the artist were to obtain appreciation and applause, the philosophy of art would here be written for all time. But there are some things which demand and supply do not regulate. Even in this money-making

nineteenth century, there are artists who would rather be poor than false to their idea ; rather be honest with themselves than popular with all the world. "The decisive, boisterous will of the public" affects these men no more than would the croaking of as many frogs. Even a man of talent must, to some extent, create the taste by which he is to find appreciation ; and this the man of genius does invariably. Society condemns the men who minister to tastes which they have themselves created, when it is conscious that they might improve upon their past. What shall we say, then, of the artist who conforms himself to tastes that are not of his making ? and what would be the worth of his creations ?

It was to be expected, that, in so far as M. Taine sought to find a formula for genius, he would fail. Talent he may formulate ; but genius is a very different thing. That divine spark refuses to be weighed in scales, be they adjusted ever so nicely. It speaks of the great future far more eloquently than of the present or the past. The spirit of the age, this critic tells us, controls the artist, and commands the poet what to sing. But what controls the spirit of the age, and makes it what it is ? Surely it changes with the changing centuries. Why does it change ? What changes it ? Science, criticism, politics, philanthropy, certainly do their part. But, while they are active, is art merely passive ? Surely not. It is characteristic of all great art that it creates the taste by which it is enjoyed. How was it that a people who could enjoy Pope came to enjoy Wordsworth and Shelley ? Because these men refused to minister to current tastes, but went their own way, set up their statue, and left the people to abuse it for awhile, and then bow down and worship it. This is the work of the great artist everywhere. When he does this, he ceases to be passive, and becomes an active, revolutionizing force. We cannot think, then, that a work of art is universally "determined by a condition of things combining all surrounding social and intellectual influences." It is oftentimes, no doubt ; and to the art determined in this way, we can appeal when we desire to know how much has been attained already in the world. But there is art which is determined far less by what the present is than by what it is not, which has the secret of the future in its grasp. This difference implies the main defect in M. Taine's theory. It does not sufficiently distinguish between the man of talent, who is fashioned by his period ; and the man of genius, who makes his epoch, and impresses upon it his own character and thought. But, while this limitation of M.

Taine's philosophy deprives it of that scientific character which he was anxious that it should possess, it leaves us in possession of a method, which, well used, might deprive art-criticism of the dogmatic virus it uses so malignantly, and the intense personality by which it has generally been characterized, when it has not been a jargon of mere technicalities.

J. W. C.

THE heading, "For family and private use," on a commentary, is almost always a sign of superficial thought and narrow knowledge. It is certainly so in the case of the thick volume of the Vicar of Stadbroke, Suffolk, which has just been republished by the Carters.* Six chapters of the Gospel of John are in this production diluted, twisted, and travestied, to a degree that leaves the substance of the text in utter darkness. Mr. Ryle's preface prepares us for a poor book, when he tells us he has not seen fit to use any edition of the Greek New Testament later than the fifteenth century; that he does not consider the German commentaries as either very trustworthy or valuable; that he has *not* used the works of De Wette, Meyer, Dorner, or Lütcke; and that he believes devoutly in plenary, literal, and verbal inspiration. There is a charming simplicity in the catalogue of ancient authorities and mediæval authorities, the quartos' and folios, which he enumerates as the sources of his knowledge, and the subjects of his long and painful study, to the neglect of easier and more rational modern works. The object of his commentary is "to remove a few grains of ignorance, and to throw a few rays of light on God's precious word;" but, to accomplish this object, he deliberately rejects the helps that Biblical science so plentifully offers, and denounces what he is unwilling to use or examine.

We do not call this commentary worthless. There are some true and some valuable things in it. But we call it worse than worthless, because there are so many things in it foolish, absurd, far-fetched, and bigoted; because the text is made responsible for a meaning and a spirit utterly foreign to the fair interpretation of the words. We might instance passages from almost any page, to show how weakly and wildly this reader of the Gospel tells its purport. His notes on

* Expository Thoughts on the Gospels. For Family and Private Use, with the Text complete. By the Rev. J. C. RYLE, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford; Vicar of Stadbroke, Suffolk. St. John, Vol. I. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1866. 12mo, pp. xvii. 422.

the first verse extend over half-a-dozen pages. Their value may be judged from the profound closing paragraph :—

“The whole verse, honestly and impartially interpreted, is an unanswerable argument against three classes of heretics. It confutes the Arians, who regard Christ as a being inferior to God. It confutes the Sabellians, who deny any distinction of persons in the Trinity, and say that God sometimes manifested himself as the Father, sometimes as the Son, and sometimes as the Spirit; and that the Father and Spirit suffered on the cross! Above all, it confutes the Socinians and Unitarians, who say that Jesus Christ was not God, but man,—a most holy and perfect man, but only man.”

ONE of the ablest and most successful attempts to popularize the scientific criticism of the New Testament, of the many that have recently been made, comes to us in the volume * which Réville has so finely translated from the Dutch of Qaalberg, preacher in the Hague, the court-city of Holland. After reading this remarkable collection of discourses, so fresh, so glowing, so eloquent, so bold, so full of sharp points at once so warm in pious sentiment and so daring in utterance of heresy, we do not wonder at the extraordinary effect they are said to have produced; that crowds waited upon their delivery, and that they have given to Qaalberg in Holland such a fame as Theodore Parker gained in America. The position of Qaalberg in theology is substantially that of Parker; but he is fortunate in living in a country and a time where his opinions find more sympathy. We look now to the land of Grotius and the Remonstrants for the best results of theological study as well as for the bravest utterances of liberal thought. The scholarship of Leyden is fully abreast of the age, and the voices from that home of free inquiry give no uncertain sound. The prophecy of John Robinson two centuries and a half ago is even better fulfilled to-day in the land from which the Pilgrims came than in the land which they found; and the once contemptible “Low Dutch” tongue is likely soon to become a classic and honored dialect in the highest of studies. Such works as “Kuenen’s Introduction,” “Scholten’s Manual,” and these sermons of Qaalberg, are likely to make the fens of Holland as attractive as the moors of Yorkshire were made by the writings of Charlotte Bronte. The present volume is only half of the original work of Qaalberg. Another volume is soon to follow, of equal size. The topics already

* *La Religion de Jésus, et la Tendance Moderne.* Par J. C. Qaalberg, Docteur en Théologie, et Pasteur de l’Eglise Reformée de la Hage. Traduit du Hollandais avec un avant-propos de M. A. Réville. Paris: 1866. Tome 1. 16mo. 231 pp.

discussed are the "Origin of Religion," in which the author maintains that it comes naturally in the very constitution of man, and is not a gift from without or above; the "Ascension of Jesus," which he accepts as a symbol, but shows to be impossible as a physical fact; the "Gospel of Jesus," which he shows to be the good news of God near the soul, and not any republication of Rabbinical fables or traditions; the "Holy Spirit," which is the "fruit of faith," and the property of all believers; a "Story of Eighteen Centuries," in which he shows how modern theological changes have an exact counterpart in the ancient ages, only in reverse order; and the "Life and Lives of Jesus," in which the origin of the Gospels is discussed, and their relation to each other and to the essential truth pointed out. In preliminary chapters, there is an earnest vindication of freedom of speech and freedom of inquiry in sacred things, and a justification of those who seek truth against the hard names which their enemies give them. This new work of Réville may be fitly placed with his excellent but too short "Life of Theodore Parker."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Powell & Co.'s "National Picture" of Lincoln, Hamlin, the Thirty-eight Senators and Nineteen Representatives of the Thirty-eighth Congress who voted for the Constitutional Amendment abolishing and prohibiting Slavery. (We cannot do less than endorse the testimonials which appear in their advertisement in this issue of the "Examiner.")

Spanish Papers and other Miscellanies, hitherto unpublished or unedited. By Washington Irving. Arranged and edited by Pierre M. Irving. New York: G. P. Putnam, Hurd & Houghton. 2 vols. pp. 466, 487.

An Introductory Latin Book; intended as an Elementary Drill-Book on the Inflections and Principles of the Language, and as an Introduction to the Author's Grammar, Readers, and Latin Composition. By Albert Harkness. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 162. (Containing Paradigms and Select Sections, transferred in *fac-simile* from the Grammar, with numerous Examples for Practice.)

A French Grammar; being an Attempt to present, in a Concise and Systematic Form, the Essential Principles of the French Language, including English Exercises to be translated into French, with Vocabularies, an Alphabetical List of the most common French Idioms, and a copious Index. To which is added a French, English, and Latin Vocabulary, containing the most common Words in French, which are derived from Latin. By Edward H. Magill, Submaster in the Boston Latin School. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. pp. 287.

Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War. By Herman Melville. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 272.

Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln. The Story of a Picture. By F. B. Carpenter. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 359.

Asiatic Cholera. A Treatise on the Origin, Pathology, Treatment, and Cure. By E. Whitney, M.D.; and A. B. Whitney, A.M., M.D., late Physician and Surgeon in Diseases of Women in the North-western Dispensary, Visiting Physician, &c. New York: M. W. Dodd. 18mo. pp. 214.

Charles Lamb. A Memoir. By Barry Cornwall. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo. pp. 304.

A Grammatical Analyzer; or, the Derivation and Definition of Words, with their Grammatical Classification. For the use of Schools and Academies. By W. J. Tenney. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 227.

Bound to the Wheel. A Novel. By John Saunders. Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Martin Pole," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 213.

Red Letter Days. By Gail Hamilton.

A Yankee in Canada, with Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 286.

Massachusetts in the Rebellion; a Record of the Historical Position of the Commonwealth, and the Services of the leading Statesmen, the Military, the Colleges, and the People, in the Civil War of 1861-5. By P. C. Headley. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. 8vo. pp. 688. (With Portraits and a full Index.)

The Divine Attributes, including also the Divine Trinity; a Treatise on the Divine Love and Wisdom, and Correspondence. From the "Apocalypse Explained" of Emanuel Swedenborg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. pp. 390.

The Rise and the Fall; or, The Origin of Moral Evil. In three parts: 1. The Suggestions of Reason. 2. The Disclosures of Revelation. 3. The Confirmations of Theology. New York: Hurd & Houghton. pp. 311.

History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. Vol. ix. The American Revolution. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo. pp. 506.

The Authorship of Shakespeare. By Nathaniel Holmes. New York: Hurd & Houghton. pp. 631. (An argument for the Baconian authorship, valuable at least for its abundant citations.)

Great in Goodness; a Memoir of George N. Briggs, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts from 1844 to 1851. By William C. Richards. With Illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. pp. 452.

The Picture of St. John. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 220.

The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Complete edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. pp. 370.

The Hidden Sin. A Novel. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 189.

Character and Characteristic Men. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 324.

Treasures from the Prose Writings of John Milton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 486. (With a Chronological List of Milton's Prose Writings, and a very full Index.)

Superstition and Force: Essays on the Wager of Law; the Wager of Battle; the Ordeal; Torture. By Henry C. Lea. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 8vo. pp. 407.

The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival. By Julius H. Ward. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 583.

Memoir of Timothy Gilbert. By Justin D. Fulton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 255.

The Poems of Thomas Kibble Hervey. Edited by Mrs. T. K. Hervey. With a Memoir. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. pp. 437. (Blue and Gold.)

Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. By Charles Reade. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 8vo. pp. 214.

The Toilers of the Sea. A Novel. By Victor Hugo. pp. 155.

The Adventures of Reuben Davidger, Seventeen Years and Four Months Captive among the Dyaks of Borneo. By James Greenwood. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. 12mo. pp. 344.

A True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." pp. 138.

Gilbert Rugge. By the author of "A First Friendship." pp. 235.

Miss Marjoribanks. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 182.

The Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing. From the German of Joseph von Eichendorff. By Charles Godfrey Leland. With Vignettes by E. B. Benstell. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1866. 16mo. pp. 192.

Poor Mat; or, The Clouded Intellect. By Jean Ingelow. 18mo. pp. 125. With Frontispiece. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866.

Honor May. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (This unpretending volume belongs to the class of "art novels," of which Germany (after the example of Heinse's "Ardinghello") has furnished so many specimens, and of which "Charles Auchester" and "Counterparts" are well-known instances in English literature. A very sweet and wholesome book it is,—as free from the snobbishness as it is from the morbid sentimentalism that taints so much of recent fiction; and—what especially recommends it in our estimation—truly and thoroughly American, even to the "box of candies" with which Uncle Phil entertains his lady-friends on an evening visit. The absence of divisions seems to us a defect,—not a very serious one, but still a defect. How easy it would have been to give the story an epistolary form, which is always pleasing in works of this sort when a lady writes, and which the flowing, chipper, yet graceful style of the author so readily suggests!)

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